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THE HOLY LAND AND SYRIA

FRANK G CARPENTER

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—

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WITH THE AUTHOR ON THE SPOT AND THE READER IN HIS HOME, BASED ON THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL OVER THE GLOBE

THE HOLY LAND
AND SYRIA

CHRISTIANS RULE THE LAND OF CHRIST

Seven hundred years of Moslem supremacy in the Holy Land ended with General Allenby's modest entrance into Jerusalem. Then arose the cry, "The day of deliverance is come"

CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS

THE HOLY LAND
AND SYRIA

BY
FRANK G. CARPENTER
LITT.D., F.R.G.S.

NINETY-SIX PAGES OF
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS
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1923

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While most of the illustrations are from my own negatives, there are certain photographs which have been supplied by the Near East Relief, the Red Cross, the Publishers' Photo Service, and the Zionist Organization of America, all of which are protected by copyright.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Just a Word Before We Start	1
II	In the Land of Goshen	4
III	The City of Jonah	14
IV	By Railway to the Land of Judea	23
V	From Dan to Beersheba	30
VI	Jerusalem in the Twentieth Century	36
VII	Around the Walls of the Holy City	43
VIII	"The Tribes of God Go Thither"	48
IX	On the Site of Solomon's Temple	57
X	Jews of Palestine	68
XI	The Evil Eye	78
XII	Easter in Jerusalem	84
XIII	Washing the Feet of the Apostles	95
XIV	A Talk with the Greek Patriarch	101
XV	Among the Money Changers	111
XVI	Excavating Old Jericho	119
XVII	The Dead Sea and the Jordan	129
XVIII	Bethlehem	138
XIX	Among the Samaritans	149

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX	Farming in the Land of Milk and Honey	159
XXI	The Colonies and Their Development	169
XXII	Where Our Saviour Spent His Boyhood	177
XXIII	On the Sea of Galilee	187
XXIV	The Zionist Movement	196
XXV	The World's Oldest City	204
XXVI	Shopping in the Street Called Straight	214
XXVII	The Veiled Women of Damascus	223
XXVIII	Baalbek the Wonderful	232
XXIX	Across the Lebanon Mountains by Rail	242
XXX	American Leaven in the Near East	252
XXXI	At the Shrine of Diana of the Ephesians	262
XXXII	Armenia, the Suffering	271
XXXIII	Palestine and Syria Under New Rulers	280
	Seeing the World	287
	Bibliography	289
	Index	293

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Christians rule the Land of Christ	*Frontispiece*
Primitive water wheel in the Land of Goshen	8
Through rocky wastes to the top of Mt. Sinai	9
Egyptians toiling where the Israelites made bricks	16
We go ashore in small boats at Jaffa	17
House of Simon the Tanner	17
The men of Palestine are very strong	20
Cactus hedges are used instead of fences	21
The crude plough of Palestine	28
The children of the Holy Land	28
A sheeted Balaam and his ass	29
Fuel is scarce in the land of no woods	32
The Pool of Hezekiah	33
Airplane view of Jerusalem	36
The Kaiser's breach in the Wall of Jerusalem	37
The roofs of Jerusalem	44
View of the Mt. of Olives	44
Jerusalem seen from a bell tower	45
Sheep and goats outside the walls	48
Lepers beg at the Gates of Jerusalem	49
The roads to Jaffa and Bethlehem	49
Water carriers old and new	52
"Going up to Jerusalem"	53
A donkey ambulance for pilgrims on the march	53
Pilgrims bathing in the River Jordan	60
Russian women walk from shrine to shrine	61

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

The Mosque of Omar 64
The Jews' wailing place 65
A maid of Jerusalem 68
Snow in the streets of Jerusalem 69
Three learned Jews of the Holy City 76
The Tower of David 77
Inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre . . . 80
Keeping off the evil spirits 81
Grandfather and grandson—both beggars . . . 84
Pilgrims praying in the Via Dolorosa 85
Waiting for the Holy Fire 92
Gathering the olive crop 93
The Church of the Lord's Prayer 96
Washing the feet of the twelve bishops 97
A tailor shop in Jerusalem 100
The church of the best religious paintings . . . 101
Commercializing the holiness of the Holy City . . 108
Moslem priest reading the Koran 108
The biblical good measure 109
Bethlehem maids 112
Bushels of rosaries 113
A Turkish restaurant in Jerusalem 116
In the shoemaker's bazaar 116
View of Bethany from hillside 117
The Fountain of Elisha 124
At the Tomb of Lazarus 125
The Healing Stone on the way to Jordan . . . 125
The source of the Jordan at Banias 128
Our escort to the River Jordan 129
On the shores of the Dead Sea 132
Fisherman and boat on the Jordan 132
A street in Bethlehem 133

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Christmas Day services in Bethlehem	140
Young women and their dowries	141
At Jacob's Well	144
The Sacred Scroll of the Samaritans	145
The Feast of the Passover on Mt. Gerizim	148
Pulling tares from the wheat	149
The camel blubbers as his hair is clipped	149
Why Palestinians use camels for ploughing	156
Modern farm machinery in the Jewish colony	156
The sheep that was lost is found	157
Colonists terrace the hillsides with stone walls	160
Picking almonds	161
An avenue of cypresses and palms	164
A carpenter shop in Nazareth	165
Nazareth lies in a little amphitheatre	172
The boys of Nazareth are friendly	172
Mr. Carpenter and the Water Pot of Cana	173
We cross the Sea of Galilee	176
The arched Gate of Tiberias	177
Fish from the Sea of Galilee	180
Capernaum—the city of prophecy fulfilled	180
The colonists do much of their own work	181
Making the bread of Bible times	188
A colonist's home near Lake Merom	189
A prayer niche in the Grand Mosque	192
Where Fatima lies buried in Damascus	193
A place of trees with a river flowing between	196
The Wall of St. Paul in Damascus	196
Shopping in the Street called Straight	197
The men come together in the horse market	204
"O Allah, send customers," cry the bread-sellers	204
Spinning wool into thread for a rug	205

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

The transportation monopoly of the Bedouin . . 208
At the end of the Bookseller's Bazaar 209
The street dress of the women of Damascus . . 224
Mr. Carpenter and the Columns at Baalbek . . 225
The portal of the Temple of Bacchus 228
The mighty columns of the Temple of the Sun . . 229
The nomad Bedouins live in brown tents . . . 236
A lonely grove of Lebanon cedars 237
Only a few of the great trees are left 240
Tree-lined avenues lead out of Beirut 241
The American University at Beirut 244
Stones carried up on the backs of camels . . . 244
A view of Beirut 245
The ruins of the City of Diana 252
Storks build their nests in the palaces of Ephesus . 252
Giving the silkworms their breakfast 253
Armenian children make themselves useful . . . 256
Getting the Armenians back to the land . . . 257
A cradle of Armenia 260
American flour sacks serve a double purpose . . 260
The water power of the Jordan will be developed . 261
The first steel bridge across the Jordan 268
Jerusalem now has a speed law 269

MAPS

The Holy Land 24
The Holy Land and Syria 40

THE HOLY LAND
AND SYRIA

THE HOLY LAND AND SYRIA

CHAPTER I

JUST A WORD BEFORE WE START

BY THE World War the Moslem was forced to the rear and Palestine has become more and more the possession of Christian and Jew. General Allenby and his troops have taken the part of Richard the Lion-hearted and the Crusaders, and Jerusalem is at last out of the hands of the followers of the Prophet Mohammed. Among the innovations that followed are the removal of the tax gatherers who robbed the poor and the rich in the name of the Sultan, the safeguarding of the roads from the wandering Bedouins, and the reclaiming of the soil, so that the country bids fair to become once more the land of milk and honey that it was when it gladdened the tired eyes of the Israelites after their long wanderings in the desert of Sinai. Railways now cross the desert, connecting Palestine with Egypt and Turkey, and one may go on the cars from Cairo to Jerusalem and from Paris, via Constantinople and Damascus, to Galilee.

At the same time the Holy Land of the Bible is the Holy Land of to-day. It has the same skies as those under which the Wise Men followed the Star to the birthplace of Jesus. It has the same flowers as those trodden

by Joseph and Mary, and the water in Jacob's Well is still sweet, notwithstanding it is now compared with that of the Nile which flows in pipes over the desert almost to the Pool of Siloam. The sheep still pasture on the hills as they did in the days of our Saviour, and boys and girls may be seen picking the tares from the wheat. Asses like Balaam's still carry their masters over the road, although their brays are now and then drowned in the horns of the automobiles; and the strange people one constantly meets personify Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and Rachel and Ruth, and the other Bible characters who lived and loved in the days of the Scriptures.

All these belong to the Palestine perennial, and to that Palestine belong the talks of this book. They are based on the notes dictated to my stenographer or written by me in the midst of the scenes they describe. I give them as they came hot from the pen, changing only a line here and there to accord with the changing conditions.

We start in the Land of Goshen which Joseph gave to his father and brothers after he was sold to the Ishmaelites and carried down into Egypt, and enter Palestine at Jaffa, the city of Jonah and Simon the Tanner. We cross the plains of Sharon by rail, and travel back and forth over the Holy Land from Beersheba to Dan. Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Jericho and the Jordan, Shechem and Nazareth are among the places where we linger longest, and it is on the opposite side of the Sea of Galilee from Capernaum that we take the train for Damascus. In that city we go to the wall over which Saint Paul was let down in a basket, shop in the Street called Straight, and then, crossing the Abana, one of the rivers that Naaman the Leper would have preferred to the Jordan, ascend the

mountains of Lebanon to the ruins of Baalbek. We next climb down to the Mediterranean Sea at Beirut and sail north to Smyrna to pay our respects to the ruined shrine of the Goddess Diana on the site of old Ephesus. After a peep at Asia Minor we take a ship for home. Throughout the journey, the old is ever tramping on the heels of the new, and the Palestine of the future is seen through the veil of the Palestine of the past.

CHAPTER II

IN THE LAND OF GOSHEN

COME with me this bright Sunday morning for a look at the old Land of Goshen, where the Israelites settled when they first came into Egypt. I am writing this at Zagazig not far from the road down which Joseph was carried by the caravan of Ishmaelites, or Bedouins, who had bought him of his brothers and were on their way to sell him to Potiphar. It was over that same road that the brothers of Joseph came to buy corn in the seven years of famine. It was probably near Zagazig that Joseph met them and had the cup hidden in Benjamin's sack, and from Zagazig he came out in his chariot to meet his old father Jacob when by his advice the patriarch came into Egypt to live. Through him Goshen became a land of the Israelites, where they remained and prospered until he died, and those "who knew not Joseph" reigned in his stead.

The Land of Goshen is to-day one of the finest parts of the Nile Valley. My whole way from Cairo to Zagazig was through rich crops of cotton, sugar cane, and clover. There was green everywhere, and I could ride from here twenty miles more to the eastward before reaching the desert. The railroad from Cairo to the Suez Canal goes directly through Goshen. It strikes the canal at Ismailia and then branches off north and

south, following the canal to Suez on the Red Sea, and to Port Said on the Mediterranean. The first section is over the road which led from Arabia to Memphis and Heliopolis, cities long since replaced by Cairo, the metropolis of Egypt. Zagazig, where I am stopping, is one of the chief cities in the Delta. It is on the fresh-water canal and the big irrigation ditch which leads to the Nile. It is famous as a cotton port, and to-day camels are coming into the town with bales on their backs, and long trainloads are starting out for Alexandria and Port Said, whence the cotton will be shipped off to Europe and America.

The cotton scenes are features of the landscape unknown in the days of Joseph and Jacob. At that time the only clothes made in Egypt were of flax or wool. Nobody knew of the cotton plant, and it was not until the Middle Ages that Europe learned anything about it. The first knowledge of it was brought by the traveller, Sir John Mandeville, who said that the East Indians had a shrub or bush, half vegetable and half animal. It was called the vegetable lamb of Tartary. According to Sir John, it was a plant which blossomed out at the top in a living sheep that bent down and ate the grass growing luxuriantly about it. The sheep had a thick coat of wool, and from this came the cotton of India. Sir John wrote that this plant beast had flesh, bones, and blood, and that he had not only seen but eaten it. He closed with the statement that all thought it wonderful but that "God is marveyllous in his werkes."

This was about 1350 A.D., and many years before the real nature of cotton became known in Egypt and cotton seeds were planted. Now the crop is grown every-

where in Goshen, and thrives on almost every spot where the feet of the Israelites trod. It covers the Delta and large plantations have been set out even in old Nubia and the Sudan. Cotton has supplanted grain as a money-making crop and is worth far more than the grain that Joseph had cornered when the years of famine began.

This Land of Goshen is a fine stock country. Camels, buffaloes, and donkeys are staked out in the fields, and flocks of sheep and goats feed there, watched by shepherds. There are also droves of camels grazing or lying on the ground, chewing their cuds. All have their herdsmen. There are no fences in Egypt; the fields are bounded by imaginary lines. Sometimes the limits are marked by water ditches, or little embankments made for irrigation.

It was as stock raisers that the Israelites came into Egypt. Perhaps it was because they were a pastoral people that Joseph had Pharaoh give them this Land of Goshen, the eastern part of which is fringed by the desert, with patches of scanty vegetation where the stock could graze. The Bible says that Joseph advised his brethren to say to Pharaoh, "Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle, from our youth even until now, both we and also our fathers"; for said he, "Every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians."

To-day the land is well cultivated. Most of the fields are kept like gardens, and I see half-naked men bending over and digging the soil with great mattocks. Here the farmers are ploughing, using the same one-handled plough of the days of the Scriptures. Some of them have donkeys and buffaloes hitched together, while now and then one sees a plough dragged along by a cow and a camel. There is much artificial irrigation. Sometimes the water

is lifted from level to level by men with buckets and baskets to which ropes are slung. In other places it is raised by the *sakieh*, a rude wheel turned by the cogs of another wheel set at right angles to it. Clay jars are fastened on this perpendicular wheel, and as this moves through the water, the jars fill and empty themselves into the troughs which lead to the little canals. The motive power of the *sakieh* is a blindfolded camel, bullock, or donkey, the animal going around like a horse in an old-fashioned bark mill. Many of the fields are now under water and the silvery streams shine out through the emerald green of the crops.

When the Israelites first came to Goshen they probably lived in tents such as the Bedouins use to-day. These are made of sheep's wool or goat's hair rudely woven by hand. They are held up by ropes and poles and are so low that the people must crawl into them. We know that Abraham lived in a tent, and it is likely that this was the case with Isaac and Jacob.

After coming to Goshen the Israelites probably copied the houses of the Egyptians, building villages of mud huts not unlike those I now see. These homes are rude to an extreme. Many of them are less than twenty feet square; they have flat roofs and are often so low that I can see over them as I ride by on a camel. They have no gardens or lawns. Facing the street, they are huddled together without regard to beauty or comfort.

The roofs form the woodyards of the people below. The only fuel they have is cornstalks, straw, or the bushes from which the cotton has been picked. This stuff is tied up in bundles and laid away on the roofs until used.

There are but few trees to be seen. Now and then an acacia grows along the roadway, and here and there are clumps of date palms. There are occasional fruit gardens, and I have seen many green orchards loaded with oranges.

The roads are usually high above the rest of the country. They run along the canals, and consist of the dirt banked up to hold back the waters. The side roads are chiefly camel paths or foot paths, and one sees everywhere the traffic moving along through the fields. Even on the main roads there are few wagons. Most of the freight is carried on donkeys and camels, which are the common riding animals as well. Long-legged Egyptians in turbans and gowns sit on the rumps of little donkeys, their feet almost dragging; and fierce-looking Bedouins, their headdresses tied on with ropes, bob up and down as they ride on their camels, their heads bowing at every step of the beasts. There are camels loaded with alfalfa, the grass so covering them that they look like haystacks on legs. There are donkeys laden with boxes and bags, and mules and bullocks carrying freight of one kind or another. Out in the fields one now and then sees a buffalo with a a half-naked boy perched on it, and at nightfall the paths are lined with men coming from the fields riding these ungainly beasts and balancing their one-handled ploughs in front of them.

It was in Goshen that the Israelites worked after they were enslaved by the Egyptians. Here they built for Pharaoh the treasure cities of Pithom and Rameses, referred to in Exodus, from which they were sent out to build other cities and towns in various parts of the Nile Valley.

The Land of Goshen still gets much of its water by the primitive wheel turned by a blindfolded and resentful camel. This is the land which fed Jacob and his family through the years of famine in Canaan

It was through rocky wastes such as this that Moses climbed to the top of Mount Sinai and there received the Ten Commandments, and there the Lord spoke with Moses "face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend"

The archæologists now excavating in Egypt tell me that they frequently find bricks which were undoubtedly made by them, and assert that the sun-dried bricks of to-day are practically the same as those the children of Israel moulded under the lash of their taskmasters.

This is true of the ruins of Bubastis, or the city of the worship of the cat. The remains of this town, which was situated within a stone's throw of the Zagazig of to-day, are still to be seen. Its many buildings of mud brick have crumbled almost to dust, but here and there the walls are plainly visible. There are several hundred acres of such ruins and I spent an hour or so to-day driving through them.

Bubastis dates back to the times when the Pyramids were young. It is supposed to have been built by the Israelites, and was a great city until it was captured by the Persians about 352 B. C. It was noted for its temples devoted to the cat-headed goddess. This lady had the form of a lioness with the head of a cat and held in one hand a lotus leaf as a sceptre. Herodotus tells of her and of this city, saying that the temples were gorgeous and that the stone road leading to them was one thousand eight hundred feet long. He says that as many as seven hundred thousand worshippers came to the annual festivities. He relates that many of the worshippers were women who often danced and acted "in an unseemly manner."

Driving out to the Bubastis, I found there a brickyard in full swing. It was situated right on the edge of the ruins, and the *fellaheen* of to-day were moulding the clay used by the Israelites of the past into building material for the present. As I looked at them my mind went

back to the days of the Pharaohs when Moses saw his people toiling under the lash. These men and women I watched were working under taskmasters or overseers. Their half-clad bodies were burnt black by the tropical sun and they looked not unlike slaves. Here they were grinding the mud, there they were moulding it into bricks, while farther over they were piling up those which had been dried in the sun. The bricks were carried by young girls, bossed by a burly negro with a stick in his hand. At his direction the girls took the bricks on their heads and carried them off on the trot. By bribing the negro overseer I got a photograph of this scene, and I doubt not my picture gives a fair idea of what went on in those long-ago days, when Pharaoh drove the Israelites to similar work.

Down through Goshen came Joseph and Mary fleeing with the infant Saviour from the wrath of Herod, the baby killer. This was then on the main highway from Palestine into Egypt, and there is no doubt that they stopped at Bubastis as they went on to Heliopolis. Not far from the obelisk of Heliopolis there is a tree under which Mary and Joseph and the young Jesus are said to have rested. It is about five miles from Cairo and guide books speak of it as one of the chief sights of Egypt. I doubt the reliability of their statements. The tree may be the descendant of one which stood there in the time of Christ. It is an old sycamore gnarled with many years and scarred with the names of tourists. It is on one of the estates of the Khedive, and may be seen through the bars of a fence which has been built around it to keep off the relic hunters. During my visit there I tried to climb the fence in order to get a photograph of it, but

some of the Khedive's servants came up and warned me not to go in. The tree is surrounded by orange orchards which are irrigated by *sakiehs* worked by water buffaloes with blankets over their eyes.

As I went by I stopped at one of these *sakiehs* and the men brought me some oranges from the Khedive's orchard, selling them at the rate of eight for ten cents. They were wonderfully refreshing, and as I sat eating them in the shade of the trees outside the fence I wondered whether Mary and Joseph had not perhaps thus quenched their thirst in the same place nearly two thousand years ago. Any resting place must have been welcome after the long ride through the country to the edge of the great city of the sun.

There are other stories told of the stay of the Holy Family in Egypt. One is that Joseph and Mary took the infant Jesus out to the Pyramids, and from there to the Sphinx. It is said that Mary laid Him in the lap of the Sphinx, and that He slept for a night on the paws of that mighty stone beast, half lion, half woman.

As I travel through Egypt, these stories seem more vivid. I went down the other day to the banks of the Nile where the little baby Moses is said to have lain in the bulrushes in his boat of papyrus, and as I stood by the obelisk at Heliopolis I was reminded of the Virgin and the Saviour by a young girl who had a baby in her arms. She must have been about the same age that Mary was then, and the little one laughed and crowed as she rested there under the tropical sun. At the same time a score of other children ranging in age from two to twelve years gathered around me and posed for my camera in front of the obelisk. This great monolith was

undoubtedly standing when our Saviour was carried through Egypt, and it was erected long before the baby Moses was rescued from the waters of the Nile. The great stone shaft seemed to tie the past and the present together, and the children of to-day brought to my mind those of the times of the Saviour.

The children were glad to pose for me, but as I snapped the camera they rushed to the front with hands outstretched, begging for *baksheesh*. I was at a loss how to fee so many, and finally gave twenty-five cents to my coachman and left him, to fight it out with the babies. The little ones mobbed him and he had to threaten them with his carriage whip to keep them away. He finally ended the trouble by giving each two children one half a piastre, so that each received little more than one cent. This made them quite happy.

As I was about to leave the obelisk a party of American tourists drove up. Among them was a smart twelve-year-old boy who put his hands in his pockets and gazed up at the stone as though he were ready to buy it. As he did so I said to him:

"Hello, my little man, aren't you an American?"

"You bet I am," he promptly replied. "I came from Chicago in the state of Illinois. You are English, aren't you?"

"No, I am an American, and my home is in Washington."

"Oh, yes," said the urchin. "I know all about that place. The President lives there. Say, what is the name of your ball team?"

That was the interesting thing to him. Out here under the shadow of an obelisk four thousand years old, on the

spot where Joseph was married to Asenath; where Plato philosophized and where Moses played; within plain sight of the Pyramids and near enough almost to hear the whisper of the Sphinx, he cared nothing for them. He was a live boy, and he wanted live things. Therefore the pitchers, catchers, and shortstops of the great American diamond were worth more to him than all the stories of history and all the mummies of the museums.

CHAPTER III

THE CITY OF JONAH

I HAVE come up out of the land of Egypt, out of the Israelitish "house of bondage," and am to-day on the edge of the Promised Land. I am at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, and the port for the Holy City. When Jacob went down from the highlands of Samaria to the Land of Goshen to meet Joseph, his journey took several weeks. I made the trip in the opposite direction by land and sea in less than a day.

I took the express train at Cairo and in four hours was landed at Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal, where I got a steamer which brought me to Jaffa. The whole way was through the lands of the Bible. We struck the canal at Ismailia, about midway of the Isthmus of Suez, and thence rode northward along its banks to Port Said.

Our steamer was crowded with pilgrims from Russia, Egypt, and north Africa. There were many Americans, French, and Germans travelling first class, and hundreds of Syrians and Egyptians going steerage. The Russian pilgrims were particularly interesting to me. Old men and old women, with honest faces full of intelligence and goodness, they held their religious services all over the third-class portion of the ship, and I spent two hours watching them as one after another they turned their faces toward the Holy City and prayed, crossing them-

selves, and now and then getting down upon their knees and bumping their heads against the deck in their worship. They were curiously dressed and many of them wore long fur coats. Some had high fur hats and looked as if they had just stepped out of one of Tolstoi's novels. I was especially impressed with the strength of character shown in their faces and with their magnificent physique. If all of Russia's millions are of the same mould as those who make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, they will some day prove to the world that there is in them as good stuff as ever made history or built up a civilization. The women, with their strong, motherly faces made heroic by toil and privation, were equally as striking as the men. They were better looking than any other peasant women I have ever seen, and the old saying of the Greeks came to me as I looked at them: "If strong be the frame of the mother, her sons shall make laws for the people."

As the ship approached the Holy Land the people broke out into prayers, and in some cases into tears. It is a religious pilgrimage for them and they think, I doubt not, that in making it they are coming nearer to heaven.

We had our first view of the shores of Palestine at seven o'clock in the morning, after a night on the steamer. We had been awakened at six with the cry that we were nearing shore, but this was a ruse of the captain to get breakfast out of the way before landing.

When I came up on deck nothing but the sea was in sight. The sun was about two hours high and the sky, a light blue with long streaks of fleecy white drawn like a half-veil over it, curved down into the ocean at the eastern horizon. As I looked I saw two lines of hazy

gray rise up out of the water, which rippled in sapphire wavelets, caught by the sun. The first line was the sandy beach that edges the rich plains of Sharon and the second the wall of smoky gray which marks the hills of Judea or the highlands of Palestine. As we came nearer, these lines increased in size, until the first turned to dazzling white sand, out of which a little later the wooded green strip marking the port of Jaffa came into view. Nearer still we could see the shipping in the harbour, and above and behind it the walls of this, one of the oldest towns of the world.

We get some idea of the age of Jaffa from the story of Jonah; for the Bible says that it was from here Jonah took passage upon the ship from which he was thrown into the sea into the mouth of the whale. He remained in the whale's belly for three days, during which time he prayed to the Lord, and the Lord spake to the whale, whereupon he was vomited out upon dry land. Jonah was born about eight hundred and fifty years before Christ. He was a baby when, according to some authorities, Homer was telling the story of the Iliad, and a hundred years had yet to elapse before the founding of Rome. I am not sure as to the exact spot where Jonah was taken up by the sailors and thrown into the sea, but he is said to have been buried not far from Jerusalem, and there are dragomans who will show you his tomb. Ever since Jonah's time sailors have been superstitious about having preachers along, thinking that such passengers bring bad luck to a ship.

The harbour of Jaffa is one of the worst in the world. It is almost always rough and often so much so that it is impossible to land. Upon our arrival there was such a

These brickmakers work under a taskmaster to-day just as the Israelites toiled under the lash in this spot nearly four thousand years ago. Here was built Bubastis, the ancient Egyptian city sacred to the worship of the Cat.

We go ashore in small boats at the city of Jonah, which rises almost straight out of the water—but we see no whales

The best view of Jaffa is had from the roof of the House of Simon the tanner where St. Peter had the vision which led to the preaching of Christ to the Gentiles.

swell that the boats which took us ashore bobbed up and down and the waves soaked our baggage.

As to Jonah himself and his narrow escape, one of our preachers on board has quoted a new version of why he and the whale parted company:

> "I threw up Jonah," said the whale,
> Who'd lately come to town;
> "I threw up Jonah,
> For I could not keep a good man down."

In coming in I looked for whales. There were none in sight, although I am told they are still to be seen in the Mediterranean. In their place, however, were many jellyfish of an opalescent blue. These fish were as big as a football and of the shape of a mushroom. There were hundreds of them floating about and bumping against the hull of our ship as we lay at anchor.

Besides the story of Jonah there are many well-authenticated facts about Jaffa which make it interesting. It has always been the chief port for the Holy Land. It was at one time owned by the Phœnicians, and later, when Solomon built the temple, it was here that the timber used in its construction was landed. Most of this was cedar which came from the forests of Lebanon several hundred miles up the coast. The logs were dragged down the mountains and thrown into the sea at Tyre and Sidon. They were there made into rafts and towed down to Jaffa, whence they were carried up to Jerusalem by camels and men.

Jaffa was an important port in the days of the Crusades, and was fought for again and again. At one time its walls were overthrown by Saladin, but a little later they

were rebuilt by Richard the Lion-hearted, the King of England, who came here in a vain attempt to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Turks. In addition to all this there is a tradition that Andromeda, the beautiful daughter of the mythical king of this country, was here chained to the rocks in order that she might appease a huge sea serpent which threatened to eat up the people. While so imperilled she was rescued by Perseus, who killed the monster and married her. In Pliny's time the historians state that the chains by which Andromeda was bound to the rocks were still to be seen, and that the bones of the sea serpent were carried to Rome and placed upon exhibition there.

The Jaffa of to-day stands upon a bluff washed by the Mediterranean Sea. The city is built right on the rocks, with its yellow, white, and blue houses coming down to the cliff edge. They rise up the steep sides of the bluff which makes a wall cutting off the view of the country behind. At the south of the bluff, as far as one can see, are white sands. At the north are orange groves and then more sand.

As we left the ship we came down a gangway and were lifted into the boats. The third-class and steerage passengers were hung over the sides of the deck of the steamer by the arms, and dropped down into the boats, twelve or more feet below. Some of the women screamed as they fell, making the rocks reëcho with their cries as though the beautiful Andromeda were still chained there. We had no trouble with the customs, largely, I believe, because our dragomans had given the officers a liberal amount of *baksheesh*. The examination was short, and within half an hour after landing we were comfortably housed at

the Jerusalem Hotel. I mention this hotel because I found it was kept by a character who was for a long time our American consular agent. His name is Hardegg, and he spices his food with a religious doctrine of his own kind. The hotel rooms are not numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., but are named after the sons of Israel and the various Old Testament prophets. Each of them contains a book which Hardegg has compiled entitled "Bible Pills." It is composed of texts from the Scriptures fitted to one's daily life.

The city of Jaffa has normally about fifty thousand inhabitants of whom the majority are Mohammedans and the rest Christians and Jews. It has considerable trade and is rapidly growing. The rich plains of Sharon at the back furnish sesame, grain, and olive oil, while the highlands of Judea and Samaria produce wool, just as they did in the times of our Saviour. All about the town are orange groves the fruit of which is shipped to all parts of the Mediterranean. The oranges are almost the shape of a lemon, but they are of a great size and sweet as honey. They are packed up in boxes at the groves and carried down to the harbour on the backs of camels. I met the caravans of these huge beasts swaying along as they made their way to the steamers.

I was taken through the native quarters of Jaffa by a young Syrian named Moses. We went together through streets so narrow and winding that carriages could not enter them, and at times we were altogether shaded by the houses, the roofs of which almost touched overhead. We entered several of the dwellings. Each consisted of but one room facing a court where the men, women, and children were herded together.

The house of Simon the Tanner was destroyed some centuries ago, but another house, which is probably of the same character, stands on its site, and tanning is still done in the neighbourhood. At least, it seems so by the smells. This house is now used as a second-class inn. It is a rocky structure, built high up over the sea, with steps outside which lead to the second story and roof. I climbed to the top, and there saw about the same view as did St. Peter. In front of me the blue Mediterranean stretched out toward the west. At the north were the glistening sands reaching toward the ruins of Cæsarea and the foothills of Mount Carmel, while at the south were the hills near which stood Askalon. It was here that St. Peter had that wonderful dream, in which he beheld all the beasts of the world let down from heaven in a sheet, in order that he might eat of them. You remember that he refused, saying: "Not so, Lord! for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean."

And then came a voice which said: "What God hath cleansed that call not thou common."

It was these words that first led to the preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles, bringing about the conversion of Cornelius, the Roman centurion, and later on the preaching of Christ to all the world.

As my guide refreshed my biblical memory with this story, he told me of an American who had visited this place with him last week. Said Moses:

"This American was a funny man, and it seemed to me a foolish one. He was not satisfied with seeing this house, but he asked me to show him the vision that St. Peter saw, and demanded to know what had become of the sheet. He said he did not think he ought to pay me unless I

The men of Palestine are very strong and carry amazing loads on their backs. Both men and women think little of walking twenty miles a day. Many are too poor to keep even a donkey

Impenetrable hedges of giant cactus bushes intermingled with thorn are often used as fences to separate land holdings. One seldom sees a man carrying a water jar, for that is "women's work" in the Holy Land

could show him the vision, but I told him that I could not do that unless he had St. Peter's heart, and I was sure that he had not."

This American was probably facetious, but his questions are not unlike those of many of the tourists whose ignorance and superstition surpass belief. Many of them credit the most extravagant stories of every guide, and go about kissing spots which they imagine to be hallowed by their connection with the Bible, but of whose authenticity no one knows.

There is one thing I must not forget about Jaffa, and that is that here was born the modern sewing bee, I might almost say the Woman's Missionary Society. You have all heard of Dorcas, the queen of the needle, who was raised from the dead by St. Peter. She was noted for the garments she had made for the poor, and at her funeral the people gathered round and showed specimens of the needlework she had sewed and hemmed and stitched for them.

Dorcas lived two or three miles outside Jaffa on a hill which has a commanding view of the country for miles around. It overlooks the sea and land, including thousands of acres of orange groves and gardens containing all kinds of fruits. The site of her house is now occupied by a Russian Greek Catholic Church and a tomb has been erected over her grave hard by.

I drove out to the place in a carriage, winding my way in and out through orange groves and up the hill to the church. Here I met a Russian priest, who was acquiring merit by guarding the bones of the saint in whose honour prayers are said daily. It was with him that I visited the tomb. It is of stone and is roofed by a dome, the

whole being covered with plaster. There is a door at the front, and by descending several steps one can see the piece of mosaic which covers the spot where Dorcas lies. There are catacombs to the right and left containing the bones of saints, and over the whole rise magnificent trees.

CHAPTER IV

BY RAILWAY TO THE LAND OF JUDEA

TAKE a seat with me this morning in the railroad car which is just about leaving the seaport of Jaffa to go to Jerusalem. The distance by rail is only fifty-four miles, but it will take us more than four hours. Crossing the rich plains of Sharon, the road winds its way up the hills of Judea until it brings us to the Holy City, about twenty-five hundred feet above the sea.

The cars are comfortable, but we have had to fight with the tourists and pilgrims for our seats near the windows. A German and a Greek on the opposite side of the coach are still quarrelling for places, using language not that of brotherly love. The German has just called the Greek a swine, while the Greek has retaliated by simply calling the German a dog. But now they are quiet and we can enjoy the scenery as we go on.

Leaving Jaffa we ride for some miles through orchards. There are orange groves loaded with blossoms and fruit. There are orchards of olives, pomegranates, and figs, and many gardens surrounded by cactus hedges twice as high as our heads. Next we enter the rich plain where the Philistines lived. The soil is brown and so fat that you have only to tickle it with the plough and it laughs with the harvest. You do not wonder that the Philistines fought for this fertile land.

Here is a green field of wheat. The stalks stand as thick as grass, and rise and fall with the winds from the sea. There a native is ploughing with a bullock and donkey harnessed together. The plough is the rude implement of the Scriptures, and the dark-skinned farmer steadies it with one hand, while he carries a goad in the other. Farther on are camels dragging the ploughs. In places we see flocks of fat sheep, herded by boys, and now and then pass a village of flat, white-walled houses with thick roofs of thatch on which the grass grows. Nearly every house has a roof of sod about a foot deep, and as we near the hills, the towns on their sides rise up in green terraces.

Here some shepherds in sheep-skin coats, with the wool inside, are watching their flocks, and there, pulling up bunches of grass for her cattle, is a maiden who makes us think of Ruth gathering wheat in the harvest-fields of Boaz. Here and there throughout the plains of Sharon we see the watch-towers built for soldiers posted to ensure the Turkish Sultan's share of the farmers' crops.

The landscape here is far different from that of the United States. There are no houses or barns standing alone in the fields. There are no outbuildings of any description, and no haystacks or strawstacks. The people live in villages and go out to work in the fields. The only fences are cactus hedges, but most of the holdings are not fenced in at all.

The land is fertile clear to the mountains, a distance of perhaps twenty miles. In the foothills there are patches of green, while higher up fields are here and there cut out of the rocks, which are built up to hold in the earth. I have never seen a country more rocky. The rough lands of the Blue Ridge are Nile farms compared to the

34°
36°
34°
34°
32°
32°
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
LEBANON MTS
Beirut
Baalbek
Saida
SYRIA
Damascus
MT. HERMON
Tyre
Dan
Banias
L. Huleh
Safed
Acre
Haifa
Sea of Tiberias (Galilee)
Tiberias
Plain of Esdraelon
Cana
MT. CARMEL
Nazareth
Semakh
Deraa
Caesarea
ISRAEL
Plain of Sharon
Jordan R.
Nablus
Jaffa
Seilun
Ludd
Zammarin
Beitin
Jericho
Zorah
Jerusalem

hills through which our train climbs up to Jerusalem. In many places there is nothing but rocks. The limestone strata are piled stone upon stone, looking like mighty monuments rising on the hills. In some places mountains rise in steps forming pyramids of white limestone, sparsely sprinkled with patches of grass and red poppies.

As we begin to ascend the hills of Judea, we come into the real land of the Israelites. Our railroad winds in and out among little mountains and we can see that in the past the whole country was terraced and that not a bit of land went to waste. What is now the grazing ground for sheep and cattle was once a garden.

Palestine reminds us of other parts of the world. The rich fruit of the orange groves of Jaffa makes us think of Florida. Were it not for the lack of fences and barns, the plains of Sharon might be a slice out of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, or the rich fields of the Scioto Valley in Ohio. These hills are very like Italy near Genoa, or south France about Nice and Monte Carlo. The terraces are planted with olive trees and we see gray-green olive orchards everywhere.

As we rise the air becomes purer and fresher. We pass the spot on which David is said to have killed Goliath, and see in the distance the town of Mizpah, where the Prophet anointed Saul king when the latter was out hunting his father's asses. When we see an old bearded and turbaned Syrian riding along on his donkey, we wonder if he may not be a second Balaam, and we almost expect his donkey to open its mouth and speak to its master.

But let me tell you something about the railroad up to

Jerusalem. The track is narrow gauge, and the coaches are much like street cars, with little racks for baggage along each side under the roof. Each carriage is divided into compartments the sides of which are walled with windows. The road has no tunnels, and it winds its way in and out as it climbs the hills. There are five stations between Jaffa and Jerusalem.

The total cost of the railroad was two million dollars, or a little less than forty thousand dollars per mile. The idea of the road was originated by an American, a civil engineer named Zimpel, who came to Palestine as a pedlar of a patent medicine which he called "Sunlight Pills." He brought the scheme before the Sultan at Constantinople, but failed to get the concession to build it. After his death the matter was taken up by the French, who put the line through.

This was the first railroad built in Syria, and it is the father of a system which is now opening up a great part of the country. One section is the road building from Damascus toward Mecca, and connected with it are others which will eventually join the Holy Land to the valley of the Euphrates, as well as to Asia Minor and Turkey. The rates for both passengers and freight are much higher than in the United States.

As it goes up the mountains, the railway twists this way and that. It crawls along the sides of the hills with horseshoe curves here and there. The whole journey is over historic ground. We cross the plains where Samson fought with the Philistines, slaying a thousand of them with the jawbone of an ass. We see the place where he tied the firebrands to the tails of three hundred foxes and let them loose to burn up the harvest. A little far-

ther on we enter the valley of Sorek, where the wicked Delilah cut off the hair of the strong man as he lay asleep in her lap, and away up on the side of the hill we can see the town of Zorah, where Samson was born. At the station of Deir Aban, where Samuel raised his Ebenezer, a crowd of children comes to the trains with bouquets of wild flowers. The boys whine for *baksheesh*. We wonder whether there may not be an infant Samson among them.

It was in Zorah that Samson was buried, and the guides will show you his tomb. Farther along the road we pass through a great gorge in the cliffs, on the north side of which, near the top, is a cave, where Samson lived, and I verily believe if we should offer the guides sufficient reward they would find us his bones or some pieces of brass from the gates of the city of Gaza, which, you remember, he carried away on his shoulders.

In our ride up to Jerusalem we go by the ancient city of Gezer. It is marked by a mound which has several buildings upon it, including the dome of a Mohammedan mosque. The ground about it has been dug over and over, and the ruins discovered have excited the religious and scientific world.

The excavations made by the Palestine Exploration Fund show it to be one of the oldest of cities. The scientists have gone down into the earth at this point, finding one city built upon the ruins of another, down to the seventh city, which seems to have been occupied by the cave dwellers of the Flint or Stone Age, a period before recorded history began. In these cave dwellings pottery and flint instruments were discovered. A burial place of that ancient race was opened up and

remains were found which show that the cave dwellers practised cremation. In one of the six other cities, higher up, bronze tools were discovered, and higher still the relics of an ancient Egyptian civilization. In one of the caves were found large jars containing the skeletons of infants that had been sacrificed to some pagan idol, probably during the Canaanite period. In another was a cistern, the mouth of which was guarded by the skulls of two young girls, and inside which were fourteen skeletons, one that of a girl of sixteen who had been sawn asunder.

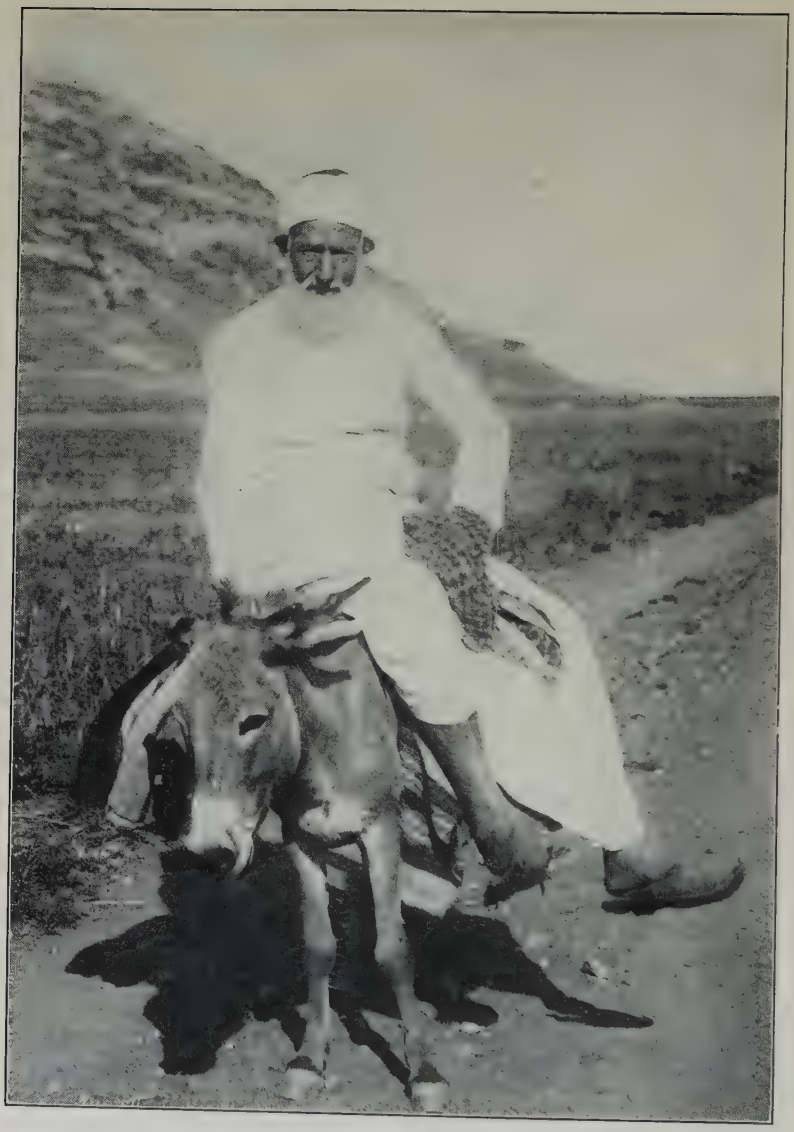
The King of Gezer was defeated by Joshua, and later the city was captured by a king of Egypt, who was one of Solomon's three hundred-odd fathers-in-law. The story is that Pharaoh gave Gezer to Solomon as a dowry with his daughter, and that Solomon rebuilt the city. At the time of the Crusades Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin fought over it, and it was an important fortress at the time of the Maccabees.

The archæologists of the Palestine Exploration Fund have discovered bronze pots, ivory tablets, statues, and jewels and other treasures of a half-dozen different periods of history. In one of the cities a complete olive press made of stone was unearthed, and in another an Egyptian statuette about four thousand years old. The figure was that of a man with a beard and a wig. Bronze tweezers were found as well as many articles of Greek and Roman times. One of the most interesting discoveries was a reservoir with a capacity of four million gallons. Another was a place supposed to belong to one of the Maccabees.

The Palestine Exploration Fund is not a religious body, but rather a scientific and historical society. It has spent

Camels and donkeys, as well as bullocks, are hitched to the low, one-handled wooden ploughs of Palestine, the same to-day as centuries ago

The children are what we like best in the Holy Land, even though they have generally learned from their elders the habit of begging for *backsheesh*



The ass of this sheeted Balaam opens his mouth but only a bray comes forth. The roads are so fearful that many places may not be reached by wheeled vehicles and the sure-footed donkey is usually the best mount

about fourteen thousand dollars a year on such work, most of the sums being collected in amounts of five dollars or less from English and Americans all over the world. The Fund has made great discoveries in Jerusalem. It has surveyed and mapped a great part of Palestine and has added many Bible sites to those already known.

CHAPTER V

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA

THE size of Palestine is surprising to every visitor. You know it is small, but you cannot appreciate how small it is until you have travelled over it. Then you see why it has been called "the least of all lands." The whole country does not average more than fifty miles wide, and it is only about a hundred and forty miles long. You could lose it in many of the counties of Texas, and on some of its mountains you can look from one side of it to the other. Standing on the Mount of Olives, just outside of Jerusalem, I could see the Mediterranean on the west and on the east the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. From Dan to Beersheba is not as far as from New York to Washington, and the "stormy banks" of the Jordan inclose a stream across many parts of which you can easily throw a stone, and which though it winds in and out like a corkscrew, is not over two hundred miles long. The Mount of Olives, upon which Jesus was taken by the Devil, is described as "an exceeding high mountain," but it is only about twenty-seven hundred feet high and would be no more than a hill in the Rockies. "All the kingdoms of the world" which Satan showed him consisted of a few half-barren hills and some fertile plains, which together would not make more than a good-sized Western county. With an aeroplane we could fly across the whole of Palestine in less than an hour. In-

cluding Syria, which takes in the mountains of Lebanon and much other country in addition to Palestine proper, it is not as long as from New York to Pittsburgh. It begins at the boundary of the French Mandate of Syria on the north, and extends from there southward along the line of the Mediterranean Sea until it is lost in the sands of Arabia.

Though it has bulked so large in history and religion, the Holy Land itself is not as big as Rhode Island, while all Palestine is only about the size of Vermont. If you could take it up and stretch it over the United States it would hardly make a patch of court plaster on Uncle Sam's body. Dropped down upon New England, with one end at Boston, the other would be at Mount Washington, and most of the country would not be wider than from Boston to Springfield. If spread out upon northern Illinois the whole might be included inside a line drawn from Chicago to Aurora and thence to Decatur and back to Chicago.

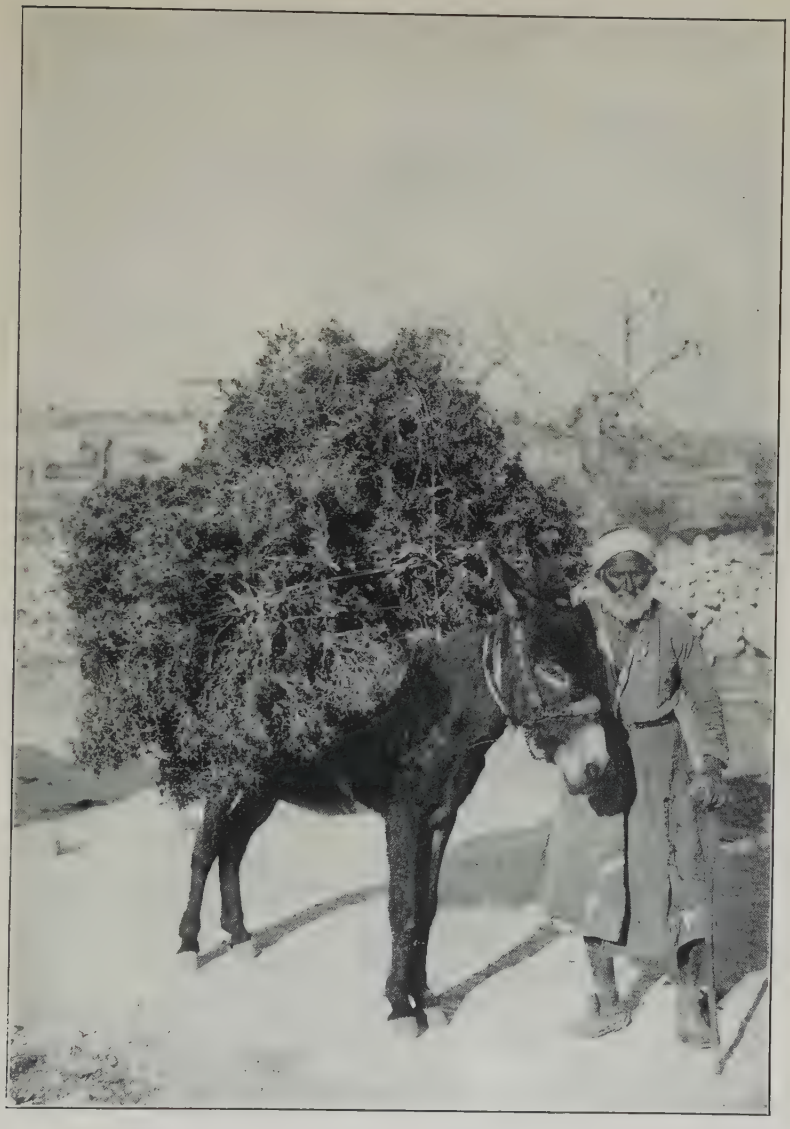
The Bible has called this little territory a land of milk and honey. The expression must have been used by contrast to the dreary sand of the Sinai desert, through which the Israelites travelled on their way hither. As I know from former travels, it is more rocky than any part of the Alleghanies; and the Blue Ridge of Virginia, which is covered with stones, is the Mississippi Valley compared with it. The country has a backbone of mountains comprising the hills of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, with a low coastal plain, where the Philistines lived, extending to the Mediterranean Sea. On the other side of the backbone is the great ditch in which lie the Sea of Tiberias, or Galilee, and the Dead Sea, with the winding Jordan

running from one to the other. This ditch is below the level of the sea and parts of it have the hottest and most oppressive climate on earth. On the opposite side of the Jordan toward the east is a country much richer than Palestine. It is composed of highlands from two thousand to three thousand feet above sea level, giving excellent pasture and, in the north, large crops of wheat. This was the Bashan, Gilead, and Moab of the Bible, and it is now inhabited chiefly by Mohammedan Bedouins, who live in tents, driving their camels, cattle, and sheep from place to place. In the past it was thickly populated, and archæologists have uncovered the ruined cities of the people who used to live there. Palestine, on the other hand, could never have had a very large population, and the "hosts" spoken of in the Scriptures would dwindle by comparison with the numbers of people we are used to nowadays.

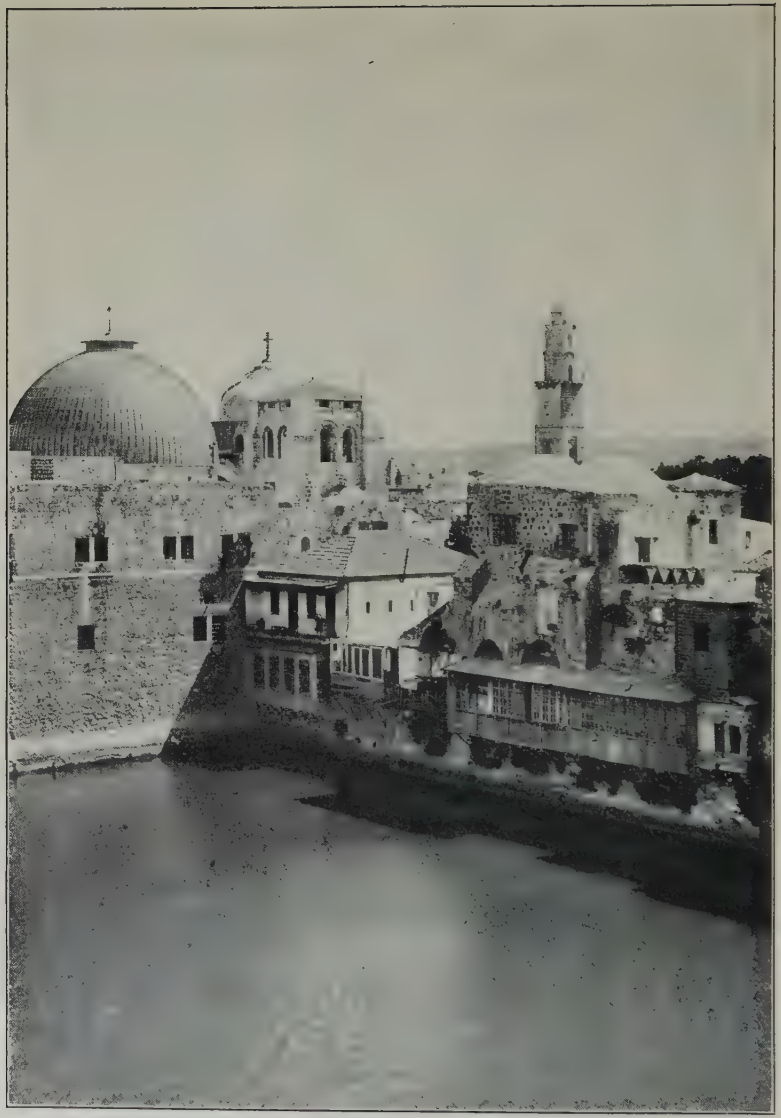
The trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem gives us a fair idea of the character of the country. The coastal plain is typical of the richest part. Its soil is a chocolate brown, the grass is as green as that of Egypt, and there are great orchards of olives and fruits of all kinds. The roads are lined with rich red poppies and there are wild flowers on all sides.

Climbing the hills is like jumping from the Nile Valley into the desert. There is nothing but rocks with a sparse vegetation scattered here and there through them. The limestone crops out everywhere, and in places heaps of stones have been thrown up to make little fields. Such fields are fenced with stone walls. There are also corrals for the sheep made in this way.

Palestine has no woods. There are no groves or bushes.



Fuel is so scarce in this land of no woods that even roots and twigs bring good prices. Two years of poor olive crops often drive the peasants to cutting down their precious olive trees and selling them



The Pool of Hezekiah, opened by an ancient Hebrew king in the city of Jerusalem, is fed by a fountain in the hills. Not until the British came did the city have an adequate water-supply. One old Arab said, "For four hundred years, the Turks did not give us so much as a cup of cold water"

Almost the only trees are fruit trees, with now and then a funereal cypress in a garden. Our consul tells me that the country has two groves which the people call forests. One of these contains forty scrub oaks and the other is not quite so large. He says that a few years ago there was some brush on the hillside, but that the people have even dug up the roots and sold them for fuel.

Indeed, fuel is one of the most costly things in this country. It is so expensive that it is seldom used except for cooking, and that notwithstanding the fact that the climate is cold. Wood is so valuable that the older olive trees are being cut down, and it is feared that the olive orchards will gradually disappear. These old trees are often of considerable thickness, but they are only twenty or thirty feet tall so that one will supply but a small amount of firewood. The olive tree is as hard as the apple and far more knotted and gnarly. Its wood is heavy and is sold by the ton. It is brought in on the backs of donkeys and camels and every stick has to pay a tax before it gets inside the gates of Jerusalem.

A common fuel is charcoal, made mostly of olive wood. It is made chiefly at Hebron, about twenty-three miles south of Jerusalem, near the cave where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are buried and where tradition says Adam died. Hebron, which is about five hundred feet higher than Jerusalem, has big orchards of olives, almonds, and apples, the brush and the dead wood of which are used to make charcoal.

The use of coal is almost out of the question on account of the high rates over the railroads. The same charge is made for carrying coal as for carrying silk. Such coal

as comes here is in the shape of briquettes and sells for high prices.

Another lack from which the Holy Land suffers is water. The rainfall in the southern sections is something like six inches and upward a year, the amount gradually increasing as one goes northward toward Galilee. The country has always been one of pools and wells, and every house in Jerusalem has its roofs so made that they drain into cisterns placed in the courts. In dry seasons water is sold, and the man who has a spare cistern gets a big price for his surplus.

Nearly all the wells of the olden times remain, and are pointed out by the dragomans. One can drink from the well where Christ met the Samaritan woman, and from many cisterns scattered over the country. Most of them are shaped like great pears.

When the pools of Solomon were connected with Jerusalem it was thought that they would supply the city with water. These pools are on the highlands between Bethlehem and Hebron. They are cut out of the solid rock, and it is said that they originally held about forty million gallons. There are three of them, ranging in height from three hundred and eighty to five hundred and eighty feet. They lie in terraces one above the other, being of varying widths. The depths are from twenty-five to fifty feet. If they were in good condition they could supply a vast deal of water, but as it is, the aqueducts which Solomon built to Jerusalem have gone to ruin, and there is now only a four-inch iron pipe running from them to the city. The pipe comes in near the Dung Gate and goes from there to the temple platform. I stumbled over it the other day. I am told that the water is used

almost altogether for the Mosque of Omar, although it is connected with the fountains of the city, which are only occasionally allowed to play.

In addition to these pools there are many others in and about Jerusalem. The Pool of Hezekiah is in the heart of the city, not far from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and the Pool of Siloam, where Our Lord sent the blind man to wash, is in the valley of Jehoshaphat, outside the walls.

Just now the Holy Land is suffering from drought and the people are praying for rain. We have had one or two showers in the last few days, but more is needed or the crops will fail. Most of the inhabitants of Jerusalem are great believers in prayer, and Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews are all holding services at which they ask the Lord to send water.

We had a slight rain yesterday and more is expected. The people evidently think their prayers will be answered. As I walked through David Street I heard two Mohammedans talking. Their language was Arabic, but my dragomans told me that one had just said to the other:

"How good God is, after all. We have prayed for the rain and, lo, it has come."

When the first shower began to fall I was standing in a doorway. A little girl, perhaps eight years old, passed by with a platter of bread on her head. The rain was pouring down upon it and she was wet to the skin, but nevertheless she was singing. I asked my guide the words of her song. He replied: "She cries: 'Praise God for the rain! Praise God for the rain! Praise God for the rain!'"

CHAPTER VI

JERUSALEM IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

I WRITE these words on the housetop of a bishop's residence on the summit of Mount Zion and in the centre of the Holy City. My typewriter stands within thirty feet of the great square Tower of David the base of which was undoubtedly built before the time of Christ. At my left, surrounded by the yellow stone walls of the houses, is the dark green pool Hezekiah made to supply Jerusalem with water in case of siege, and beyond it, out of the jumble of buildings, shines the huge bronze dome erected over the spot where Christ was crucified. Not half a mile away on a plateau covering thirty-five acres is a big octagonal tower with a bulbous bronze dome. That is the Mosque of Omar which rises on the very site of Solomon's temple. At its left is the church built over the Roman mosaic floor of the house of Pontius Pilate.

Jerusalem lies in a nest of mountains. It is built on an irregular plateau with valleys all about it and steep hills rising straight up from these to the city and to the higher hills on the opposite sides. The site of the city runs over height and hollow, and was probably chosen for the capital of Judea on account of the great gorges about it, by which it could be the more easily defended against attack.

Around the edge of the plateau is a wall about thirty feet high enclosing the Jerusalem of to-day. The wall

Jerusalem lies in a nest of hills which seem flattened out when viewed from an airplane. It is on a plateau twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level, and the city is divided into four quarters, each on its own hill

The walls of the Holy City were breached at the Jaffa gate to provide a special entrance for the German Kaiser when he visited Jerusalem. He was arrayed as a crusading knight and rode a prancing snow-white steed

runs along the rims of the valleys, climbing up hill and down, making its way around the Holy City until it comes again to the Jaffa Gate which is just below me.

The Holy City now covers twice as much space as it did when I was first here a good many years ago. It has doubled in size and has some sixty thousand people. At that time most of the inhabitants were crowded together inside the walls. They are crowded still, but to the north, south, and west large Jewish settlements have sprung up, and among and beyond them have been built great hospices, hospitals, convents, cathedrals, and hotels, so that the population outside the walls almost equals that within. The new buildings have extended to the Mount of Olives, and are working their way toward the east along the road to Jaffa.

Seated here upon the site of King David's palace, I see the whole city spread out beneath me. What a curious place it is! In my tours of the world I have found no spot so full of strange sights and picturesque characters, so different in most particulars from every other town of the world. Aside from its wonderfully interesting historical associations, Jerusalem has a character of its own. It looks more like a great honeycomb than a city. The houses are piled one above the other in all sorts of irregularities. If you would take a half-section of land and scatter over it gigantic packing boxes just as you find them in a down-town alley, you might get some idea of Jerusalem as it looks to me from Mount Zion. These houses have no chimneys and their stone roofs are almost flat. Many of the roofs have in the centre little domes that remind me of beehives. If the town were on a level these

domes would look like the haycocks in a meadow at harvest time.

The wood used in the construction of Jerusalem would not last an American family a winter. Yellow limestone is the sole building material. The roofs, walls, and floors of these thousands of houses are of this cold, yellowish-white rock. Even in the Bishop's mansion, which is one of the finest in the city, I step out of my bed on to a stone floor and walk to my breakfast down stone steps and through stone halls.

Now look at the streets with me. They are narrow and winding and some are built over, so that going through them is like passing through tunnels or subterranean caves.

Indeed, Jerusalem is a city of cave dwellers. Many of the stores and houses are little more than holes in the rocks. I visited a native inn yesterday right in the heart of the town. It consisted of a series of vaulted chambers which looked much like caves. In one cave were four donkeys, two camels, and a party of Bedouins. In another were a dozen Jews from Samaria, and in a third were some men and camels who had just come from beyond the Jordan. The only sign of modern times was an English lamp burning American kerosene oil. Through my guide I chatted with the keeper of the stable, or inn, as it was called, and he told me that his charge for feeding and washing a donkey or a horse was five cents a day.

Jerusalem of to-day is founded upon the remains of the Jerusalems of the past, and the excavations have unearthed houses and temples far below the streets of the present. The original floor and court of the house in

which Pontius Pilate examined the Christ is much lower than the level of the present city, and mosaics and marbles, including carvings of various kinds and Greek and Roman capitals and columns, are frequently uncovered in digging the foundations for new buildings.

There are many caves outside of Jerusalem and people live in some of them. The tombs of the kings on the edge of the city have been cut out of the solid rock, and some of them are so large that a city house could be dropped into one and not touch the walls. An excavation of the Pool of Bethesda has shown that it is eighty feet deep and covers nearly an acre. Right under the temple platform are enormous caverns known as Solomon's Stables, and near by there is a space honeycombed with vast tanks which will hold millions of gallons of water.

All of the water for the Holy City comes down in rain, and the trees and gardens of the town can be numbered on your fingers. The surrounding hills are almost as barren as some of the rocky slopes of New England, and the only foliage visible is the dark silvery green of the orchards on the Mount of Olives and along the hills between Jaffa and Bethlehem. The only grass to be seen is an acre or so of common inside the walls of the temple plateau, and here and there a house top, which by age has gathered a coating of dirt from the dust of the city, and on which the green grass has sprouted. Occasionally I see ruined arches, too dangerous to be inhabited by the bees of this human hive, on which grow moss and grass. There is one green bushy tree at the base of Mount Calvary, and a solitary palm beside the business street named after King David looks out over the city. Jerusalem is not an attractive looking town, and the glare

from its cream-white buildings lying under the rays of this tropical sun makes my eyes sore.

Jerusalem is the Mecca of millions of souls. It is to hundreds of millions the holiest spot on the face of the earth. Everywhere buildings have gone up both to accommodate pilgrims and to mark the most sacred places. On the very top of the Mount of Olives a great Russian church lifts its swelling domes toward heaven. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ spent that night of "agony and bloody sweat" before His crucifixion, there is a resting place for pilgrims. The Roman Catholics have fifteen hundred brothers and sisters in their monasteries and convents, while the old Armenian church can accommodate a hundred and eighty monks and two thousand pilgrims. There are Greek Christians here by the thousands and Egyptian Copts by the hundreds. There are Abyssinian priests with faces as black as your hat. Indeed, among the worshippers who gather around the Holy Sepulchre you may see every costume and hear every language. Furthermore, the Jews are fast coming back into Palestine, and Jerusalem is again becoming a city of the Children of Israel.

But let us come down from our housetop and take a walk through the crowd. We are at the Jaffa Gate, which leads to the railroad station a half mile from the walls. It is also at the end of the roads to Bethlehem, Hebron, and Jaffa, and is the main business gate of the city. It is always thronged, and the people who go in and out come from all parts of the world. They are of all colours—blacks, browns, yellows, and whites—and number a dozen different nationalities from the near-by parts of Asia, Europe, and Africa. Here comes a donkey led by a fat,

THE HOLY LAND A

bare-footed Turk in a yellow gown and red turban. His beast is loaded with wood which he is bringing into the city for sale. The wood is the roots of olive trees and his donkey load is worth twenty-five cents. He is stopped by the customs officer at the gate and pays a tax of three cents. Behind him comes a porter with a bag half as big as a hogshead fastened to the small of his back. Inside the bag is a basket filled with the flat cakes which form the bread of the city.

Now turn to the right and look at that Syrian Bedouin riding a gray Arabian pony. There is a gun on his back and he wears a black-and-white woollen blanket. His head is covered with a great yellow handkerchief bound about the crown with two strands of hair cord the size of your finger. Sitting as straight as a ramrod, he looks with fierce black eyes at the crowd about him. Behind him come three camels laden with the oranges of Jaffa. Each beast has a cartload of the great yellow balls in the two crates which hang over his back, and he grumbles and whines as his barefooted driver drags him along by a string tied to his nose.

As we look we see the figures of the Old and New Testaments crowding around us. There are peasants who might have been among the disciples, and gray-bearded men who would pass for Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. We see boys with coats of many colours, which remind us of Joseph, and shepherds driving sheep into market who probably came from the very plains near Bethlehem where similar shepherds were watching their flocks when the heavenly host appeared.

Let us take a seat with those Syrians on the porch of the coffee house outside the gate and make further

sketches of those who go in. Here come two figures dressed all in white. They look like walking bed ticks bound around at the middle, or, better, like the ghosts of a sheet and pillow case party. They are Mohammedan women, and it is against their ironclad custom for them to go out unveiled. They have wrapped their bodies in sheets the folds of which they hold close together over their faces, leaving only a crack by which they may see to pick their way through the crowd.

Behind them is a girl with bare face. She wears a round cap which extends a foot above her rosy brown forehead, and she has a headdress of white cotton. Her gown is a gray chemise which falls almost to her feet, and which has a wide hem of red and blue silk embroidery. She is a Bethlehem maiden wearing the shawl made with her own hands for her wedding. Such shawls are much prized by tourists, and the best of them bring twenty-five dollars apiece in the stores.

But here are some women in long coats and high boots. They have calico gowns under their coats which reach half way down the calf. Their heads are covered with handkerchiefs, and their faces are bronzed by the sun. Each has a staff in her hand and a bag on her back, and is marching along at the rate of four miles an hour. They are dusty and dirty, and look weary and worn. Those are peasant women, pilgrims from Russia, who are making their way from shrine to shrine. They have tramped this morning out to Bethlehem, and to-morrow will probably be on their way to the Jordan.

But let us leave here and take a walk about the walls of the Holy City.

CHAPTER VII

AROUND THE WALLS OF THE HOLY CITY

I HAVE tramped about the walls of Jerusalem on foot and have ridden round them upon donkeys. Let us make the trip on foot.

Some of the walls which still stand were laid up by Solomon, others were erected by Herod the Great, who built David's Tower, and others by Agrippa only a few years after Christ's death.

We walk across the road leading to Bethlehem, down which the Wise Men of the East rode on their way to the birthplace of the Saviour, and picking our steps through a caravan of camels lying there, climb up the slope of Mount Zion. There is a moat at the foot of the tower which is one hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep, and the wall rises perhaps one hundred feet above this. There are olive trees between the road and the walls, and as we go we see ragged donkeys feeding among them.

Now we have passed the moat and come close to the wall. Though its lower portions are about two thousand years old, the stones are as firm as when they were laid.

Going onward, we pass tower after tower running fifteen or twenty feet out from the wall and rising five or six feet above it. These towers were used for the archers and watchmen stationed there on the lookout for the enemy.

A little beyond David's Tower, almost against the

walls, is the great church built by the Germans. Its site commands a view over the whole of Jerusalem and was sold to the Kaiser of Germany by the Sultan of Turkey. A part of the churchyard is the American cemetery, which was sold by our consul. Its sale caused great excitement among the Americans at Jerusalem, and the American colony here protested against the removal of their dead, which they said was done after dark. The bodies were taken up and carried to the English cemetery.

Continuing our walk we hug the wall looking down into the Valley of Hinnom until we come to Zion Gate, and a little farther on to the Dung Gate. Below this in the Valley of Jehoshaphat lies the Pool of Siloam. At the Zion Gate a group of lepers are begging. They are ragged and filthy and hold out the stumps of their hands asking for alms. On the inside of this gate stood the house of Caiaphas, where Peter three times denied that he was one of the disciples of Christ, before the cock crowed.

As we go on we see chickens scratching in the earth outside the wall, and as we look at the gardens on the slopes of Kedron or Jehoshaphat observe that the land is still rich. There are cows away down in the valley and the bees are buzzing on the cacti and wild flowers on the slopes. In some favoured spots the Holy Land is still one of milk and honey. The villages near Jerusalem have dairies which supply excellent butter, and the honey, which is largely made of orange blossoms, is delicious. It is served every day at all the hotels, usually in the liquid form rather than in the comb.

The slopes of the Valley of Jehoshaphat are now spotted

The houses of Jerusalem are of limestone with flat roofs constructed to catch the rain water. The better houses have little domes on them

The Mount of Olives is climbed by walled and winding roads and marked with many churches and chapels. Here Jesus often walked with His disciples, and here He brooded over the city that rejected Him

The Holy City is a beautifully framed picture when viewed from a bell tower on the Mount of Olives. Across the foreground stretches the wall of the inclosure of the Mosque of Omar

with red. Thousands of poppies and anemones grow upon the ridges between the gardens, and the peasants are working the crops. They use plenty of fertilizer and, strange to say, most of that which comes from the city is taken out through the Dung Gate. It may be from this that it got its name. It is a great square hole in the wall just large enough for men and beasts to pass in and out. It is not far from the temple platform and within a stone's throw of the Jews' wailing place.

The southeastern corner of the walls of Jerusalem, and, indeed, a large portion of the eastern walls, are a part of the plateau upon which Solomon's Temple once stood. In almost the middle of the eastern side of the temple is what is known as the Golden Gate, through which Christ is said to have made his entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. It has been walled up and the Mohammedans say that it will not be opened until the Judgment Day. A little farther on, at the corner of the temple, is St. Stephen's Gate, which some say was the place where St. Stephen was stoned. Another legend is that the place of the stoning was near the Grotto of Jeremiah, in Solomon's quarries, farther along around the walls. The tradition is that Stephen was here brought to the brow of the hill and thrown over a precipice. His hands were tied, and after he had fallen heavy blocks of stone were rolled down upon him from the brow of the hill.

The walls near the Temple are among the first that were built. They are in fine condition to-day, parts of them having been recently repaired. The stones are of bright yellow limestone laid in white mortar. Those at the bottom, which were laid up by Solomon, are of enormous size, one being about fifty feet long and about

fifteen feet high and evidently cut from the bed rock upon which the wall stands.

Right at the Temple the walls rise almost precipitously from the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and I judge they are one hundred feet high. They are in excellent condition throughout. The towers are almost perfect, and, although the vegetation is growing in the cracks, most of the masonry looks comparatively new.

A curious feature of the walls of Jerusalem is a stone block as big around as a flour barrel which juts out from that part above which stands the Mosque of Omar to a distance of perhaps fifteen feet. This block or pillar hangs right over the rocky Valley of Jehoshaphat. According to the belief of the Moslems, Mohammed will sit astride this pillar at the Day of Judgment, and Christ will have His seat on the Mount of Olives on the opposite side of the valley. There will be a fine wire stretched from the pillar across to the mountain, and upon this wire all mankind must walk on its way to eternity. As the people of the various religions go those who believe in Mohammedanism will be upheld by the angels and will reach safely the opposite side, whence they will ascend into Heaven. The others will drop down into the valley and perish.

There are cemeteries for both the Jews and the Mohammedans outside the walls and not far from the Mosque. The Mohammedan cemetery, which lies close to the walls, is just opposite the Garden of Gethsemane and includes the Place of the Skull where General Gordon located the site of Calvary. This site is now surrounded by a wall and fence, and Christians are not permitted to enter it. Within it is the grotto where Jeremiah is

said to have written his Lamentations, and not far away, near the Damascus Gate, are Solomon's quarries.

Our walk has brought us back once more to the Jaffa Gate, where we join a pilgrim-throng entering the Holy City.

CHAPTER VIII

"THE TRIBES OF GOD GO THITHER"

Jerusalem a city is
Compactly built together;
Unto this place the tribes go up
The tribes of God go thither.

THE Holy Land is hallowed ground for three great religions of the world. Jews, Moslems, Christians—all of them worshippers of only one god—do reverence at its shrines. Jerusalem is the pilgrimage city of the world. Sacred to the Christians, the centre of Jewish religious devotion and national dreams, it is also a second Mecca to the Mohammedans. The Moslems locate the judgment seat upon the walls surrounding the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of Solomon's great temple. They make their pilgrimages from all parts of the Mohammedan world to worship at this mosque, and prostrate themselves before the sacred rock within it as they do before the holy black stone of Mecca. The prophet Mohammed himself said that Jerusalem was the holiest place in the world, and that one prayer here was worth a thousand elsewhere.

The Christians of the Eastern churches are brought up in much the same faith. They believe that the prayers said within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at the foot of Mount Calvary have a wonderful efficacy, and they gather in Jerusalem every Easter by the tens of thousands. From the wilds of Abyssinia,

Outside of the walls of Jerusalem one often sees flocks of sheep being driven in to market. Nearly every flock has its goats, which are usually black. Palestinian shepherds go before their sheep, inducing them to follow by calling to them

Lepers beg at the gates of Jerusalem, under the walls of great stone blocks finely joined together

Down the hill from under the walls of Jerusalem goes the road to Jaffa and the sea; to the right is the way to Bethlehem

from the flat plains of Egypt, from the mountain fastnesses of Greece, and from all over Russia, even to the borders of Siberia, they come to drop their tears upon the tomb, and to live over the terrible events of Passion Week. They come from all parts of Asia Minor, and the Syrians and the Armenians jostle the Copts and the Arabians on their way to prayers.

In recent years Latin pilgrimages from western Europe and America have been increasing. Bands of Christians come from Italy, France, Spain, and the United States. I was in Jerusalem when the first pilgrimage was made by a body of Christians from America to the Holy City. More than one hundred men and women from all sections of the United States, under the leadership of the Bishop of Tennessee, took part in the Latin celebrations in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Many of these pilgrims are extremely superstitious. Most of them believe that every spot pointed out by the monks is the actual locality of the event alleged to have occurred there. They walk over the Holy Land with staffs in their hands, and kneel down and kiss the places where they believe Jesus trod. They even kiss the stones of the streets of Jerusalem, forgetting or not knowing that there have been three or four Jerusalems buried below the site of the present one.

I have seen pilgrims crawling on their knees through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Creeping into the vestibule, they kiss the Stone of Unction upon which it is claimed the body of Christ was anointed for burial.

Near the Stone of Unction is the spot on which it is said the Virgin Mary stood while Christ was on the cross. It also is worn away by kissing. Going on into the

great rotunda and turning to the right we reach a church belonging to the Greeks at the front of which stands a column as high as a chair and about as big around as a four-gallon crock. This is the centre of the world, and is honoured as such. I saw Russian peasant girls kissing it, and farther on observed them kissing holy place after holy place until it seemed to me that their lips must wear out. Kisses are pressed upon these spots by thousands of mouths every day, and if every lip leaves its microbes all the diseases of the world must be in the bacteria here.

It is hard to estimate the value of the offerings the pilgrims lay on these shrines. Those who come are of all classes, and some bring the savings of years. The poor lay their pennies in the hands of the priests and drop them in the slot boxes which may be seen at almost every corner. There is much gold, and there are treasures in precious stones. A life-sized image of the Virgin Mary which I saw in the Greek church was covered with diamonds. The image was made of wax, and was dressed in satins and silks. Its face was painted. An oval pearl as big as the end of my thumb hung on the forehead, while on the waxen fingers were a score or more rings. Some of the rings were set with diamonds, some with sapphires and rubies, and others with opals. Opals in Palestine are looked upon as the sign of good luck and not bad, as with us.

Most of the rings were costly and each was presented to the Virgin as a love offering. On the silken lap of the image lay a great golden heart as thick as my fist and about six inches in width. It was studded with emeralds and diamonds. The heart was a present from Franz

Josef, Emperor of Austria, who made many costly gifts to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In the grotto of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is a similar statue, even more gorgeously decorated, although some of the jewels are said to be paste.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a hotbed of superstition. It is supposed to stand on the spot where Christ was crucified. The Bible tells us that this was outside Jerusalem, but the Church of the Sepulchre is to-day far within the walls. This, however, is not a proof that the location is incorrect, for the walls of Jerusalem have been thrown down and rebuilt again and again, especially those on Mount Zion where the great church stands. The hill where Christ was crucified was made up of terraces of rock, and that is the nature of the foundation of this church. The place was located by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who came here about three hundred years after Christ died, and found what was said to be the true cross among the rubbish on the side of the hill. She had the cross dug out and carried to Constantinople, whence later on some pieces of it were sent to Rome. One section as long as your arm is said to be in Jerusalem, and there are so many other pieces scattered over the world that I venture you could build a house with them.

Shortly after this discovery, a church was erected on the spot, and since then others have been built, destroyed, and rebuilt, until we now have this great edifice which covers, I should say, an area of several acres. It is surmounted by a cross rising from a dome as big as that of our National Capitol.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not beautiful and its

position in the heart of Jerusalem, surrounded by bazaars, convents, monasteries, and hotels, is by no means imposing. The front of it is covered with carvings, some of which are from ancient temples, and over the doors are bas-reliefs of scenes from the Bible. One of these represents the raising of Lazarus, with the Saviour standing at the front and Mary at His feet. At the command of Christ, Lazarus is seen rising from the dead, while in the background are spectators, some of whom are holding their noses as an evidence, perhaps, of the corruption which had begun to take place before Lazarus was brought to life.

Under the dome of the church lies the tomb of the Saviour. It is enclosed in a chapel of an ivory-white marble, which stands in the centre of the rotunda. This chapel is perhaps twenty feet high, twenty-six feet long, and seventeen feet wide. Entering through a door so low that you have to stoop to go in, you finally come into a chamber six feet square and lighted only by candles. This is the alleged tomb of the Saviour. Over it is a marble slab covered with glass to keep the kisses of the pilgrims from wearing the stone. There are always priests here, and all who come in are sprinkled with holy water. Every worshipper brings with him rosaries, beads, and holy pictures which are laid upon the tomb to be blessed. I saw one old woman totter in with a half bushel bag full of rosaries on her back; a frowsy-bearded man came with her, bearing all he could carry. Spreading these out on the slab, they knelt, while the priest sprinkled the beads and gave them his blessing. Before leaving they dropped some coins into his hand. They were Russians and will probably carry these rosaries back home to their friends.

The modern American oil can competes with the ancient water bottle. The small boy scorns, like his father, to be seen carrying a little water at a time, though he may proudly stagger along with a heavy skin holding several gallons

These Russian pilgrims carry their food and cooking utensils with them. Undismayed by poverty and difficulties they press on upheld by their unquestioning faith

A donkey ambulance is provided in case a pilgrim falls ill on the march

"THE TRIBES OF GOD GO THITHER"

For years more Russians have made the pilgrimage to the Holy Land than almost any other people on the globe. Fifty or sixty thousand of them come here every season. They are brought in by the shipload at Easter time and during the whole spring bodies of pilgrims can be seen going on foot from shrine to shrine throughout Palestine.

Many of the pilgrims land at Haifa, the most northern port of the country. From there they walk over the mountains of Galilee, stopping at Nazareth and then going on to Tiberius. They stop and pray at every holy spot and often kiss the ground where they think Jesus or the saints have trod. From the Sea of Galilee they make their way back to Nazareth, and thence go across the plain of Esdraelon and through Samaria to Jerusalem. I have seen thousands of them at Bethlehem and have met them tramping the weary road to the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

These Russians belong to the Greek Church, which owns most of the monasteries and convents of this country, and which has, all told, property amounting to millions, including some of the best real estate in Jerusalem. It has a great hospice outside the walls of Jerusalem as well as a magnificent church on top of the Mount of Olives. It has other similar institutions elsewhere, and is a great factor in the religious life of the Holy Land.

The Russians have here what is perhaps the largest hotel of the world. Ten thousand people can sleep there in a single night, and it has, besides, separate buildings for families. It is known as the Russian Hospice and lies at the west outside the city wall. It covers a space of ten acres or more and has a high wall about it.

Entering the gates of this hospice, one finds himself surrounded by Russians and Russian scenes. It is a slice of the land of the White Bear dropped down in Judea. There is nothing Syrian in sight. The men dress in caps, long coats, and trousers tucked into high boots. They are long-bearded, long-haired, and fair-faced. There are many red heads among them and none seems to know of the razor. The women are clad in coarse gowns ending at six inches or more from the ankle. Most of them wear boots, but some wear straw shoes, and wrap cloths around their legs in place of stockings. They have handkerchiefs tied about their heads, and their features are usually as hard and rough as those of the men.

But suppose we go into the women's quarters of this mighty hotel. The building is cut up into stalls which run from one side of it to the other. These tunnel-like rooms are lighted at the end, and standing in a central hall it seems as though the windows were at least two hundred feet distant. Each vault, which is eight feet wide and fifteen feet high, is filled from end to end with rough bunks of pine boards. Upon the boards is straw matting, and a space six feet square forms the bed and home of each woman. At the back of this she piles up the bread, tea, and other belongings she has brought with her from Russia. She sleeps stretched out on the board in the clothing she wears in the daytime. The quarters devoted to the men are of similar nature while those for the families differ only in that the spaces are larger.

These pilgrims bring their bread and tea with them from Russia. In addition to this they have a few vegetables which they buy of the natives. They cook with oil stoves. When on the march each carries some bread

along with her and a pan out of which to drink and in which to make tea.

In some parts of the inclosure we can see families at their meals. The men, women, and children sit on the ground around a pot of soup. Each has his own piece of bread and a spoon. They wash their own clothes, using dishpans as tubs. The pans are as big as a bicycle wheel and four inches deep. The washing is done with cold water, which is free in the hospice, but which outside would cost two cents a gallon.

These Russian pilgrims are very religious. They are mostly poor, and many have been saving a lifetime in order that they might make this tour to the Holy Land. They undergo all sorts of hardships and spend their time in fasting and prayer. They have a church inside the hospice where services are held twice a day. I have attended the church several times. It is always full of people standing or kneeling. They cross themselves again and again as the service goes on, and now and then get down and bow their heads to the floor. There are similar services in the other Greek churches. I attended one on the Mount of Olives where the reading of the Scriptures and the singing were done by Russian nuns dressed in black with stove-pipe hats without brims crowning their heads. The hats ended in a cape or veil which fell down the back. The faces of the nuns were uncovered and spiritual looking. Their singing was exceedingly sweet, and the service was impressive. The pilgrims who listened knelt and now and then kissed the bare floor.

At Easter time the water of the River Jordan is blessed by the high priest of the Church, and there are many priests

to baptize the Faithful in the sacred river. The women and men dress in white garments and go into the water together. They change their clothes on the shore. The garments they wear in the water are usually shrouds, which they have brought from home with them for this purpose, and which they intend to take back to be used at their burials.

The scenes of these baptisms make one think of a picnic. The men, women, and children rush about, some laughing and screaming, and others quietly talking. The priests dip each three times in the Jordan, giving their blessing as they do so. After baptism some soak other shrouds in the river to consecrate them that they may carry them home to their friends. They also drink of the dirty water and bottle it up to take home. Some of the pilgrims are old and have to be lifted in and out of the river. The current is swift, and frequently men are drowned.

CHAPTER IX

ON THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

I WANT to take you this morning to the summit of Mount Moriah and show you the site of Solomon's Temple. It is on the same spot where Abraham, at the command of the Lord, was about to sacrifice his only son, Isaac, when he was told to desist and shown the ram with its horns caught in the thicket behind him. It is the place where the wisdom of the boy Christ astonished the wise men; where David, Solomon, and Elijah used to pray, and where, according to the Mohammedans, the blast of the trumpet will sound forth at the Day of Judgment. The spot is sacred to both Christians and Moslems. Indeed, it may be called the holiest on the face of the globe.

The geologists say that Mount Moriah is one of the two oldest parts of the world, the other being Mount Sinai, upon which Moses received the Ten Commandments. They prove this by the rocks, saying that when the world was thrown off by the sun and floated about in its nebulous state through the air the parts which first solidified were the summit of Sinai and the rock which now stands inside the mosque on the top of Moriah. There is also a Jewish tradition that as the Lord saw the solid earth rising out of chaos He blessed these two spots and said:

"They shall be great in the history of the human

race, which I shall create, and upon one of them shall my holy city be built."

Mount Moriah is on the eastern edge of Jerusalem proper. It is just opposite the Mount of Olives and above the Garden of Gethsemane across the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Its top is a plateau containing thirty-five acres, or about one seventh of the whole of Jerusalem, inside the walls. The walls partially bound this plateau, and in them at the northeast corner of the city is the gate through which St. Stephen is said to have passed when he was stoned to death by the Jews. Across from the plateau and far down below it is the Jews' wailing place. Hugging it on the west, south, and north are the box-shaped limestone houses which form the greater part of Jerusalem.

In going to it we leave our hotel on Mount Zion and make our way down David Street through a horde of pilgrims of all colours and races. We pass the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, go through a bazaar where men and women, sitting on the ground, are selling glass bracelets and beads from Hebron, past shops selling candles to be burnt at the tomb of our Saviour, and on through a vaulted tunnel-like street which was once the cotton bazaar, but which now sells everything else. Ascending a stairway at the end of this tunnel, we find ourselves on the plateau now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, but formerly the site of the Temple of Solomon.

This plateau rises in terraces. We come first on to the level, which was known as the Court of the Gentiles, and was open to Jew and Gentile alike. From this we go up to the Court of the Israelites and then to the Court of the Priests, which is now under the great Mosque of

Omar. In the latter court stood the open-air altar for burnt offerings, the very rock upon which Abraham tied Isaac when he was about to sacrifice him in obedience to the Lord's command.

The great flat rock on the summit of Mount Moriah over which the dome of the Mosque of Omar now rises was the ancient threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite. In many parts of Palestine to-day a flat rock or a hard piece of ground is selected as a threshing-floor upon which the ripe grain is laid down to be trodden out by cattle or mules. David purchased this particular floor from Ornan as an offering to the Lord so that the people might be freed from a terrible pestilence then raging in Jerusalem. The Bible account continues: "Then David said, This is the house of the Lord God and this is the altar of the burnt offering for Israel." And right away he began preparations for the temple which was actually built on this spot by his son Solomon.

The Moslems have their own tradition regarding this rock. Since ancient times it has been the custom in the Holy Land to bring the harvested grain to the community threshing-floor, which is soon walled with toppling piles of sheaves, each pile belonging to a different farmer. The owners of the wheat sleep on the threshing-floor at night so as to keep watch over their property. According to the Mohammedan story, two brothers, one married, the other a bachelor, lay down to sleep beside their respective piles. The married brother, waking in the night, began to think how much grain he had and then of his brother's lot compared with his own.

"Poor fellow," said the married man, "he has no wife and children to comfort him and make his life happy.

To even things up a little I will slip over and add some of my sheaves to his and he will never know I have given them to him."

This he did, and then fell fast asleep again.

A little later the bachelor brother woke and thought of his great stacks of grain and how he, being unmarried, needed so much less than his brother.

"Poor fellow," thought he, "I who am free have much more than I need, I will give him some of my grain while he sleeps, for he would never take it from me if he knew I was giving it."

So he transferred a generous portion of wheat from his heap to his brother's.

In the morning both were astonished to find their piles exactly the same size as they had been the night before. Then a prophet appeared to them and told them what had passed in the night. He said that God, who had seen and approved the evidences of their brotherly kindness, had decided to make this threshing-floor the place of prayer for the whole world.

Directly under the plateau on which Solomon's Temple stood is a great catacomb, which once formed a part of one of the Jerusalems of the past. Let us first visit these underground caves before going into the mosque. Descending the steps, we come into a wilderness of vaults with roofs upheld by pillars and arches of stone. Some of the stone blocks are of enormous size. I have measured one which is eight feet wide and fifteen feet high. These stones are beautifully laid. They are closely joined and show mechanical ingenuity in their construction. The pillars are about four feet square, and some of them have holes bored through the corners.

Priests of the Greek Church bless the waters of the Jordan at Easter, when hundreds of pilgrims bathe in the river, many of them clad in their burial shrouds. Across the Jordan Joshua led his hosts dry-shod to the assault on Jericho

Sturdy character shows in the faces of these Russian women, who patiently trudge from shrine to shrine. The Russians are perhaps the most devout of all the thousands of pilgrims who come to the Land of Christ

It is claimed that the vaults were constructed by Solomon for his stables, and that the holes in the columns were the tying places for the horses. In some of them are stone mangers, which the guides say were used long ago. Others claim that this stable story is a fiction, and that the excavations were made in erecting the Temple and the great columns put up to sustain its platform. However that may be, the architecture is wonderful for that time, or, indeed, for our own. There are altogether a hundred or more vaults, and the mighty stones which wall them are so heavy that it would be impossible to handle them nowadays without the use of machinery.

Since the site of Solomon's Temple is now a Mohammedan shrine, and under their control, Christians cannot visit this place unless they first obtain an official permit. This I obtained through our American consul, who not only arranged for a soldier to escort us, but sent along his chief *kavass*, so that we have two guards with us as we walk about. The *kavass* is a sort of major-domo of the consul. He has two of them, tall, straight Syrians attired more gorgeously than Solomon in all his glory. They wear vests covered with bands of gold embroidery, with long, flowing sleeves like those of the ladies of the Middle Ages. They wear big, baggy trousers, each pair of which would make two full suits for a fat man. They have enormous scimitar-like swords at their sides and carry ebony staffs as thick as the handle of a baseball bat topped with great knobs of silver as big as your fist. The United States Government furnishes the outfits, except for the swords. Formerly, whenever our consul came out of the cavernous region

of his hotel or walked down the narrow stone stairs of his office, these two gaudy officials preceded him, making the pavements ring with their staffs as they cleared his path. When he stepped across the way to church, though the streets were deserted and a baby might go about without danger, a *kavass* always went with him and waited outside the building until His Excellency was ready to return. Such extreme pomp as this has, however, begun to go out of style, though the consul still has his strikingly garbed *kavasses* to lend the dignity expected of Uncle Sam's representatives.

The Mosque of Omar was supposed by the Crusaders to be Solomon's Temple. This is not so, of course, as the original building was destroyed long before their time. It is now believed to have been built by a Moslem governor in the seventh century. But before that, and soon after Jerusalem was destroyed in the first century after Christ, the Roman Emperor Hadrian is known to have built on this site a temple to Jupiter. It is believed that some of the pillars in the present mosque came from a church erected on Mount Zion by the Christian Emperor Justinian. The mosque is one of the finest specimens of Byzantine architecture.

Imagine a mighty dome of greenish copper on the top of which is a golden crescent. Let this be as large as or larger than that of the Capitol at Washington, and let it rest upon a vast octagonal temple walled with tiles so fine that any one of them would be prized as a piece of rare china. Let there be a dado of marble below the tiles and a wide frieze above them inlaid with texts from the Koran in Arabic characters, and let the whole be entered by mighty doors over which are beautifully

carved arches, and you have a faint idea of the Dome of the Rock, another name by which this mosque is known.

Here may be seen striking evidences of the belief of the Mohammedans as to Christ and the prophets. They believe in Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and class Jesus as one of the prophets, although not so high as Mohammed. Among the verses of the Koran on the front of the mosque is one reading:

> The Messiah, Jesus, is only the son of Mary, the Ambassador of God, and His word which He deposited in Mary. Believe, then, in God and His Ambassador, and do not maintain that in one there are three.

Another reads:

> Blessings be on me in the day of my birth and my death. He is Jesus, the Son of Mary, the word of truth, concerning whom some are in doubt.

There are other passages of the Koran which tell the stories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the Mohammedans reverence this spot in connection with them.

Let us take off our shoes and go in. The floor of the mosque is holy ground, so none is permitted to enter except in his stockings or bare feet. The inside is even more beautiful than the outside. The walls and roofs are a mass of carvings and mosaics. The mosaic is made up of bits of gold and glass, the latter of many colours, all so delicately put together that they form beautiful pictures. Each bit is only as big as the head of a nail, or smaller, and thousands of them are required to make a single picture. The columns upholding the roof are of marble, and the floor is of marble carpeted with old rugs from Turkey and Persia.

Right in the centre of the mosque is the huge rock upon which Abraham built his altar for Isaac, and upon which Ornan's cattle threshed his grain, and where, the Mohammedans say, the Angel Gabriel will stand when he blows the last trump calling the people to judgment. At that time, according to Moslem belief, the souls of the human race will rush to this spot and present themselves before Mohammed and Christ, who will pass on their virtues and sins. After that all must go to the Pillar of Judgment and cross on the wire rope to the Mount of Olives. According to another Mohammedan story, the Moslems will be turned into fleas, and Mohammed himself into a sheep, in which form he will ascend to heaven with the faithful fleas in his wool.

The rock is esteemed sacred by every Mohammedan. It is surrounded by an iron stockade which none is allowed to enter. It is about forty feet long and sixty feet wide, and rises some six feet out of the floor. It fills the whole inclosure and comes so close to the fence that one can touch it, or, if he is devout, as are most of the worshippers we see in the mosque, he can put his mouth through the bars and impress a kiss upon it.

As we walk about the fence examining the rock our turbaned guide shows us its wonders. "Here," says he, pointing to a round hole in one of the sides, "is the mark of Mohammed's heel. It was from that spot that the holy Prophet ascended to heaven, and as he rose the rock started to go up with him holding fast to his heel. The Angel Gabriel had to put his hand upon it to keep it down, and here," pointing to five curious marks, "are the places where Gabriel's fingers rested when he did so."

A little farther on the guide tells us that this rock is

Moslem pilgrims pray at the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple. It is said that no faithful Jew will enter its inclosure, for fear of treading on the spot where once was the Holy of Holies

Every Friday devout Jews weep under the walls of the Mosque of Omar, mourning the loss of their temple. They repeat for hours their litany: "For the temple that is desolate. . . . We sit in solitude and mourn"

the centre of the earth, and that some believe it to be the gate of hell. He shows us a plate of jasper as big as a checker board, in which are three golden nails, saying that the plate originally contained nineteen nails which Mohammed had driven into it. One nail drops out at the end of each age of the Moslem cycle, and when the last nail is gone the end of the world will occur. The guide offers to let me pull out the last three nails for a dollar apiece, but I have no desire to hasten the Judgment Day, and therefore refuse. In that way I save the world.

"The devil got at this plate one day," so our consular *kavass* tells me, "and was jerking out the nails at a great rate when the Angel Gabriel caught him and pulled him away."

These stories are silly, but they are only a few of many which are told us when we are inside the mosque. Nevertheless, the average Mohammedan of this side of the world believes them, and we see bearded, gowned, and turbaned men and white-sheeted, veiled women praying over these holy places. They kiss the marks of Mohammed's footprints and run their handkerchiefs and beads over the rock. They pray as they do so, for the Prophet said that one prayer here is worth a thousand uttered anywhere else, and he prayed here himself.

The greatest interest of Mount Moriah, however, arises from the fact that we know this was the actual site of Solomon's Temple as well as that of the two other Jewish temples which succeeded it. The first house of God erected by the Israelites was the Tabernacle. This was constructed at the direction of Moses just after he had received the Commandments. It is said to have been

just about half the size of the Temple of Solomon, although there are passages in the Scriptures which lead us to think the latter must have been very much larger. The Tabernacle was a movable building. It was about fifty feet long and sixteen or seventeen feet wide. The roof and walls were formed of curtains made of linen or wool beautifully sewed and fastened in places with gold buckles. There were also curtains of goat's hair and of ram's wool dyed red. Some suppose the roof of the Tabernacle to have been flat, and others that it was ridged like a tent, with a cube inside about sixteen feet square, which was the Holy of Holies. In the latter were the Ark of the Covenant and the Tables of the Law.

Solomon's Temple was planned by David, who collected much of the material used. Solomon himself made a bargain with Hiram, King of Tyre, to aid him in supplying the timber and certain classes of the mechanics. Hiram was a Phœnician king who lived up the coast and who controlled the forests of Lebanon. He gave Solomon a concession of certain tracts of cedar and fir, and the Hebrew king sent men in parties of ten thousand each to go to the mountains and cut down the trees. The servants of Hiram helped them, and they carried the lumber to the shores of the Mediterranean and floated it down to Jaffa, whence it was brought up to Jerusalem. The Bible says that Solomon gave King Hiram every year two thousand measures of wheat and twenty measures of oil as his part of the contract, and that the two kings were associated together.

The first temple was begun by Solomon more than twenty-nine hundred years ago, and it took seven years to build it. I have translated some of its dimensions

into feet. The cubit, which was then the unit of measurement, was as long as the distance from a man's elbow to the tip of his middle finger, and varied from eighteen to twenty-one inches. Putting the cubit at twenty inches the ground plan of the Temple was sixty-six feet wide and one hundred and thirty-three feet long, and according to some statements its height was fifty feet, although one of the roofs rose eight feet and the other sixteen above the inside walls. There is another place in the Bible in which it is stated that the height of the porch was one hundred and twenty cubits, which would make it two hundred feet high.

The Temple of Solomon had disappeared long before Christ was born. It was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, 596 B. C., and a new building was not erected until the Jews came back from their captivity at Babylon. This was also destroyed many years later and a third and last temple was erected by Herod the Great eighteen years before Christ. In that temple occurred the scenes of Christ's ministry. It was there that He talked with the priests as a boy of twelve, and from there He drove out the money changers.

The Temple of Herod is said to have been much finer than Solomon's. It has been described by Josephus, who probably had a ground plan of the building before him when he wrote. He says that the space it covered was about twice as large as that of the old temple. It was of much the same style as the Temple of Solomon, but its approaches were more imposing, and it doubtless displayed all the architectural beauties of the time, which was one of magnificent buildings.

CHAPTER X

JEWS OF JERUSALEM

THE Jews are rapidly coming into their own. The Holy City now contains some thirty thousand of them; they form about half of its whole population. They have acquired the right to own land in Palestine, and they can come and go as they please. This has not always been the case. Jewish immigration used to be prohibited, and such Jews as bought real estate had to purchase and hold it under other names.

Until the last decade of the nineteenth century the Turkish Government had a rule that no Jew might come into Palestine and stay there longer than three weeks. The restrictions were given up largely through the activities of Mr. Gilman, a former American consul to Jerusalem. When he came to the Holy City it was the policy of the representatives of the other foreign governments there to aid the Turkish authorities in expelling immigrant Jews. Shortly after his arrival he was advised by the Sultan's officials that some American Jews were overstaying their time in the Holy Land and was requested to direct them to leave. He replied that such action was entirely contrary to the spirit of our government which is founded on religious toleration and freedom, and after some negotiations the American Jews were allowed to remain. Soon after this the British

Christian sects may quarrel over their holy places, Jews may clamour for their national home in Palestine, while the Arabs proclaim that the land is theirs. Neither politics nor religion disturbs this maid of modern Jerusalem

Snow is almost unknown in these grass-grown vaulted streets, beneath which lie buried the ruins of the Jerusalems of the past. The streets Christ trod are twenty to eighty feet below the city of to-day

consul, acting under instructions from the British minister at Constantinople, took the same stand, and the other leading governments followed suit. Seventy-five years ago there were only thirty-two Jewish families in all Jerusalem and only three thousand in all Palestine.

Now there are sixty-odd thousand in the Holy Land and, as I have said, Jews make up half the population of the Holy City. The Jews here are now engaging in trade, and already control a large part of the business of Jerusalem.

Forty different languages are spoken among the Jews of Palestine, and there are many who cannot understand one another. In the main there are three separate classes: First is the Ashkenazim, made up of Jews from Russia, Poland, Austria, and Germany. These people are much like the lower-class Jews of America, and their common language is Yiddish. The second class is the Sephardim. They are Spanish Jews, descendants of those who came here centuries ago. These Jews speak a mixture of Spanish and Hebrew. The third class is the Eastern Jews, made up of Israelites from Syria, Persia, Arabia, and Central Asia. They speak Arabic and look much like Moslems.

The American Jews are comparatively few, and it is seldom that you meet one born in the United States. Those who claim to be American citizens are chiefly natives who have gone to the United States to get naturalization papers, and then returned here to live. Many of them are frauds, and our consul believes that some of them bought their naturalization papers without ever leaving Palestine. American citizenship is an es-

pecially valuable badge of protection in this part of the world. Said our consul to me:

"Our citizenship has been used to carry on frauds. When I first came here I found it serving as a cloak for crime. One man who claimed to be an American was acting as receiver of stolen cattle, and selling them openly. He carried on a big business, and although the officials were aware of his criminal practices they could not arrest him. This was so because of a difference between our government and that of Turkey.

"The treaties provide that the offences of Americans against the Turks may be punished only by the American consul, and we contended that this gave us the right of trial in such cases. The Turkish Government contended that all such offenders must be tried in the Turkish courts, and as neither government would give in, it was impossible to convict and punish without bringing about international complications. As soon as I came I decided to stop it and told the man I would arrest and convict him by means of American witnesses. The result was that he did not wait for trial, but skipped out of the country."

Most of the Jews here pride themselves on their piety. They think themselves above the Jew who has suffered long contamination by mixing with foreigners, and some of them especially despise the American. Meeting one on the street they may slap him on the stomach and sneeringly ask how much pork he ate when he was in the United States. In making this statement I refer to the fanatics who are composed more especially of the Spaniards and the members of the Ashkenazim. These people have inner circles of religious aristocracy, some

of whom are supposed to have magic powers of healing. Among them are many men of education and culture, men who know the Bible from beginning to end, and who speak several languages. One can tell nothing of the culture of the Jerusalem Jew by his dress, for a dirty, ragged old man is often a great scholar.

The dress here is about the same among all classes of the Israelites. The boys and the men wear coats without belts which reach from the neck to the feet. They are full, and are slightly open at the front, showing gowns under them. Many of the Spanish Jews wear black turbans or velvet caps with a wide fringe of fur outside. Some wear broad-brimmed felt hats which come far down over the forehead, half hiding the ears. They do not shave, for a long beard is a sign of wisdom, dignity, and piety. They wear the hair long, with a curly lock on each side of the face, in front of the ears. These locks often reach down to the breast, and are allowed to grow, according to a saying in Scriptures, which reads, "Thou must not mar the corners of thy beard."

Many of the Jews never cut the hair in front of the ears for fear of touching the beard, and I see boys with the rest of the head shaved and these two earlocks left.

These Jerusalem Jews have fine faces. Many of them have high foreheads, strong noses and mouths, and beautiful eyes. Some are fair and others have olive complexions. Their hair is of all colours from jet black to blond and fiery red, and there are many old men with beards of silver.

Indeed many of the Jews of the Holy City are old men and old women who have come here to die. Jerusalem is to many of the Jews what Benares is to the

Hindu. They have a superstition that this city is on the direct road to heaven and that they must come here in order to attain paradise. I am told that many of the Jews of this city believe that if they should die in other lands they will be dragged under the earth through the globe to the Mount of Olives, where the Resurrection is to take place. The Jewish cemetery on the side of the mountain contains thousands of tombs. It is said that soil from that spot is sent all over the world to be put in Jewish coffins. Not a few of the old men who live here have left their business to come. Some have given their estates to their sons and relatives, and receive allowances from them. Not long ago one such came to the American consul, and said that he would like to leave some money to found a synagogue in Jerusalem. He looked dirty and ragged, and the consul asked what he had to leave. He replied that he owned under other names six good houses in Jerusalem and that the money to buy them had been saved out of an allowance of a thousand dollars a year which his sons in New York had been sending him.

The Jews of Jerusalem are far more particular as to the observances of their religion than the Jews of America. There are more than one hundred synagogues in this city, in all of which worship is held on the Sabbath. I have attended many of the services and have generally found the synagogues full. The men read Hebrew aloud. They come in their best clothing, and some of the old men are gorgeous in their rich gowns of velvet and silk.

The Sabbath here begins Friday night and does not end until six o'clock Saturday. It begins just as soon

as the stars can be seen Friday, after which no work of any kind must be done. Neither fire nor lamp may be lighted, so most of the people light their lamps before the dark comes and hire Gentiles to come in at bedtime to blow them out. The meals for the Sabbath are all cooked beforehand, and if there are any hot dishes they must be cooked by the Gentiles.

The orthodox Jew here will not carry a bucket, an umbrella, or even a baby on the Sabbath day. I have just heard of a boy who was given a new suit of clothes on Saturday, his Sabbath. The gift was made by one of the American colony outside the walls, and the people there watched to see how the boy could stick to his religion and still carry his new clothes home. After pondering some time, he finally put the clothes on and wore them, thus escaping the sin of carrying them on God's holy day.

The Jews here have a slaughter house of their own. Indeed, they kill all of the cattle of Jerusalem, serving the Gentiles free of charge, in order that there may be no danger of sinning by eating animals improperly killed. The city abattoirs are on the road to Jericho across the valley of Jehoshaphat, on the southern slope of the Mount of Olives. The cattle and sheep are brought there and passed upon by the Jewish rabbis. They are then killed and skinned according to the Mosaic law, and the meat is stamped by the rabbis before it is offered for sale in the cities. A special stamp is placed on all that supplied to the Jews, and such meat, strange to say, brings about twice as much per pound as that sold to the Gentiles.

If the meat is good to eat it is known as *kosher*. If not killed according to the regulations, it is called *tarif*,

and no Jew will touch it. The killing is done by the rabbinical butcher, who cuts the animal's throat with one stroke of the knife, going just deep enough not to touch the bones. The law provides not only that the meat must be healthy, but that no bone must be scratched, cut, or broken, and if the butcher's knife slips and cuts off a bit of bone, even though it be no thicker than a sheet of paper, the whole carcass is regarded as bad and fit only for the Gentiles. The Jews eat cattle and sheep, but they will not touch the meat of pigs or game. Said one of the sportsmen of Palestine to me:

"If the Jews ate game they would clean out our partridges and other birds in a season. But as it is, there is always good shooting."

Most of the Jews here will not eat the hind quarters of any animal, and the hind legs and loins are sold to the Gentiles. The Spanish Jews say that those who eat pork will be damned, but they get around eating rump steak by pulling out the white sinews or scraping off the red particles of the meat and making what we know as Salisbury steaks from them.

The Jewish quarter of Jerusalem is confined to the southeastern part of the city. It is near the great platform on which Solomon's Temple stood and inside the Dung Gate. It is a dirty, squalid, poverty-stricken section. Many of the Jews here are mendicants, who live on the alms sent in by the Jews from the outside. At fixed hours of the day bread is given away at certain places and the people come for it in crowds. There are funds which are supplied at regular intervals to those who need them, and much of the population is supported this way. They might be called educated paupers. Many

of these people are desperately poor. I visited a number of the houses, finding family after family each living in cave-like rooms no larger than a hall bedroom and lighted only by a door at the front. In such dwellings the floors and walls are of stone, and about the only furniture is the beds, which are for the grown-ups only. The children sleep on the floor. The kitchen is often on a porch outside the house, and the water comes from a court in which is a well or cistern. This well may be used by a half-dozen different families, and its surroundings are unsanitary to an extreme.

On the doorposts of each of these dwellings, whether it be of one room or more, is tacked up a roll of white parchment six inches long. This contains the name of Jehovah and the Ten Commandments. Every Jew here wears the Commandments tied upon his arm under his coat, and some have phylacteries, or strips of parchment with texts upon them, about their foreheads.

One of the strangest sights of Jerusalem is the Jews' wailing place, where every Friday afternoon and Saturday morning certain sects meet on the outside of the walls of the Mosque of Omar and with their heads bent against the stones sorrow over the loss of Jerusalem and pray God to give the land back to His chosen people. This custom has been observed since the days of the Middle Ages and it is one of the saddest of sights. I visited it last week. In a narrow alley surrounded by miserable houses—on stone flags which have been worn with the bare feet of thousands of Jews—against a wall of great blocks of marble which reached for fifty or more feet about them, a line of men in long gowns and of women with head shawls stood with their heads bowed, praying

and weeping. Many of the men had white beards and the long curly locks which fell down in front of their ears were silver. Others were just in their prime. There were also young men and young girls. Not a few of the male mourners wore European clothes, and I saw one woman wailing in a hat and gown of Parisian design. Most of the women, however, were dressed in Jewish costume with shawls wrapped around their heads.

Each of the mourners had a book in his hand and read the Lamentations of Jeremiah, swaying back and forth as he did so. Now and then the whole party broke out into a chant, a gray-haired rabbi acting as leader and the rest coming in on the refrain. The substance of one of the chants was as follows:

O Lord, we pray thee have mercy on Zion,
Gather the children of Jerusalem together!
May the kingdom soon return to Zion!
Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem,
And let the branch of Jesse spring up in Zion!

Still more affecting was this one:

Leader—For the palace that lies desolate.
Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.
Leader—For our Majesty that is departed.
Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.
Leader—For the walls that are destroyed.
Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.
Leader—For our great men who lie dead.
Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.
Leader—For our priests who have stumbled.
Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

The effect of this chant cannot be appreciated unless you hear it. The old men, the weeping women who kiss

Many learned Jews come to end their days in the Holy City. The raggedest man may be the greatest scholar. Some of them have returned from America whence their successful sons send funds for their support in the land of their fathers

The Tower of David was standing here when Christ walked in Zion. Jerusalem, like other ancient cities, was surrounded by walls for its defence, with towers here and there along their course

the stones of the wall that separates them from what was once the site of Solomon's Temple, and that is even now the holiest spot on the earth to the Jew, the genuine feeling expressed by all and the faith they show in thus coming here week after week and year after year, are most wonderfully impressive. It is indeed one of the strange sights of this strangest of cities. A nation is mourned for.

CHAPTER XI

THE EVIL EYE

THE Evil Eye is abroad in the Holy Land, and a glance from it will bring you misfortune. It will lame your horse, cow, or camel, and it may cause your child to sicken or die. It can ruin your health or your business, and it may even send your soul to eternal damnation. Those who possess the evil eye are devils incarnate, but you cannot tell who they are. They go about in the shape of innocent-looking men, women, and children, so you will not realize that their spells have been cast upon you until misfortune comes.

The belief exists throughout Palestine and is common all over this part of the world. Every house in Jerusalem, whether Jew, Moslem, or Christian, contains charms to ward off such spells. Every man, woman, and child carries a talisman to keep off the witches. Some of these charms are in the shape of a hand, because of an old Jewish saying that the hand of God will arrest all disasters, and a Mohammedan habit of calling upon the hand of Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, to guard the Faithful from evil. Silver hands are sold as charms, and the wealthier classes wear hands of gold inside the necks of their gowns. Every Jerusalem house has a painting or carving of a hand on its front door to keep off the evil eye; and even in the new houses which are now going up they are putting hands over the windows as well

as at the front doors. Over their doors hang bags of charms containing an egg, a piece of alum, some garlic, and a large blue bead.

Blue is believed to be a colour which frightens the devil. These people think that anything blue will ward off the evil eye, and for this reason horses, donkeys, and camels have strings of blue beads round their necks. Every horse and donkey that I have ridden since I set foot in the Holy Land has been decorated with beads, and in a carriage trip that I recently took across country, changing my teams three times, every horse we drove had a blue necklace. One was a three-year-old colt, which was lively and skittish. He wore several strands of blue beads, each as big as the nail of my thumb. As he jumped about he broke the string and the beads fell off and were lost. The driver went back to look for them, but hunted in vain, and was troubled during the rest of the day. When toward evening the colt got a stone in his foot and went lame, he said it was the evil eye, which might have been kept off had the beads not been lost.

I see many children here wearing blue beads, some of which are the shape of an eye. There is one special kind made in Hebron which is considered most effective. It is a bead of blue glass of the shape of a hand with five fingers. It is worn as a charm. Some of the children are clad in blue gowns with white circles stamped on them. Every store has some blue inside it, and in some a silver hand is hung up on the walls. Every bride wears blue beads at her wedding, and in wedding processions salt, rice, and sugar plums are thrown at the bride and bridegroom to keep off the evil eye and bring luck.

I have been warned that I should always have some

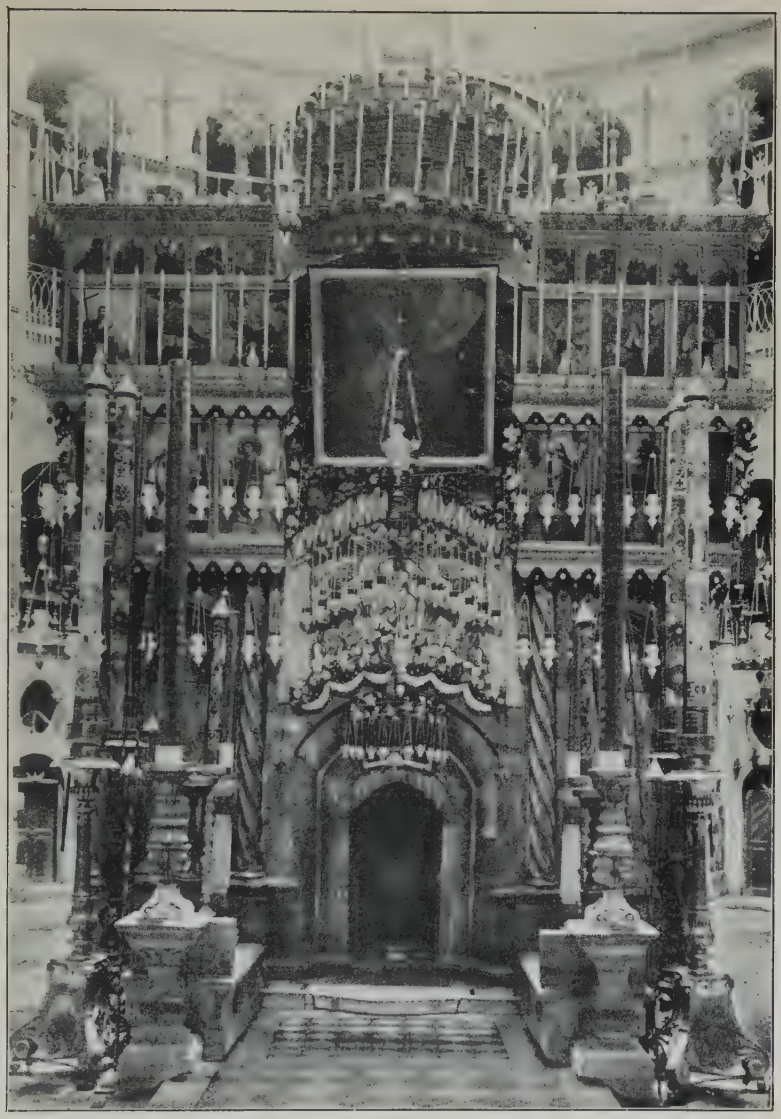
alum in my pocket, for this is a charm which will keep away witches. It is usually carried along with the beads. Some beads are made with a small piece of alum inside them, and people who are ashamed to show their belief in the beads often carry alum in their pockets. If a child goes out without charms the mother is greatly alarmed, and if she thinks that someone has cast an evil eye on it she burns a bit of the child's clothes with incense and a small piece of alum. She first prays over the child, waving the bit of stuff and the alum about as she does so. She then throws the charm into an open fire and holds the child over it. As the alum burns it gives off a smoke which takes certain shapes, and the mother believes that by looking at them she can learn who has cast the evil eye on her child. The same rite is gone through with by pretty girls who feel ill on coming home from a call. They work this charm to find out who has cast a spell on them.

One of the commonest safeguards against the evil eye is a text from the Bible or the Koran such as: "Break down the spell of the Eye"; or "By the blessings of God." These phrases written in Arabic characters are framed and hung up in many of the houses. They are also carved upon furniture.

The Jews carry about texts of the Scriptures. The Christians have relics of saints, and some of the natives here think they have pieces of the true cross.

It is customary to use the name of God at the beginning of every sentence which contains the name of one's friend.

The people of Palestine do not like to hear themselves complimented unless at the same time you use the name



The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the centre of superstition in Jerusalem, where imagination sets the only limit to stories told to the tourists—and implicitly believed by many of them

The women of the Holy Land are great believers in the power of the Evil Eye and wear blue beads and other charms to keep the spirits away. Bits of alum, which is supposed to be especially effective, are often worn in little bags around the neck.

of God. Otherwise they believe such expressions are bound to bring misfortunes and possibly troubles and death. If you call a boy or a girl pretty its mother's heart is filled with terror, and she straightway throws out her hand, extending the index and little finger in a way supposed to ward off the devil and to prevent the evil consequences of your remark. If you wish to praise the beauty of a child you must begin the sentence with, "May God surround thee." After that you may go on as you please. If you pat the child on the head and fail to use this sentence, the mother upon returning home will take the child into a room and put it in the middle of the floor. She will then take a shovel and gather some dust from each of the four corners, and throw it into the fire, crying: "Fie on thee, evil eye."

Similar precautions should be taken in admiring a horse or a donkey, and there are ways of keeping the evil eye away from them. If a man has a spirited horse which he fears the people may admire, he carries with him some salt. As he rides through the crowds he will now and then sprinkle a little salt under the feet of the horse, especially if he sees the crowd looking at it. If any one asks whether he will sell the animal he must answer yes, but if asked what he will take he makes the price so high that the man cannot buy. At such times he usually requests the would-be purchaser to stop thinking of his horse for fear it may bring misfortune.

Another superstition regarding salt relates to babies at birth. It is sprinkled over their bodies to keep off the devil, and is used at all other ceremonies connected with children.

The power of the evil eye is also possessed by spirits

who inhabit human beings. The people here believe in one class of spirits who live underground but who are fed by those on earth. They are said to come up and take the wheat from the threshing-floors and the bread from the ovens, and the only way to keep them from doing so is to utter a sentence from the Koran or Bible as you put the bread in to bake, or spread out the grain. These same spirits hover about the fire, and if you quench it without asking Mohammed to protect you the spirits are liable to beat you or perhaps lame you for life.

These underground spirits are known as the jinn. Their favourite place of residence is below the front doorsteps, for which reason women are not allowed to sit there. The jinn, or genii, are supposed to be an organized body, having a sultan, a court, and regular officials. They keep guard on the food stores and are on the whole fairly good fellows. They are said to be fond of human company. It is even whispered that they sometimes assume human shape and marry mortals. They are believed to be most common in Egypt. One may attract a jinn by whistling, and it is said that the girls here frequently whistle. Some of the men of Palestine are jealous of the jinn, thinking they have association with their wives, and some will not look at a real woman for fear the jinn girls, who they imagine are in love with them, will object.

One of the queer superstitions here in Jerusalem is the idea that a marriage in a cemetery will propitiate the Lord and cause Him to favour His people. This is believed by the native Jews, and several cemetery weddings have recently occurred on account of the drought. Palestine has had no rain for weeks and the crops are drying

up. The people are wildly excited over the prospect. There is also an epidemic of infantile paralysis, which has been carrying off the children. The people think that God is angry with them, and perhaps wroth because the graveyard marriages have been too few. To pacify Him they have had weddings in the cemeteries, though a graveyard is considered a most unlucky place for starting upon the life matrimonial. Indeed, it so unlucky that brides and grooms have to be hired to get married there. At a marriage which took place this week the couple received two hundred dollars in gold, besides food for two years, as a present for having the ceremony in the cemetery. In this case the groom was a Jew from Yemen, Arabia, and the bride a Jewess from Aleppo, in Syria. The bride was late coming, and the three thousand worshippers who had assembled to see the ceremony had to wait for two hours. She was finally carried in under a canopy, and took her stand on one side of an open grave while the bridegroom stood on the other. Standing thus they exchanged marriage vows. Two more cemetery weddings are planned, but it is difficult to get willing couples, as such marriages are supposed to be disastrous. Nevertheless, the charm seems to be working. The wind has changed since the first ceremony took place, and it may rain by and by.

CHAPTER XII

EASTER IN JERUSALEM

AT NO time in the whole year is the Holy City so interesting as during Easter Week. Jerusalem seems always filled to overflowing, but during Holy Week it is crowded and jammed with people for days and nights on end to a degree that it is impossible to describe.

I had the good fortune to be here during the most remarkable Easter that Jerusalem ever had, when by a curious coincidence the calendars of the various sects fixed the holy feasts on the same days, and the Jewish Passover and the Mohammedan festival of Nebu Musa, or the pilgrimage from the Mosque of Omar to the tomb of Moses, came during Easter Week. These celebrations packed the narrow, vaulted, winding streets of Jerusalem with a jam of crushed and crushing humanity. They filled the monasteries which surround the walls with tens of thousands of pilgrims, and clothed the Holy City in a greater variety of colours than were in the coat which Jacob gave to his favourite son Joseph.

The walls of Jerusalem enclose an area of not more than three hundred acres of ground, made up of hill and hollow, all filled with the flat-roofed box-like houses. There is no regularity in the city. The streets wind in and out and up and down, now becoming narrow, murky tunnels, and now roofed with the blue sky of Palestine.

Grandfather and grandson—and both are followers of the ancient profession of begging. Under Turkish taxation the Palestinians were reduced to such dire poverty that asking alms is considered no disgrace

Where Christ rested when carrying the Cross to Calvary pilgrims now stop to pray in the Via Dolorosa

They are so narrow that through most of them no wheeled vehicle can go, and standing in the middle of many of them you can touch the walls on both sides with your outstretched hands. It is in such streets that the thousands move to and fro at Easter.

I doubt whether there is a town of five hundred population in the United States which is built upon three hundred acres of land. Here there are over one hundred times that many people, and the Easter visitors swell the number to as many more. During Holy Week the bulk of this mass of humanity crowds into the section of the city surrounding the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There seem to be scores of thousands of worshippers in an area less than that of a city block, and the two or three narrow streets leading to the sanctuary become so crowded that Moslem soldiers must be constantly on guard to keep them in order. The gay colours of the clothes of the Orient turn the streets into a flowing mass of broken rainbows, and the jabber of a score of languages makes a noise quite as remarkable as that heard at the Tower of Babel.

Let me show you David Street as it looked to me the day after Palm Sunday. David Street is the narrow way leading from Jaffa Gate down into the city. It is about ten feet wide, and we go through it into the Christian Street, which, by a second turn, brings us to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At the top is the Tower of David, a square stone structure one hundred feet high, a part of which was in existence before the Christian Era. In the large square in front of this is the vegetable market of Jerusalem, where pedlars from Bethlehem and elsewhere sit on the stones with their baskets about

them. Standing with our backs to the tower, as far as we can see, we look upon a moving mass of pilgrims and natives of all ages and colours and costumes.

Twenty different nations are represented in the faces which look toward us. Here is an Ethiopian priest, in a tall black cap and a long black gown, whose black eyes are set in features as shiny as oiled ebony. He is one of the Abyssinian fathers and has his place in the ceremonies at Easter. That mahogany-faced man in a yellow gown is a Persian, and the fierce-looking Ishmaelite behind him, in a blanket of black-and-white stripes, his bronzed face crowned by a yellow silk handkerchief, is a Bedouin; he is of the Moslem faith, and is on his way to worship at the mosque. Behind him comes a woman in a white sheet. Her features are covered with a yellow gauze cloth with red leaves printed upon it; she is the wife of a Mohammedan merchant, and her face is not to be seen outside the harem. That slender, black-eyed girl, with the dark roses in her cheeks, is the daughter of a Polish Jew. Her cap is black, and, like all of her sisters, she wears a little silk flowered shawl.

Some of the prettiest women in the world are peddling vegetables about you. As you note their complexions you can hardly realize that they live under the fierce sun of the tropics. Their skins are as fair as the cheeks of the girls of Dublin, and their regular features would make them beauties in America. They wear high caps bound round with silver coins, row after row rising up from their foreheads against a background of black velvet.

Here is a crowd of Russian peasants. The honest bronzed faces of the women look out under the brown

handkerchiefs tied about their heads in place of bonnets, and their short dresses of cheap cotton or wool come half way down over their high-topped boots. The men have tall fur caps, and their coats are made with skirts as full as the petticoats of the women. The faces of both sexes are strong, with honesty and industry showing in every line. They cross themselves as two Greek priests pass them.

Let us push our way through the crowd. That tall soldier in red fez and European uniform breaks the way for us. We pass good-natured Moslems and Jews; we are jostled by Bedouin girls in gypsy dress, and by Bethlehem shepherds clad in sheep-skins. Going by the market women squatting at the turning, we follow the crowd and pass on to the entrance of one of the tunnel-like bazaars. Leaving this, we turn into another arch at the right, and diving through vaulted, twisting caves of stores, we go down some steps, past the money-changers, who sit at the street corners with little glass-covered boxes of gold and silver coins before them. Brushing by dozens of beggars we arrive at last in the court in front of the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Now we are in the heart of the Jerusalem of Easter.

This court is where the multitude stood to see the crucifixion of our Lord. On the opposite side from the entrance, in a corner of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is the Rock of Calvary, and the buildings which surround it are the convents and monasteries of the various Christian sects.

A stream of worshippers of all nations passes continuously among the hordes of beggars and pedlars squatting on the stones. Here a young Syrian is selling

candles of all kinds and sizes, from tapers no bigger than your little finger to great cylinders as thick as your arm, to pilgrims who go to burn them before the altars within the sepulchre.

There is a rosary pedlar doing a rushing business. She is a Bethlehem girl with two bushels of beads. They are made of olive wood and of the pips of the olive itself, as well as of mother-of-pearl. All around you are the characters of the Scriptures. Here is a dark-brown man whose face reminds you of that of Judas in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." He is peddling little crosses of mother-of-pearl. Here is a woman with a face as beautifully sad as that of Mary Magdalene, and there is an old man selling pictures of the church dignitaries, whose patriarchal beard and honest eyes make you think of Abraham. There are pedlars of brass rings and glass bracelets from Hebron. The crier of drinks in bare feet and blue gown, with his skin water bottle on his back, passes along announcing his wares by clinking his two brass drinking-cups together.

The crowd moves on in a never-ending stream toward the door of the church. It is the same, morning and evening, day in and day out. Thousands upon thousands of footsteps have worn the flag stones to the smoothness of marble, and on and on they come, year after year and generation after generation. We enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the church which these people believe covers the spot where Christ was crucified and where His tomb is kept. It is the church that Constantine built, the church for which the Crusaders fought, the shrine where the religious of all Christendom would bow.

It is a vast building of yellow limestone rising out of

and above a jumble of houses in front of the court, with a dome a little smaller than that of our Capitol at Washington. At one side a chapel rises above the other parts of the structure to the second story, and the whole stands upon hill and valley so that the chapel rests upon a rock high above the level of the ground floor. This rock is supposed to be Calvary, upon which stood the cross of Christ. Around the rotunda extends a series of buildings, consisting of gaudily decorated churches and chapels of a dozen different denominations and sects. A wide vaulted aisle runs around between these and the rotunda into which they open.

Entering, we go through a high-arched door past a ledge cut into the wall at the right where Mohammedan officers smoke long-stemmed water-pipes while they sit with their legs crossed and direct the soldiers posted here to keep the crowds in order. We go into a great square vestibule in the centre of which, with rows of immense candles at its head and foot, there lies under a long row of beautiful brass lamps a rectangular stone of rose-coloured marble about eight feet long and four feet wide. It is four inches above the floor, and around its edges burn the wax tapers of worshippers. This is the Stone of Unction on which it is said the body of the Lord was laid when it was anointed for burial.

Pilgrim after pilgrim walks forward and prostrates himself before it. Each one gets down on his knees, and bows his head to the floor, then leans over and kisses the stone. As we come closer we see that the marble has been worn rough by the pressure of human lips. As we stand and watch the earnest worshippers who pray before it, we cannot but be impressed with their faith. An old

peasant woman in black, who trembles as she puts her long thin hands caressingly on the marble, bends over and touches it again and again with her withered lips. A pretty boy of ten crosses himself and kneels beside his Armenian mother while they go through their devotions together. Another pilgrim lays his beads on the slab, that they may be blessed by the contact, and crosses himself as he rises. Now there kneels a family of Greeks, the men in the ballet-girl costume of the Albanians, followed by a richly dressed lady who lays some cakes of incense on the slab, and prays long before it. Behind her come two Russian women with long strips of white linen in their hands. Waiting until the crowd has partially thinned, they measure the stone with this cloth, and cut it into strips of just the size of the slab. They rub these strips over the stone, praying as they do so, for these are to be their winding sheets, and they believe that, buried in them, they will rest more easily in their graves. It is difficult to appreciate the solemnity of the worship at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

There is superstition mixed with earnest, honest faith, as is so often the case in the poor, weak human brain, even in those who lay claim to greater intellectuality than these poor pilgrims.

These tens of thousands of pilgrims continue to pray as they rise from the Stone of Unction, and then with bowed heads walk on into the great rotunda of the church itself. Here in the very centre rises an oblong marble structure about thirty feet high, twenty-five feet long, and seventeen feet wide. The marble is yellow with age and the architecture of the building is rude rather than artistic. This is the tomb of Christ. It is

more like a chapel than a tomb, and its fronts and sides are covered with candles. Curious brass lamps, with glass globes of different colours, hang like a frieze around its alabaster top, and between these are oil paintings of scriptural scenes. In its front, in gold pillars as tall as a man, are columns of painted wax each six inches thick and twelve feet high. At the top of each of these a flame trembles.

At Easter there flows through its low door an endless stream of humanity. We enter through a vestibule so dark that we can hardly see the features of the people around us, and find the same kissing and praying going on. Upon the column of marble about three feet high, standing in the centre of the vestibule, thousands of kisses are pressed every day. Into its top is set a piece of the stone which was rolled from the door of Christ's tomb. The stones walling the tomb are very thick, and the door is so narrow that only one man can enter it at a time, and so low that even boys bow their heads in going in. The space within is so small that it will hold only four persons at once. It is dimly lighted with candles, and a Greek priest in cap and gown is always on guard. At the right of the room, set into the wall, there is a marble slab of purest white resting upon another slab about four feet high and forming a box or ledge. This box is supposed to have been the sepulchre of Christ, to the people of the Christian world the holiest of the holy places of the earth. The worshippers here pray and drop their tears, and men reverently back their way out to give place to others. All of the Christian sects claim a right to the tomb, and it is free of access to every denomination.

The chapels of the various churches opening into the rotunda are gorgeously decorated, and each sect has some relic of the Crucifixion which people consider their especial charge and which they guard with the greatest reverence. One chapel contains the stocks in which some of the saints were imprisoned, and the chapel of the Syrians has the tomb of Nicodemus and of Joseph of Arimathea. The Latins have the column of the scourging. The Greeks, who have the finest chapel of all those surrounding the rotunda, are first, both in wealth and power, in the Church of the Sepulchre.

The Oriental Christians are very superstitious, and have implicit faith in all the stories connected with the Sepulchre. They believe that the ceremonies of Easter carry with them saving grace, and during this Holy Week they are in a state of religious frenzy. The officers of the various churches do all they can to increase this excitement, with the result that there is a series of religious pageants in which each patriarch and his bishops try to outshine the other churches in splendour and gorgeous ceremonials. The competition is so great that at times the various sects break out into unchristian fights, and once there was a riot in the Holy Sepulchre in which more than three hundred pilgrims were suffocated or trampled to death.

During the ceremonies of Easter, companies of soldiers are stationed in the more holy places of Jerusalem, and several companies surround the various patriarchs in their church exercises.

The celebrations begin with Palm Sunday. The patriarchs bless the palms which are distributed by the thousands to the people. Every man, woman, and child

Waiting for the Holy Fire to come down from Heaven, a "miracle" celebrated by the Greek Church during Easter Week. From the candle mysteriously lighted inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, others are lighted in rapid succession

The use of ladders to gather the olive crop has replaced the old, wasteful method of beating the trees to shake off the fruit. The olive grows best where its roots can find their way into the crevices of a rock

in Jerusalem seems to be waving palm branches, and the court and Church of the Sepulchre are filled with green. The Greek Patriarch and his bishops march three times around the grand aisle outside of the rotunda of the church, bearing a cross of gold and preceded by clouds of incense from urns carried by the bishops in gorgeous white brocaded silk gowns covered with roses of red and gold. In the procession there are a score or more of bishops with crosses of diamonds six inches long upon their breasts, and with their long hair flowing from under their high caps and down upon their shoulders. The Greek Patriarch, the central figure of all of these celebrations and the head of the Greek Church in Palestine and Arabia, carries the gold cross-like staff of his office. He is dressed in the most gorgeous of gowns of cloth of gold and silver, and upon his handsome gray head is his cap of high place—a great dome-like tiara of silver and gold, fairly blazing with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, each of them worth a fortune.

Every day of Holy Week has its ceremonies, and between times the pilgrims visit the spots made sacred by association with Christ's life about Jerusalem. They kiss the ground on which Stephen was stoned; they visit the monastery which now stands on the floor of the house of Pontius Pilate; they pray before Christ's prison, and they hold services all along the Via Dolorosa, kneeling and praying at the various stations.

The Easter festival itself is not so wonderful in comparison with the services of the week. The day is ushered in with the ringing of bells. The Russian pilgrims rush into each other's arms and give the "kiss of peace." The Easter celebrations are more notable for the display

of fine vestments and gorgeous plate than for the excellence of the music or unusual features in the ceremonies. The Latin churches hold their services in front of the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, the Latin Patriarch officiating. There is a solemn high mass in front of the Sepulchre, and after this the Patriarch and bishops, followed by the crowd bearing lighted candles, march around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, chanting and offering up their prayers on the spots made sacred by their association with the Saviour's death and burial. The ceremonies of the Greek Church come later, when all over the hills about Jerusalem can be heard the voices of the people and the sound of the bells pealing forth the song of the risen Saviour.

CHAPTER XIII

WASHING THE FEET OF THE APOSTLES

TWO of the great sights of Easter in Jerusalem are the foot-washing on Holy Thursday and the "miracle" of the descent of holy fire from heaven on Easter Eve. During my visits to Jerusalem I have seen both ceremonies.

The washing takes place in the open air at the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Patriarch washes the feet of twelve of his bishops in commemoration of the foot-washing of the apostles by Christ after the Last Supper.

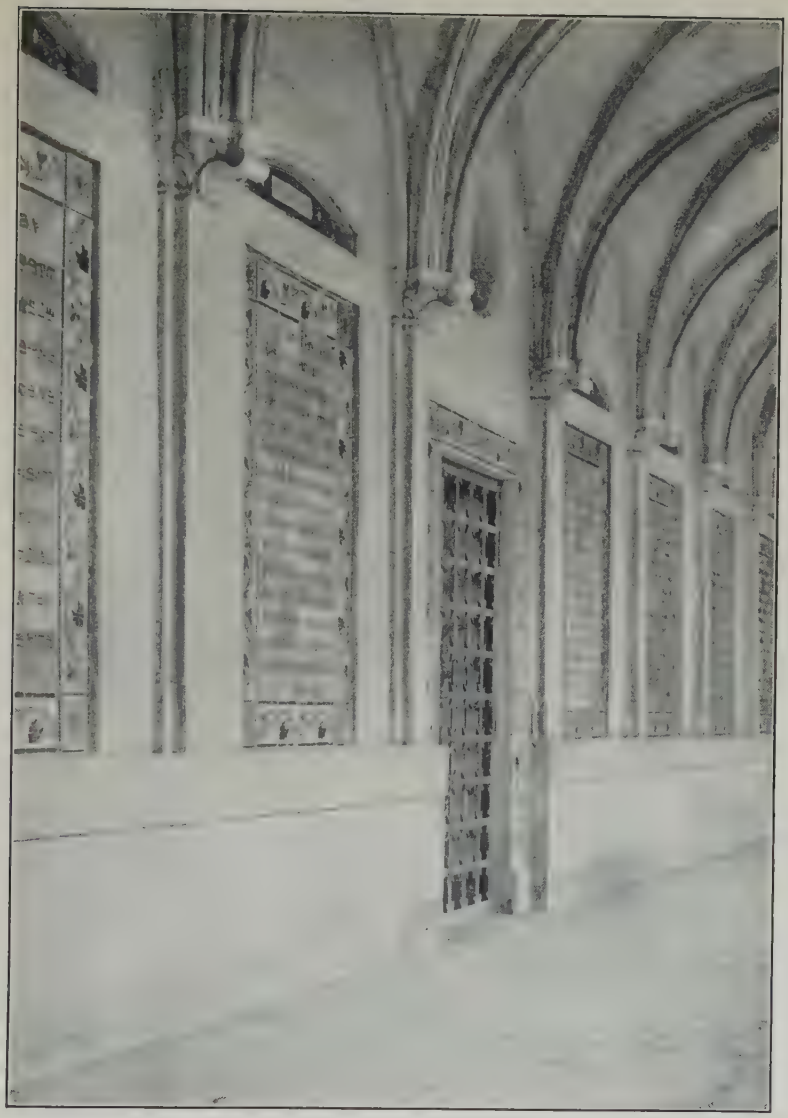
By dawn of Holy Thursday, at the time I last saw this rite, the court was packed, and for hours before the ceremony began the streets were jammed with a crowd of Mohammedans and Christians, of Orientals and Occidentals, such as you will see nowhere else in the world. Many of the pilgrims slept in the court all night in order to be sure of places. In the centre of the court stood an oval rostrum about four feet above the stones. Around its floor ran an iron railing enclosing a space about eight feet wide and twelve feet long. Inside the railing and running around it were seats, and at the back a gold and white armchair cushioned with red satin. This stage was for the ceremony, and the chair the throne of the Patriarch. The other seats were for the bishops. Around this platform, to keep back the crowd, was a guard of

soldiers, and back of these, in a solid mass, were the people.

From my seat on a housetop I looked with wonder at the twenty thousand people below. The steps leading to the chapel of Mount Calvary were filled with Mohammedan women in sheet-like gowns with veiled faces, and every niche and corner of the buildings surrounding the court was covered by Greek men and boys holding on to the walls as best they could. The ledges of the convent were filled with Syrians, and even the roof of the Sepulchre itself had its coping of picturesque humanity.

There was a stir in the crowd. I looked toward the door of the church. Preceded by two fierce-looking Syrian *kavasses* with swords at their sides and carrying silver-headed staffs, came the bishops and in their midst the stately figure of the Patriarch himself. The grand procession passed slowly and majestically through the mass of people. A wonderful silence succeeded the tumult as the bishops mounted the steps of the rostrum. The Patriarch took his seat on his chair of state and the twelve bishops arranged themselves on each side. They were fine-looking men, all of them, with their full silken beards and their gorgeous robes.

Presently a chanting solo was heard from the convent on the courtyard. There against the wall in an improvised pulpit above the heads of the multitude a Greek priest in black cap and gown stood with a gold-plated book open on a rack in front of him. His chant continued during the greater part of the proceedings. A priest brought to the rostrum a large golden pitcher in a basin of gold as big as a foot-bath and placed it in front



The Church of the Pater Noster, on the Mount of Olives, contains tablets of the Lord's Prayer in thirty-two languages

With towel and basin the Greek Patriarch washes the feet of his twelve bishops each Easter Week, thus commemorating Christ's washing of the feet of His apostles. The bishop representing Peter always raises objections, which the Patriarch overrules

of the Patriarch. As His Beatitude and the bishops rose, there was a waving of the crosses formed of candles, a passing of the hands this way and that, and a great deal of bowing, which was understood only by the Greeks and the Russians.

Then the Patriarch prepared for the washing. Standing in front of his chair, he first took off his great dome of a hat. As he did so his long gray locks fell down almost to his waist and his fair, open, dignified face shone out under the sun. He next laid off his grand gown; piece by piece the cloth of gold was removed, until at last he stood forth in a white robe of the finest cream-coloured silk crêpe bound round the waist with a gold-and-white girdle. In this still grand attire personating the Saviour, he took a long Turkish bath towel and twisted it about his loins. Then stooping over he poured the water from the gold pitcher into the basin.

The twelve bishops, in the meantime, were busy getting their feet out of their English congress-gaiters and pulling off their white cotton socks for the washing. Each bared one foot and held it out to be washed as the Patriarch came around with the basin. The Patriarch did the washing very quickly, rubbing each foot with water and drying it with a towel. As he finished he bent over and kissed the foot he had washed and then went on to the next. The last bishop represented St. Peter, and, after the example of Peter of the past, he objected to having his feet washed by the Lord; he rose and gesticulated violently. But the Patriarch opened the Bible and read to him the admonition of Christ to Peter, shaking his hand at Peter as he did so. A moment later Peter sat down humbly and submitted to the washing.

At this moment the bells of the Greek churches all over Jerusalem burst out in a chorus of rejoicing. The preacher against the wall chanted louder than ever, while the great crowd surged this way and that in their efforts to get nearer the platform. The Patriarch descended, the bishops followed, and in double file they marched out through the crowd, with the *kavasses* clearing the way. A priest carried in front of the Patriarch a vase of the holy water in which the feet were washed, and into this His Beatitude dipped a great bouquet of roses with which he sprinkled the water over the crowd. The people held up their faces to catch the purifying drops and rushed to the platform to wipe up with their handkerchiefs what was spilled on the floor. Those who succeeded in thus wetting their handkerchiefs then pressed them over their faces.

The "miracle" of the holy fire also takes place in the church in front of the tomb two days after the foot-washing ceremony. The Latin churches have not taken part in it for more than three hundred years. The Roman Catholics protest against it, and it is now managed entirely by the Greeks and the other sects of the Orient.

The Greeks say that the "miracle" has been celebrated ever since the days of the apostles. It is mentioned in theological literature as far back as the ninth century, and in the twelfth century it was made use of to arouse a religious fervour against the enemies of Christianity. Most of the pilgrims of the Eastern churches believe that the fire actually comes down from heaven and that they are able to ignite their candles from flames sent by God.

This sacred fire appears in the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre precisely at two o'clock in the afternoon of the

Saturday before Easter. On the morning of that day all of the lights of the church are put out, and the people stand for hours and wait for the great event. There are holes in the walls of the Sepulchre itself, and through these the candles of believers are passed to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who is inside. He lights them with the sacred flame as soon as it appears and hands them out burning. Other candles are lighted from these, and runners carry the holy fire all over Palestine, to Bethlehem and to Nazareth, and to the Sea of Galilee.

The night before the miracle hundreds sleep in different chapels and in the rotunda, in order to hold good places for the morrow, and during the day the churches are thronged to such an extent that people are often injured by the crush. In the morning everyone has a bunch of candles in his hand. There are ten thousand dozens of candles in the crowd, and all are to be lighted within an hour with fire from heaven, as they believe.

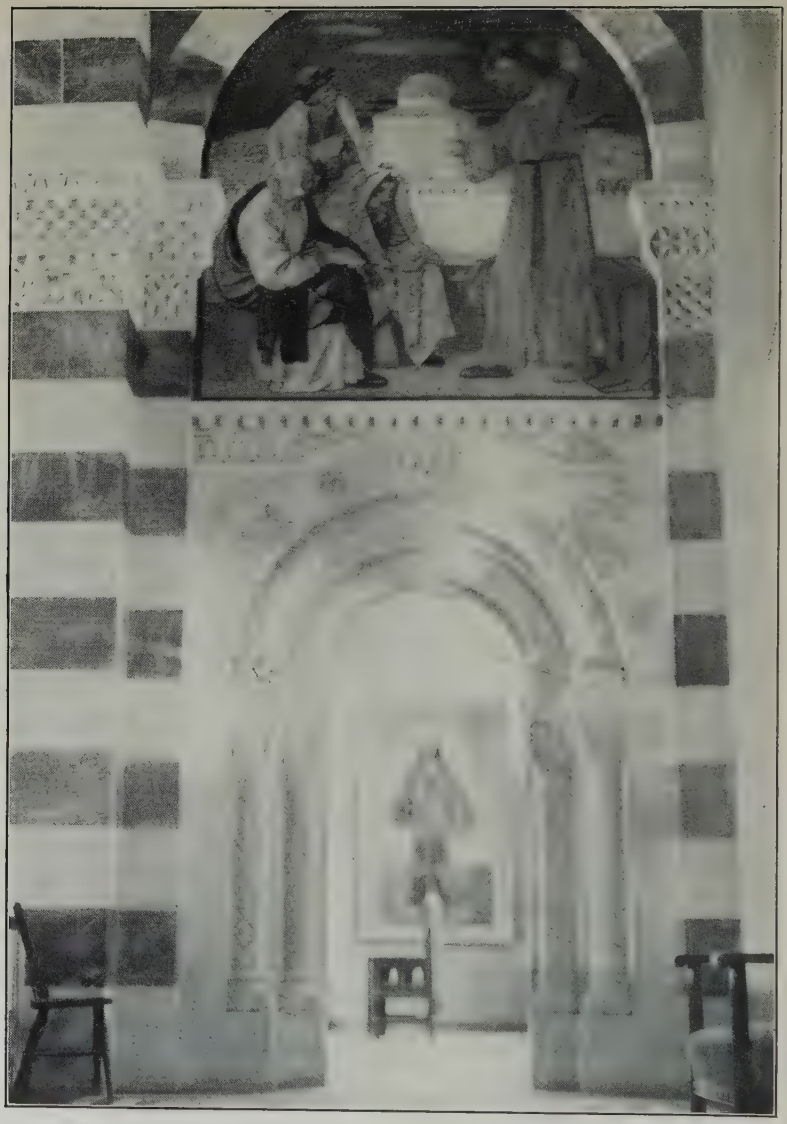
When the ceremonies begin, the Greek Patriarch and his bishops in gorgeous dresses march three times round the Sepulchre with banners, praying. They ask God to send down the fire, and their march is preceded by a flag and a cross. There is chanting and crossing, and then the Copts follow their Ethiopian Patriarch, gorgeous in his gold cap and gown. Now there is silence, and the only sound is that of the squeezing mass as it breathlessly watches.

The Patriarch has entered the Sepulchre, and the fire is expected from heaven. No one seems to suspect that it comes from his matches, and the scratching, if there be any, is not heard. It appears to be all dark within the walls of the Sepulchre. Suddenly there is a great

shout. A faint light shines out through the holes. The soldiers struggle to keep the crowd back. Men with whips push this way and that, making roads through the mass which the soldiers try to keep clear. The priests stand at the holes in the walls, and great bunches of candles are passed in. They are handed out lighted, and fleet runners seize them and dash to the various chapels. The Copt chapel at the back of the Sepulchre flames with lights, and in less time than it takes for me to write this sentence, the whole of the mass below me is a blaze of fire. Every man, woman, and child holds a lighted candle, and many are hauled up by strings from one gallery to the other. A priest creeps along the roof of the chapel of the Sepulchre. He lights the hundreds of lamps and candles upon its edges; and as I look over it I see that the Greek chapel beyond now blazes with thousands of coloured lights. The lamps over the whole of the great church are burning. The smoke comes up in great clouds, and the air is perceptibly warmer.

It is just seven minutes by my watch since the first candle was lighted, and in fifteen minutes the sacred fire will be all over Jerusalem.

Ready-mades have not yet arrived in the Near East. Jerusalem tailors sit at the doors of their tiny dark shops on ledges two feet above the street level. Customers must stand outside to bargain and be measured



The Greek Church has the finest collection of religious paintings in all Jerusalem. This has long been the richest and most powerful of the Christian sects in the Holy City and has roused much antagonism in the other churches

CHAPTER XIV

A TALK WITH THE GREEK PATRIARCH

I HAVE just had an audience with one of the chief religious functionaries of the oriental world. The Patriarch of Jerusalem is first in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and as the head of the Greek Church in Syria, Palestine, and Arabia, he is the pope of the East. Most of the people of Russia belong to what was once a part of the Greek Church, and it has other millions of members in Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. As a result of immigration, there are also hundreds of Greek churches in the United States. It is the most powerful and the richest church of all the denominations represented in Jerusalem.

There is no king in the world who appears in such splendour upon state occasions as the Patriarch of Jerusalem. He wears cloth of gold and his great hat is covered with magnificent diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The bishops who march with him have crosses of diamonds hanging about their necks, and their dresses are of gold and silver brocade. The mitre and other church insignia are of solid gold and silver. In the treasury of the Greek Church here there are jewels which would make the treasures of many a palace seem commonplace, for the rich men and the kings of the world have for generations been giving to this collection, thinking that in so doing they have been buying their way into heaven.

The Greek Church has a score of monasteries and convents in the Holy City where it can accommodate pilgrims by the thousands. Its believers come to worship here from the borders of Siberia, from the isles of Greece, and from the wilds of Arabia, and as I write there are thousands of Russian pilgrims paying their devotions in the gorgeous Greek chapel of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Church has a faith which might be called a cross between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. It differs from Catholicism chiefly in denying the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, in not demanding the celibacy of the clergy, except the bishops, and in authorizing all of its people to read the Scriptures. It claims to be the original Christian church and says that the Roman Catholics broke away from it. The dispute between the two branches of the Church arose three or four hundred years after Christ. It was a question as to what should be the rank of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and as the Pope would not give in the trouble began. It continued off and on until about 1000 A. D., when the two churches broke apart, and from that time the Greek Church has existed on its own footing.

The head of the Greek Church is the Patriarch of Constantinople, and under him are the patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria. Since the sixteenth century, the Russian branch has been independent of the main body. These patriarchs are elected by the clergy and the laity. They have limited terms of office, but the Patriarch's power over the people here in Jerusalem is to a large extent that of a judge as well as of a pope.

But let me tell you about my talk with His Beatitude.

It was arranged by one of the church and the audience took place in the Patriarch's house, a great stone building near the Pool of Hezekiah and not far from the Church of the Sepulchre. His Beatitude lives there with one hundred monks, and I saw many fine-looking Greek priests as I went up the stairs of rose-coloured marble. I passed through several rooms filled with high-capped, black-gowned ecclesiastics, and as I waited priests and bishops from the four quarters of Greek Catholicism passed in and out. One of the priests, who spoke English, went with me into the audience chamber and gave me a seat at the right of the throne. He asked me to wait, telling me that the Patriarch would be in shortly.

Meantime, there were others who had come for an audience, and the chairs about the long table in the centre of the room were soon filled. Most of the men were bearded priests dressed in black gowns and high caps.

As we waited a servant brought in a silver tray containing a plate of rose-and-white cubes of Turkish delight and several glasses of water. Upon the tray were many silver forks, each having two fine tines as long as my little finger. As the candy was passed each one of us took a fork and stabbed it into a cube of the sweets, and thus conveyed it to the mouth. It was delicious.

By and by the Patriarch entered. He talked first with some of the priests, so I had a good chance to study him. Imagine a tall, full-bearded, fair-faced man of middle age dressed in a long black gown and a rimless black hat which rises eight inches over his forehead.

The gown, which is cut full, falls to his feet. His

cap is draped with black cloth which covers his shoulders, and about his neck is a long, heavy gold chain to which hangs an ivory medallion as big as the palm of your hand. The rim of this medallion is studded with diamonds and inside the rim is a painting of the Madonna with the Holy Child in her arms.

I watched the Patriarch as he talked. He gestured now and then and I saw that his hands were soft and his nails well kept. His face changed with the subject and the man he spoke to. At times he was serious, again his eyes sparkled with animation, and now and then he broke into a smile.

My talk with him was through the Greek priest, who spoke English. I asked His Beatitude about the condition of the Church. He spoke of many sects of Christians now in the Holy Land, saying that they were gradually growing more liberal, and that they would work more in harmony than they had in the past.

I asked about the life of the priests and whether he thought it was as pious as that of the hermits who lived in the second and third centuries after Christ. He replied that he doubted whether man was as good now as then, but that the Church was doing what it could to bring him back to the faith. He said he believed that the time would come when all mankind would be Christian, although that time would probably be far in the future. I was surprised to hear him speak well of the Protestants and say that all Christian sects would eventually unite and work together as one for the salvation of man.

His Beatitude was much interested in America and at my request gave me the blessing which he gives to all

true believers, saying that I must transmit it to the American people, each of whom could regard it as being made especially for him. This blessing was given to me in a golden frame. The words are printed in Greek in letters of gold. Literally translated, it reads:

Almighty God, the Father of Mercy and God of Prayer, bless, purify, and strengthen these Thy disciples who now bow before Thee.

From every wicked work withdraw them, and in every right action give them Thy aid.

Make all things smooth to each according to his wants. Be with those travelling upon the water and upon the land. Comfort the poor and heal the sick.

We praise Thee, Our Father, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the source of all graciousness and glory.

And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you. Amen.

Then there was a little more talk about the Greek Church and a second servant came in with another tray more elaborate than was the first one. Upon this were wine glasses filled with a liquor the colour of the dark moss rose. It was flavoured with peppermint and had the rich, oily strength of age. Though scarcely more than three thimblefuls, it brought a pleasant warmth to the whole frame five minutes after it was drunk, and the discussion of the doctrines of the Greek Church fell on my ear like the poetry of Moore.

This refreshment was followed a few moments later by a third servant who brought in Turkish coffee served in little cups of fine china, each the size of the smallest egg cup. The coffee was as thick as Vermont molasses. It was sweet and delicious and was served without cream. After coffee is served in Jerusalem the caller can po-

litely terminate his visit. We sipped the aromatic liquid and then arose to say good-bye. This we said in American style, shaking hands with "His Blessedness" and receiving from him a present of a Bethlehem egg. My egg lies before me as I write. Its ground is the same red as the coloured eggs of the American Easter, but this red is covered with etchings and on one side there is a rude picture of Christ ascending to heaven, with the cross in the background and with the Virgin Mary holding up her hands in adoration. On the other side in a wreath of olive branches is the date.

There is room in Palestine for the Patriarch's hope that some day the Christian sects will get along better together than is now the case. The Holy Land often boils and seethes with the quarrels of the religious fanatics. Almost every sacred place in the country is claimed at the same time by the Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts. Some of the holiest spots are divided up, and lines are drawn here and there indicating the sect to which each part belongs. The various denominations are frequently divided among themselves as to who shall control the monasteries, convents, and other institutions belonging to them, and quarrelling even goes on over the very spot where Christ was born and upon that where it is supposed the Crucifixion took place.

These quarrels are sometimes serious. Knives have been drawn and people have been killed in these religious riots. Some years ago a monk was shot by an American pilgrim in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and more recently a gigantic candle was sent to Jerusalem addressed to the care of certain priests. This candle was nine feet high and two feet thick, and as

far as its outward appearance was concerned seemed to be entirely of wax. It was shipped in from abroad, and was intended to be lighted inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and to burn there while the Easter celebrations were at their height. At that time the church would have been filled with Greeks, Armenians, Latins, and Abyssinians. When the candle came to Jaffa, the customs officers held it for duties, and sent word to the priests to come and get it. When they failed to appear it was cut open and five thousand little dynamite balls were found inside it. Had it exploded at the time of the ceremonies ten thousand or more people would have been in danger of losing their lives.

That candle might have been sent by a Greek who was disgruntled at the Church, and in his desire for revenge cared not how many he killed. I am told that some of the factions in the Greek Church have refused to go to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre until their wrongs are righted. The Greeks who are natives of Palestine claim that they have the sole right to the church and church property. There have already been numerous riots between these Greeks and the foreign monks, and at one time the people demanded that the Patriarch of the Greek Church resign.

The fight among the Greeks is to some extent sentimental, but it is also said to be largely one for the loaves and fishes. The Greeks are the most powerful religious body in Palestine, and their property runs high into the millions. Scattered over the Holy Land from Dan to Beersheba are their monasteries, convents, and hospices, to all of which pilgrims who travel over the country make contributions. Some of the places are so valuable

that the priests in charge are said to pay a lump sum of a thousand dollars or more a year for the privilege of presiding at them, expecting to recoup themselves from the gifts of the pilgrims. Here in Jerusalem there are thirty-five Greek monasteries and other big buildings managed by six hundred monks.

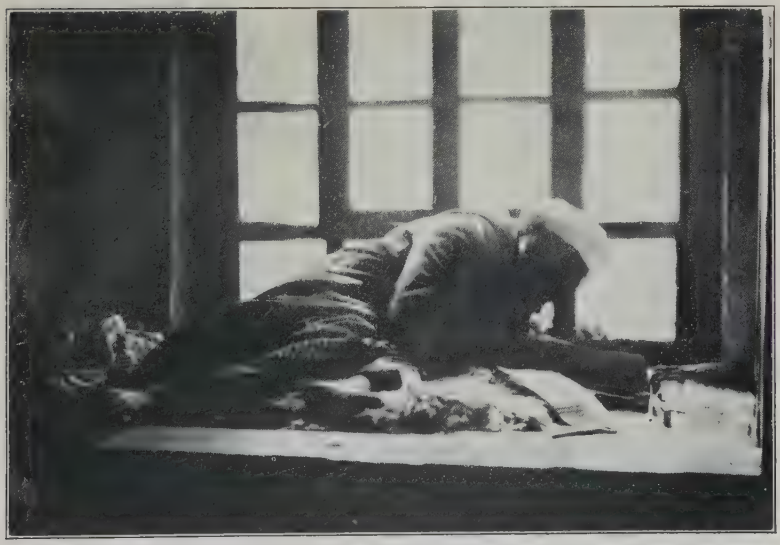
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the greater part of which belongs to the Greeks, brings in tens of thousands of dollars every year to the Church. There are thousands of Russians who make pilgrimages to this city, and each is expected to leave an offering according to his wealth and spiritual desires.

The Greek Church also owns the shops of a bazaar near the Holy Sepulchre and holds the titles to the most valuable of the buildings about the Jaffa Gate and David's Tower, including the Grand New Hotel building.

The native monks say that the Greek priests who have come in from Constantinople, Athens, Smyrna, the Isle of Samos, and other places now hold all the fat jobs, and that they themselves are compelled to work for only a few dollars a month. They do the pastoral work of the villages and act as the priests of the towns. On the other hand, the outsiders have amassed fortunes. They pretend to be hermits and devoted to fasting and prayer, but they are accused of living luxuriously and of keeping establishments by no means as good as they should be.

Indeed, the fights among the warring Christians have sometimes been so bad that the Mohammedan soldiers here had to use whips to keep them in order. I have seen Moslem soldiers in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter time whipping the quarrelling Greeks, Armenians, and Copts in order to separate them. It is not

Outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, candle sellers, rosary pedlars, and hawkers of relics trade on the holiness of the Holy City



The Moslem who knows his Koran by heart commands the respect of the Faithful. In many Mohammedan schools it is the sole textbook

The Palestinians never buy grain by the sack, for they want to see just how much they are getting. The merchant shakes the full measure, then heaps up the top with his hands. This is the Biblical "good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over"

an uncommon thing for blood to pollute the Holy Sepulchre on festal days.

Conditions are especially bad at Easter time when the thousands belonging to the different sects go marching about singing their fanatical songs and denouncing each other. One of their cries is: "This is the tomb of *our* Lord." Another is: "Oh, Jews! Jews! your feasts are the feasts of pigs."

As they go the Greeks jostle the Armenians and the Abyssinians bump against the Latins. Not long since the followers of one sect set fire to some rich hangings that had been placed in a grotto of the church by the followers of another sect. The fire spread, the church was filled with smoke, and it narrowly escaped being burned.

The Greeks of Palestine claim that they have the right to all the churches, convents, and monasteries belonging to their church in the Holy Land. They demand that the money changers, as they call the foreign priests, be whipped out of the temple, and that the gifts of the pilgrims be applied to the building of hospitals, old-age homes, and schools for their children. This movement is not confined to Jerusalem, but extends throughout Palestine and has the approval of the best element of the communities.

Until recent years we have had so few Greek Christians in the United States that it is hard for us to appreciate what the Greek Church means. It is one of the strong churches of the world. It has altogether about one hundred and twenty million members, or one fifth of all the Christians on earth, and more than two thirds as many as all the Protestants. I have before me the

latest statistics of religious denominations. There are in the world two hundred million Roman Catholics, about one hundred and sixty million Protestants, one hundred and twenty million Greek Christians—five hundred thousand who belong to the Church of Abyssinia—and about seven hundred thousand Armenians. The sum total of Christians is less than six hundred million, and less than one third of the population of the world.

On the other hand, there are three hundred and ten million who worship Confucius, two hundred and fifteen million Hindus, two hundred and thirty million Mohammedans, and one hundred and forty-seven million Buddhists.

CHAPTER XV

AMONG THE MONEY CHANGERS

IF YOU would be cheated out of your eyeteeth, come to Jerusalem. Its bazaars are filled with tricksters and traders, and it has its usurers and money changers as in the days of the Saviour. The people prey upon the pilgrims and tourists. Their main object is to get gain, and they work the holiness of the Holy City for all it is worth. They sell candles which if burnt in the Church of the Sepulchre will carry away your sins in their smoke; and rosaries upon which if you count your prayers you may be sure of their ascending to heaven.

The rosary business is a big factor in Jerusalem The beads are cut out in great quantities at Bethlehem and are shipped abroad by the millions. They are sent to the Holy City for sale, and there are some stores which have nothing else except perhaps crucifixes and collection plates.

The merchants who sell rosaries are often great rascals. I know one, a Bethlehemite, who has just received a lesson which he is not likely soon to forget. The man's rosary store is situated down Christian Street, not far from the place where you turn in to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. His lesson came from a Jesuit priest, who lives in Chicago, and who is just now starting home. The holy father had come into the shop to buy some rosaries to carry back to his friends. He had picked out

a half-dozen beautiful ones, and had paid the price without bargaining. As the storekeeper wrapped up his purchase, the priest looked at him out of the tail of his eye and saw him slip under the counter the rosaries selected and put some cheaper ones in their place. The Jesuit said nothing, but he took up several beautiful carvings representing the Crucifixion and Ascension, each of which was worth about twice as much as the rosaries he had chosen. Handing these to the man, he told him to wrap them up. This being done, he took both parcels and started out of the store. The Bethlehemite merchant ran after him, and told him he had not paid for the carvings. The father replied:

"My friend, I saw you change those rosaries and give me the cheaper ones, and you may consider this a judgment of God upon you for cheating. I shall keep these carvings, and if you do not immediately return to your store I will report you to the Mohammedan courts."

The man, seeing he was caught, let the priest go.

Another large business is the selling of candles. Jerusalem is full of shrines, and the pilgrims buy candles to burn at the holy places. They set them up at the score or more sacred spots in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and at the stations along the Via Dolorosa where Christ walked on His way to Golgotha. They carry them to the Mount of Olives and to the Garden of Gethsemane. Some buy several candles for each shrine, and the richer purchase some of enormous size and many colours. The candle business is especially brisk at Easter time.

As I have said before, many of the streets are vaulted over, and we often pass for a half-mile through what

Bethlehem maids are the prettiest in all Palestine. They bring fresh vegetables into Jerusalem each day and sell them in the markets

The rosaries sold by the bushel in Jerusalem are made in Bethlehem of carved olive wood and of mother-of-pearl from the United States. Besides the thousands sold to tourists quantities are exported every year

might be called a subterranean cavern lighted by openings from the top and pierced at the sides with cave-like stores. The smallest business shops in the world are in Jerusalem. A great many of the stores are no bigger than a dry-goods box. They have no windows. I stopped this afternoon before a shoe repair shop, and, out of curiosity, took its measurements. It was a hole in the wall with its bottom edge four feet above the cobble-stone street. A rude stone two feet high was the step by which the shoemaker crawled in. It was just three feet wide, five feet high, and eight feet deep. It was as dark as a pocket, and the shoemaker squatting in the entrance with a board on his lap filled it completely. He was working at a pair of rough Bedouin shoes the owner of which sat cross-legged and in his bare feet in the street outside. As the cobbler waxed his thread he was careful to move his hands toward the street and back into the shop. The place was so small that had he pulled his thread in the ordinary way he would have barked his elbows against the walls.

Next to this shoe shop there was a Jerusalem restaurant. It was an oval hole cut into the hill twelve feet high, eight feet wide, and forty feet deep. At the front was the cooking stove of Jerusalem, a rude slab of limestone with holes cut in the top as big around as a workman's dinner bucket, and with other holes piercing these from the sides. A few inches from the top of each hole was a rude iron grating upon which the charcoal was laid. The draft which came in from below kept the fire going. The slab was mounted on cord-wood posts and had five fireplaces. At the back a rough table without a cloth was set for the guests. The only chairs were lit-

tle stools a foot high and about a foot square the seats of which were of woven cords.

Each kind of business, or trade, has its own bazaar. There is a shoemaker's bazaar where scores of cobblers are working. At the entrance to each cavelike shop two shoemakers sit sewing away with untanned calfskin aprons tight about them. Between them on a block of wood, an olive tree stump it may be, rests a slab of white marble. This is the shoemakers' bench, upon which they pound the wet leather to make it soft with what looks like a brass paper weight. It is as big around as a tumbler and of about the same height, tapering from the top to the bottom.

The shoes are all made with needle and thread. The soles are of camel hide and the uppers of kidskin or goatskin. These are the common shoes of the peasant. As I watched the cobblers I asked about their wages and was told they received from forty to sixty cents for labouring from sunrise to sunset.

In another street tinsmiths are at work making pots and pans out of oil cans. Their shops are not much bigger than cupboards, and the workmen are long-bearded men in fez caps and gowns.

Farther on is the grain market, consisting of many great vaulted chambers one or more of which belongs to each merchant. The vaults are filled with piles of wheat, corn, barley, oats, and millet spread out on the floor. The grain is sold by measure. I saw a Bedouin come in to buy two bushels of oats. It was dipped out by the peck, the merchant shaking the measure to make the grain solid, and then heaping up the top with his hands so that the oats formed a cone. This was the "good measure

pressed down, shaken together, and running over," as mentioned in St. Luke. The people here never buy grain by the sack, for they want to see it measured out before their eyes. But I am told that the grain sellers are sometimes able to impose upon those who purchase, making them think they get more than they really do.

Much of the grain of the Holy City is ground at home and a great deal of that of Palestine is made into flour with hand mills. Some flour is imported and some is ground in mills worked by camels or donkeys. In baking bread the dough is kneaded at home and brought in great lumps to the public ovens to be found in almost every street. They are cave-like vaults running down below the street level. At the back of each vault is the oven with a sort of well before its open door. In the well stands the baker with a long paddle in his hand upon which he puts in and takes out the loaves. I have seen many bakeries of this kind. The fuel is olive wood, and the oven floor is marked out in blocks, so that the baking of each family may be put on a separate block. The loaves are about an inch thick and the size of a tea plate. Each has a hole in the centre. The baker gets a few cents for each half-dozen loaves, or he may instead take a toll of one loaf for each dozen. Before starting the baking he greases the floor of the oven with olive oil.

The reason for these public bakeries is the great cost of fuel. The Arabs have a proverb showing that such baking is the cheapest. This runs: "Send your bread to the oven of the baker even though he should eat the half of it."

I frequently see boys carrying dough to these bakeries, or bringing bread home from them. They use trays

which they bear on their heads. Ancient Jerusalem had its Bakers' Street, for we read that King Zedekiah put the prophet Jeremiah into the court of the prison and commanded that they "should give him daily a piece of bread out of the Bakers' Street."

During my stay in Jerusalem I have enjoyed the salad which is served at the hotel with an olive oil dressing. This is a land of olives and the oil is delicious. It is as clear as honey with a tint like the green of chartreuse. I say I have enjoyed it, but I doubt whether I shall enjoy it hereafter. Why? I have seen how it is made.

Come with me to an oil mill which is kept in a cave just off David Street, not more than a stone's throw from the Pool of Hezekiah. At the side of the door there is a stone ledge. In the centre of this is a hole as big around as a flour barrel in which, with his clothes tied up about his waist, with bare legs and bare feet, stands a sweating Ethiopian treading the oil out of the ground olives. Peeping over into the well in which he is standing, we see that he has a linen cloth laid on the top of the mushy mixture. He tramps this cloth into the olives with his feet and taking it up wet, wrings out the oil into a red clay basin from whence it is poured into pots to be strained for the market.

Farther back stand a camel and a very small, knotty little donkey munching away while the mill is not going. These animals grind up the olives, and in another cave opening into this we can see the mill itself. It is much like a horsepower grist mill, or the bark mill of a country tannery, and the camel and donkey walk round and round in a circle hitched to a bar which turns the mill. Their food is a brown cake made from what is

In the Turkish restaurants food is cooked over holes in a limestone slab, while below the charcoal fire is fed through other openings which also make the draught.

During the day the low cavelike shop of the Jerusalem shoemaker opens directly upon the street. At night it is closed by two swinging doors on rude hinges

Christ's happiest hours were spent with his friends at Bethany, the village where He lived when He was teaching in Jerusalem near by. Here the "tomb of Lazarus" and the "house of Martha and Mary" are pointed out to the traveller

left of the olives after the oil has been pressed out of them.

But let us go to market at the Jaffa Gate and see what the people have brought in from the country for sale. There are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. They have lettuce and eggplants and beautiful cauliflowers with heads as white as snow. They have lemons and oranges from Jaffa and apples and pears from the highlands of Judea. Many of the sellers are Bethlehem girls. Here are people selling beads, although most of the bead sellers are about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Many of the beads are of glass and come from Hebron, not far from the cave which is Abraham's tomb. Hebron is the chief town of south Palestine and is a manufacturing centre. It makes lamps and bottles as well as glass trinkets and glass beads, which are sold all over the Holy Land.

The cock which reminded St. Peter of his denial of his Master has many descendants. You may see some of them in this market, tied by the legs and lying on the stones. The Holy City has no ordinance against crowing cocks, and nearly every family here keeps its own rooster. There are so many that the city resounds with their music, and about daybreak they start up a concert which murders sleep. I am living in the heart of Jerusalem—I might as well be in a barnyard. The rooster symphony begins with sunrise and keeps on until evening, and then the donkeys and camels take up the strain. The donkeys bray louder than did Balaam's ass, and the camels whine and grumble all night. In addition to these noises, there are others which trouble the tourists. The people rise with the chickens and the stone streets reëcho their

steps. The birds sing and the pedlars shout. At the same time the bells begin ringing to show that it is day, and the trumpets of the soldiers in David's Tower add to the din. One can easily sleep in a railroad depot or near a boiler factory, for the noises there are of one or two kinds and the ear comes to know them. Here there is a new sound every minute.

CHAPTER XVI

EXCAVATING OLD JERICHO

TO-DAY I have walked through streets which were probably thronged when Moses and the Israelites were wandering in the Wilderness, and have tramped up and down staircases of clay built hundreds of years before Christ was born. I have been in the ruins of old Jericho, the city Joshua captured over three thousand years ago, now brought to light again by modern excavations.

The place is only about fourteen miles from Jerusalem as the crow flies. It lies on a little plateau, just under the mountain upon which it is said our Lord was tempted by the devil and promised the world. It is about three miles from the present town of Jericho, where I am stopping, and within easy access of it.

The excavations at Jericho are the work of the Austrian Ministry of Education. When they dug into what seemed only mounds of earth the remains of a great fortified city were found. This city was undoubtedly the Jericho of Canaan. It lies on a height surrounded by great walls some of which are of stone. It has inner walls and a citadel and was flanked with strong towers. The heart of the city is about twelve hundred feet long and five hundred and twenty-five feet wide.

Many of the houses have been unearthed. In one of them, which is supposed to have been built twenty-

seven hundred years ago, there was found an uncovered courtyard. The house seems to have been abandoned during a fire, and for some reason or other is better preserved than most of the others. It contained a red sandstone mill for grinding meal and water vessels of various shapes. It had plates and jugs as well as lamps and iron vessels with handles of deer horn.

In going through the ruins I crunched over bushels of pottery broken in pieces. I saw water jars chipped and cracked. Each had a clay stopper as big as a tomato with a hole through the centre. There are hundreds of these stoppers lying on the ground. There are also stone mortars which were used for grinding grain, and the remains of amphoræ, or huge jars with necks and side handles, which were buried in the earth and used to hold wine or grain. Most of the pottery is covered with a white glaze, and some of it has vertical stripes of yellow painted upon it.

In the buildings the stone walls are constructed without angles, the cracks being filled in with smaller stones. I am told that the work was done with tools of bronze, and that some of it dates back before history. The centre of the city is on an egg-shaped plateau just above the plain of the Jordan.

It is difficult in wandering through these ruins of mud, brick, and rough stone to realize that here was once a magnificent city. The Jericho of Joshua's day was not magnificent in our sense of the word, although it covered a large area and had a great many people. There are no remnants of great marble columns, and it is said that Jericho had disappeared long before Christ came and that another city had taken its place situated in this same

Jordan Valley. The Jericho of Christ had a theatre, a circus, and a university. It ranked with Jerusalem as one of the important places in Palestine. Surrounded by irrigated gardens, it was known as the City of Palms. It had grown up in Roman times, and Mark Antony thought so much of it that he gave it as a present to Cleopatra, who collected quite a revenue from the balsam groves near by, which furnished the gum of commerce. Cotton was raised here at that time, and this region was then a winter resort for Jerusalem. Herod the Great had palaces in Jericho. It is said that he died here, although he was buried near Hebron. We know that our Saviour came to Jericho, and here He healed the blind. He did not stay in the city, but dwelt outside in the house of Zaccheus, who was a collector of taxes for the Roman Government and therefore not popular with the Jews. I refer to Zaccheus the dwarf. He was so short that he feared he would not be able to see the Christ over the heads of the crowd and, as you remember from the verse in the old primer:

> Zaccheus he did climb a tree
> His Lord to see.

The ruins I have been exploring represent not the city of Christ's time, but that of the day of Joshua and Rahab. You remember Rahab, the fair lady, not so good as she should have been, who lived upon the walls of Jericho, and who hid Joshua's spies under the stalks of flax she had stored up on her roof. She told them of the terror which prevailed in the city over the expected attack of Joshua, and made them promise to save her when Jericho was taken. The spies arranged with her that she should tie

some red thread to the bars of her window so that her house might be spared. She then let them down by a cord through the window, and they escaped and reported to Joshua. That was a good day's work for Rahab. The promise of the spies was carried out by the Israelites. Moreover, she married one of the princes of Judah, a man named Salmon, and thereby became one of the most famous women of the ancestral tree of the Israelites. She was the mother of Boaz, the husband of Ruth, and King David was one of her great-great-grandchildren. On the next step of her genealogical ladder we find King Solomon, while away down the centuries later comes the name of Joseph, the husband of Mary, and of the family of Christ. In the first chapter of Matthew are given the generations from Abraham to the birth of our Saviour, in which are mentioned the names of only four women: Thamar, Rahab, Ruth, and Bathsheba, who had been the wife of Uriah and became the mother of Solomon.

Right under old Jericho is the fountain of Elisha which the prophet made sweet by throwing salt into it. It is not far from the spot where he was mocked by the children who cried after him: "Go up, thou bald head." Thereupon, say the Scriptures, the prophet turned and "cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the woods and tare forty and two children of them."

It is said that the place where Elijah was carried up in a whirlwind to heaven was not far from Jericho, and on my way down here from Jerusalem I saw the cave in which the prophet is supposed to have been fed by ravens. It is in the Wady Kelt, a great dry rocky can-

yon with high walls. The cave is half way up the side of the gorge and partly hidden by the monastery which the Greeks have built there.

But let me tell you how I came down to Jericho. The way from Jerusalem is through the wilderness of Judea, over one of the roughest and stoniest lands of the world. There is but little green to be seen and the glare is intense. The dust of the limestone and chalk road is so thick that it gets into eyes, mouth, and nostrils. This road, which is the chief highway from the Jordan to the Holy City, is travelled by thousands. The traffic was even greater in the time of Christ, for the Jordan Valley was then covered with irrigated farms and the rich men of Jerusalem had their winter homes there.

I left Jerusalem in a carriage, going out through the Damascus Gate, crossing the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and skirting the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

My carriage was an easy victoria drawn by three Arabian horses, and the coachman was a Syrian Jehu with hair as red and a face as fair as my own. I had a a soldier with me to keep off the robbers. He was furnished by the government of Jerusalem at a cost of three dollars and was under the direct command of the sheik here at Jericho. This soldier carried a gun and sword, and went ahead, nominally to clear the road. Every party I met on the way, including a company of hunters from Jerusalem on their way for game in the lands beyond the Jordan, had an escort of soldiers.

I stopped at Bethany to look at Lazarus's tomb, and was reminded of how Mark Twain said that he would "rather sleep in the tomb than in any other house in the

place." The Bethany of to-day is a dirty, ragged village of forty or fifty stone huts inhabited by perhaps three hundred people. The houses stand on the side of a hill, rising one over the other. The people are small farmers who cultivate patches of stony land and little orchards of olives and figs. They have cows and make butter for Jerusalem. They are all Mohammedans, and their children call out for *baksheesh*.

Entering the town, I took a look at the tomb. It is a sort of cavern cut out of limestone and entered by steep steps. It belongs to the Franciscan monks, who often say mass there.

The house of Mary and Martha, where Christ stopped, is said to have been in an inclosure now full of brambles and wild cactus. There is no building left, although the guides point out a pile of stones which they say was once a part of the wall.

On the way to Bethany I was shown the site of the fig tree which was cursed by the Saviour and thereafter never bore fruit. There are many fig trees about, and orchards of them are to be found in most parts of the Holy Land. It was on the road to Bethany that Christ is said to have mounted the colt which carried him on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.

Shortly after I left Bethany I saw a curious sight by the roadside. This was a man leaning backward over a great gray boulder and rubbing himself violently upon it. There were some stones on top of the rock and I observed that the man added another stone to the pile and that he kissed the rock as he left. I asked my guide the secret of his actions. He replied: "That stone

Tradition says that by a miracle the prophet Elisha purified the waters of this fountain. Excavations on the hillside above have uncovered the foundations of the old city walls of Jericho, over which Rahab let down the two spies of Joshua

At the Tomb of Lazarus there are always natives waiting to be photographed—for *backsheesh*

His back hurts him, and he is rubbing it against the healing stone on the way to Jordan, believing this will work a cure

is called the Father of Rocks, and it is said to be a sure cure for backache. The people here think that any one so afflicted will be cured if he can rub his sore back against it."

A little farther on I stopped for a bottle of ginger pop and a cracker at the Good Samaritan Inn, which stands on the traditional site where lay the man who fell among thieves when the priest and the Levite passed him by on the other side. It is right on the road about half way between Jerusalem and Jericho. There was a crowd in the inn while I waited, among them a Syrian peasant who had been robbed by a party of Bedouins. The man was covered with wounds, and was crying and sobbing as he told how he had been attacked and robbed of the money which he had just received from the sale of some sheep. Much of this country is unsafe, and no one who has money dares travel alone. All the way to the Jordan I met little caravans on their way to Jerusalem. In every party there were some men with guns on their backs. The guns were often old-fashioned flintlock muskets. I passed some donkey trains taking bags of charcoal from beyond the Jordan, and a caravan of camels each of which bore two great bags of wheat slung over his back. The drivers of both donkeys and camels were armed. They had come from the land of Moab, and were now going up through Judea.

Before starting on my way to the Jordan I spent several hours on the Mount of Olives. This mountain is two hundred feet higher than the hills upon which Jerusalem stands. It is directly opposite the city, being separated from it by the Valley of Jehoshaphat or Kedron, and it can be easily reached. There are good roads up

the Mount of Olives, and one can now ride to most of the holy places.

With the prosperity which is coming to Palestine the Mount of Olives is rapidly changing. Its slopes are cultivated, the rocks are being picked up and laid in stone fences, and the cleared spots planted to crops and to orchards. There were many olive orchards on this mount in the days of the Saviour, who came here frequently to get away from the crowds of the city. The soil seems fertile, and the crops upon the mountain grow luxuriantly. There are green patches of wheat, barley, and oats, while here and there are carob trees, with pods like those which furnished the food for the prodigal son when he ate with the swine.

The Mount of Olives is now spotted with churches and chapels. It has monasteries and convents, a great Russian church, and several hospices, including the huge sanitarium built in honour of Augusta, Empress of Germany. One of the most interesting of these institutions is a Carmelite nunnery, which has been erected over the spot where tradition says Christ taught the Lord's Prayer to His disciples. The church here is called "The Church of the Lord's Prayer," and has in its court tablets inscribed with the prayer in thirty-two different languages. I visited the chapel of the nunnery, where prayers go up every day and night and every hour of the day all the year through. The nuns so divide their time that one is always praying. They kneel behind a screen and are not to be seen by visitors. This church is one of the quietest and most solemn of all in the Holy Land. After the noisy scenes which take place about the Holy Sepulchre it is a relief.

The Carmelite nuns are devout. They do not go out of the nunnery except it be absolutely necessary. Even when they walk in its garden they wear such heavy veils that they have to hold them out from their faces to see where they are going. My guide tells me that each nun digs her own grave, and that when she is about to die she is dressed in her shroud and carried into the church in order that she may pass away there.

In the floor of the Chapel of the Ascension near the nunnery is a spot which looks like a footprint, and is said to be the place where the foot of the Saviour rested before He ascended to heaven. The chapel belongs to the Mohammedans and is let out at times to the Christians. But to me the Garden of Gethsemane was more interesting. It lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives, just off the Jericho road. It is surrounded by a wall of yellow limestone twelve feet high and about four feet thick. On the outside of it, in the shade of the wall, sat a score of lepers who held out their hands for alms as we passed. They were dirty and filthy and their disease had made them repulsive sights. Some had no fingers, some no noses, and one held out a tin can tied to the stump of her wrist from which the hand had dropped off.

The garden goes up the side of the mountain. It is almost square and does not cover two acres. It is cut up into flower beds bordered by inverted beer and wine bottles. There are eight old olive trees, pansies of all shades of the rainbow, and many beautiful flowers, as well as dark cypress trees. The garden belongs to the Franciscan monks who opened the gate at our knock. The gate is a mere hole in the wall, so low that all who enter must stoop. It is closed by an iron door,

with a round black bar of iron, ten inches long, as a knocker.

Just back of the entrance to the garden is a ledge of limestone where the disciples are said to have slept during the night of the agony, and perhaps one hundred feet farther away stands a column which tradition says marks the spot where Judas betrayed Christ with a kiss. Both of these places have been worn smooth by the lips of thousands of pilgrims.

The source of the Jordan at Banias is one of the largest springs in the world. The Jordan is rightly named the "down-comer," for in its winding course of two hundred and forty miles it drops from the mountains to the Dead Sea, nearly thirteen hundred feet below sea-level

We need an escort for the trip over the barren wastes to the River Jordan, for Bedouin brigands still occasionally relieve the unwary tourist of his valuables

CHAPTER XVII

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN

THE Jordan! How shall I make you see it as it winds its way through this great gash in the thirsty face of old Mother Earth?

All day long I have been travelling upon its banks in the lower part of its course. I have visited the ford where Joshua crossed with his army of Jews when he took possession of Canaan; have stood on the spot where it is said that Jesus was baptized of John, and have gone over the place where the waters were parted by the cloak of Elijah. Here at Jericho I am within a short gallop of the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan flows, and sitting on the steps of my hotel I can see Mount Nebo, where Moses stood when he viewed the Promised Land, which he was not to enter. In former travels I have seen the Jordan, near the Sea of Galilee, and have been not far from its source in the Lebanon Mountains.

The Jordan Valley is the cellar of the world. It is a great trench, which begins a thousand or more feet above the sea in the Lebanon Mountains, and within a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, as the crow flies, cuts its way down to thirteen hundred feet below sea level, where it ends in the Dead Sea. The bottom of that sea is a half mile below the surface of the Mediterannean, and in Jericho, where I am writing, we are almost four thousand feet below the highest point in Jerusalem. There is

no other part of the earth uncovered by water where for an equal distance the land is sunken even two hundred feet below the level of the ocean. This is the strangest trough of the world. Though often associated with the idea of going to heaven, the Valley of the Jordan is emblematic of hell. Most of it is as parched as the dry sands of the Sahara, and just now its heat is as torrid as Tophet. The plain over which I rode to-day on my way to the river was covered with thorn bushes. The only green I saw after leaving the irrigated farms about Jericho was that bordering the gully through which the Jordan runs. For the rest, the alkaline earth cut up by the floods into castles and mounds, makes bare gullies and hills of all sizes and shapes.

The mean temperature of Jerusalem, only fourteen miles away, is 64° Fahrenheit. It is temperate throughout the year and snow falls there in the winter. The heat here is as great as that of the centre of Nubia. For six months in the year the mean temperature in the Jordan Valley averages 100° Fahrenheit.

But this is not the character of the whole course of the Jordan. Let me give you a bird's-eye view of the river, or, better, let us suppose we have taken an aeroplane and are going from its source in the Lebanon Mountains to where it loses itself in the great sea of salt below here. It rises on the foot of Mount Hermon, whose peak is covered with snow the greater part of the year. It has two or three different sources. One is near Dan, and higher up is another at Banias, near the spot where Christ said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

It is at Banias that the Jordan has its chief source. It

comes from a cave in the limestone rock which is now choked up with stones, but out of which the water flows in a great volume, cold, sweet, and pure. There are trees about the cave and the stream runs through a beautiful park down to Lake Huleh, which is only seven feet above the sea. The spring of Banias has always been noted for its sweetness and purity. It is said the waters and cave were formerly dedicated to the god Pan, and that from him came the name Banias, or Panias. Greek tablets have been found near by, and ruined temples and columns show that the place was once the site of a considerable city. It has now only a mud village of about fifty huts.

Flying down to Lake Huleh, we see a marshy catch basin into which run other streams and from which the Jordan flows out. There is little activity about the lake. Near it live a few Bedouins whose only business seems to be making mats of the papyrus reeds growing on the shores. These are the waters of Merom beside which Joshua and his men of war battled with the Canaanites for the Promised Land.

A little farther down is the main crossing to Damascus. The place is known as the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters, and the stream is here on the level of the sea. It drops six hundred and eighty feet in the next nine miles, falling in a series of twenty-seven cascades.

The remainder of the Jordan's course runs between the seas of life and death. I refer to the Sea of Galilee at the north and the Dead Sea at the south. The first, though somewhat brackish, is full of fish and surrounded by verdure. The other is saltier than any other water on earth, and so bitter and poisonous that no living thing can exist within it. The distance between these two seas in a

straight line north and south is about sixty-five miles, and the slope from one to the other is almost twelve feet to the mile, or over six hundred and sixty feet. Connecting them is this great trough of the Jordan, from one to sixteen miles wide. Through it flows the sacred river, twisting about like a corkscrew, and making so many turnings that it flows more than two hundred miles in an airline distance of only sixty miles. It runs with great force and there are numerous falls where electric plants might be put in. The land on each side might be turned into rich farms if it could only have water, and it may be that the good fairy of electricity will some time bring the dead earth to life.

There are some farms in the upper part of the course of the Jordan and there is a sugar plantation half way between Galilee and the Dead Sea, where soldiers work as labourers. There are small fields of grain, including millet, wheat, and barley here and there, and I am told that rice and indigo can be grown.

Down near the Dead Sea there is considerable cultivation on the Jericho plain. The land is irrigated by a stream from the mountains of Judea and by the spring of Elisha. It is cut up into small patches covered with orange groves, almond orchards, and vineyards. Much of the fruit goes up to Jerusalem. There are also fields of eggplants, tomatoes, and melons, and dates could undoubtedly be grown. All the way from here to old Jericho, a distance of about three miles, are orchards, vineyards, and gardens. They are fenced with thorn bushes, the thorns on which are great hooks turning inward. They are said to be the same thorns as those of which the crown of our Saviour was made.

A thick mist always hangs over the weird waters of the Dead Sea, while intense heat and insect pests make its shores almost intolerable

The current is swift in this place and we hire a fisherman to take us across the Jordan. Under Turkish rule the river was considered the personal property of the Sultan, who allowed no pleasure craft upon it

Bethlehem is a maze of narrow, winding streets, lined with box-like houses having flat grass-grown roofs and overhanging windows. Here Rachel died and was buried; here dwelt Ruth and Boaz, and here were born David and the Saviour

The Jordan is not navigable. Along its whole course it has no wharves, no boats, and no cities or villages of any account. It has numerous fords but no bridges of any size. The wooden bridge about six miles above the Dead Sea is a toll bridge, with fords above and below it. The people use it only when the river is high. At other times the caravans save the toll by passing through the fords.

On its course from Galilee to the Dead Sea the river narrows and widens. Now it is a swift, black, sullen current flowing between ugly mud banks covered with refuse, now it comes close to the mountains which border the valley on either side, and down here at the Dead Sea it reaches a width of five hundred feet, being so shallow that you could almost wade across it.

The water gathers the denudations of the mountains. It changes in colour from season to season, and in the spring spreads out in floods over the valley. It is said that the parting of the water in order that Joshua and the Israelites might pass over was when the river was at its highest.

At this point in its course it is not a sweet water. It has gathered the salts from this arid country and is so full of organic matter that those who carry it home for baptisms have to boil and filter it to get rid of its disagreeable smell. I have several canteens which I filled myself from the stream, or rather with the water which I brought in wine bottles from the Jordan and had boiled and filtered before it was put into the cans. If I ever have a grandchild it shall be baptized with this water. I bought the canteens at the Jordan Hotel here at Jericho where they are kept on hand to be sold to the tourists

and pilgrims. A vast number of them are carried away every year.

Let us go from Jericho to the land where the Moabites live on the other side of the river. It is only a few miles away, and we can drive there in a carriage. As we start, the great white blazing sun is climbing the blue above Mount Nebo, and the faint streak of the Dead Sea, with the haze that hangs always over it, can be seen down the valley. Our soldier gallops in front to scare off the Bedouins and we wind our way lazily in and out through the wheat fields. Leaving these we enter a desert on the edge of which stands Gilgal, where the Israelites first encamped after crossing the Jordan, and then go on through thorny scrub among gullies and hills until we approach the long fringes of thicket which border the river. There is more vegetation as we near this, and we go through the bushes until we come to a creek no wider than a city street. It looks like some of the small streams of our central states. I know many such in Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio, and there is one of just about the same size which goes by the name of Goose Creek in Loudoun County, Virginia. The Rhine and the Hudson, the Potomac, or even the Shenandoah, could swallow the Jordan without bulging, and just now it is so small that in the United States it would not be called a river at all.

Nevertheless, the current is swift at this place and we hire a fisherman to take us across. He charges twenty-five cents for the boat, and for this rows us up and down stream for an hour. He stands up as he rows and leans on the oars. We go to the other side of the Jordan and climb out through the willows. How quiet it is! The only sounds are the ripple of the stream as it washes the

banks and the songs of sweet-voiced birds in the trees at our left. As we return we lean over and bathe our hands in the Jordan. The water is cold. When taken up in a bottle it looks like weak milk. We taste it. It is acrid and salty and we spit it out in disgust.

Here Christ is said to have been baptized of John. At this place, which is about three miles from the Dead Sea, the water at ordinary times is four or five feet deep. Most of the pilgrims come here, and it is the scene of tens of thousands of baptisms a year. The chief time of baptizing is Easter, when the Russians come by the thousands and when other members of the Greek Church unite with them in a great caravan which journeys here and camps.

Leaving the Jordan we make our way down the valley to the Dead Sea. The road goes through the thorn bushes and twists about through the barren hills. The land is salty and alkaline and all nature is dead. How hot the sun is, and how glaring! Our eyes smart, and horrid flies crawl with legs of glue over our faces. We try to brush them off but they alight and bite us again.

Now we are on the shore of the sea, which is covered with pebbles and driftwood. It looks more like a lake than a sea, and is just about the size of Lake Geneva in Switzerland. It is only fifty miles long and ten miles in width and we can see from one side of it to the other.

The Dead Sea lies between stony mountains. On the east are the desert hills of Moab, where Ruth was born and Moses is buried, and on the west lie those of Judea where the children of Israel came after Moses had pointed out to them the Promised Land. There are openings at the north and south, and away at the southwest are works for evaporating the water to make salt.

The Dead Sea has no outlet. The water evaporates so fast that it is usually misty here. It is estimated that over six million tons of water flow into it daily. Nevertheless, its level changes only a little throughout the year, and that at the times of the flood.

Now dip up some of the water in your hand and taste it. It burns your tongue and your lips. It is as bitter as gall. If you drank a glass of it you would probably die. It is the saltiest water on earth. If you will take a gallon and boil it down, you will find that one fourth of the contents is solid. It is six times as salty as the water of the ocean, and a cubic mile of it would contain nine hundred million tons of mineral matter. The sum is so staggering that you cannot comprehend it, but at ninety tons to the car it would take ten million cars to carry that much, and if your cars were a little under forty feet long the train required for the load would reach eighty miles. There is asphalt or pitch in the bottom of the lake and the water has other minerals in addition to salt. Indeed, the salt proper left after boiling comprises only about 7 per cent. of the whole.

If you would further test the water, take an egg and drop it into the sea. It will float, leaving one third of the egg above the surface. A fresh egg will sink in fresh water, and we break our egg to be sure it is fresh.

Another test. Let us strip off our clothing and go in for a swim. You do not know how to swim? That makes no difference in this salty sea. The water is so heavy you could not sink if you tried. You can lie on your back and float all day long. You can stand upright and tread, but it is almost impossible to maintain such a position. Your feet have a tendency to fly to the sur-

face, and you bob up and down like "the monkey on the stick." Now try to swim. Your feet fly out of the water and you cannot make any headway. Now let us wade out and let the sun dry our skins. We feel as if we had been painted with mucilage. We are gummy and oily and incrusted with salt. We were scratched as we came through the thorn bushes and the salt got into the wounds and they are burning like fire. We shall not be happy until we can get some fresh water to wash off the salt.

An interesting thing about the Dead Sea is the fact that on its shores were the sites of the ancient Sodom and Gomorrah, the two towns which became so wicked that the Lord rained fire and brimstone upon them. There are said to be sulphur springs in the country about, and it may have been a volcano which caused the destruction.

It was right here on the plain of the Jordan that the nephew of Abraham and the cousin of Ishmael and Isaac, the good man Lot, had his estate. It was in Sodom that he lived, one of the richest of its citizens, and the only just man in the city. From there he went out with Mrs. Lot and the two girls. And it is said to be at the south-west end of the lake, not far away, that Madame Lot turned and looked back and, as we may suppose, longed for the fleshpots. And lo! she became a pillar of salt. There are still deposits of rock-salt at that end of the lake, and the guides now show the remains of a pillar which they say was once Mrs. Lot, but which has been licked by the camels until it has almost disappeared.

CHAPTER XVIII

BETHLEHEM

DURING my several trips to Palestine I have visited Bethlehem, where our Saviour was born, and have lived for days in Nazareth, where His boyhood was spent. I have gone over much of the road Joseph and Mary followed when they carried the child into Egypt, and have crossed the mountains of Samaria from Galilee to Jerusalem, where He went as a boy of twelve and was found teaching the doctrine in Solomon's Temple.

I have even climbed the hills and gone into the wilderness where our Lord was tempted of the devil after those forty days of hunger and thirst. At Capernaum I saw the recently excavated marble synagogue where some of His first preaching was done. I have climbed to the top of the hill above the Sea of Galilee, where He delivered the Sermon on the Mount, and have picked flowers from the rolling green sward below, where the miracle of the loaves and fishes was performed. Not far from that place, on the opposite shore, may be seen a steep hill down which rushed the swine possessed of the devils our Saviour had cast out of the Gadarene man. I have been in Bethany, where lived Mary and Martha, and have sat under the trees in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Many of these places are about the same as they were when our Saviour was alive. Some have been covered

with churches and convents, but the warring sects of Christians have not been able to change the bright sky. Nature is the same now as it was then. The same flowers bloom and the same birds sing. Besides, it is not so long, after all, since Jesus was born in Bethlehem. The average lifetime of a man is not much more than was that of our Saviour. He lived thirty-three years. It would take only fifty-eight such lifetimes to cover the period between now and the birth of Christ. Each of us has a relative who is, perhaps, sixty-five years old. The lives of thirty such men would, if joined together, reach back to the days of King Herod.

We shall take carriages for our trip from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. We start at the Jaffa Gate, next David's Tower, on the top of Mount Zion, near where, it is claimed, the Crucifixion took place. The gate was widened by the breach in the wall made in honour of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, so all sorts of vehicles can now go through it. As we leave the gate we pass coffee houses where people of a dozen different nationalities are drinking, go by the railroad station, where a puffing locomotive is just in from the Mediterranean, skirt the valley of Hinnom, in which is the Pool of Gihon, where David was anointed, and a little later on stop near the village where King Saul was crowned.

The road is excellent. It is of hard limestone walled on each side by limestone fences and backed by green fields now covered with the dust of the highway. The traffic is constant, so that the air is white with dust. It fills our eyes, mouths, and nostrils, and makes us look like millers. We cover our eyes with smoked glasses to keep out the glare. The road is dazzling white, the fences are

white, a white dust covers the green of the fields. As we are going toward the south, the sun is full in our faces. It is hot, although a cold wind is blowing over these hills of Judea which whirls the dust around and sends columns of it into the air.

Soon after leaving Jerusalem we cross a depression carpeted with green, which is known as the Valley of Roses. Farther on are olive groves, and as we near Bethlehem there are great fields of green. At the left we can see the plain where the young widow Ruth garnered wheat for old Boaz and thus got food and a husband.

All the way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem crops are growing. There are signs of increased cultivation, and every bit of available land is being set out in orchards and gardens. I went over the same road twenty-odd years ago. Then the country was bare rocks with bits of grass here and there. To-day the land is divided into fields. The surface rocks have been gathered together and laid up in fences as high as my head. The cleared land is now planted in wheat, corn, and barley. New olive orchards are rising, while many of the old ones still stand. The trunks of the old trees are knotted and gnarled, but the leaves are of green dusted with silver, and I am told they still bear fruit. I photographed one tree not more than thirty feet high which had a trunk as thick as a hogshead and branches which shaded a large tract of ground. The soil of Palestine is as fertile to-day as it was when Joshua led the Israelites across it, and barring the fences, I doubt not the landscape is about the same now as it was when Christ was born.

Every bit of the way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is historic ground. Over this same road Abraham travelled

Christmas is long drawn out at Bethlehem. First come the Latin ceremonies on December 25; fourteen days later the Greek Church celebrates; and thirteen days later comes the Armenian feast

Young women in Bethlehem proudly wear their dowries—necklaces and fillets of coins, and beautifully embroidered shawls, which may mean over a year of painstaking needlework

to Mount Moriah. Along it came the Wise Men of the East following the Star on their way to the stable where Jesus was born. They had called upon crafty King Herod at Jerusalem to ask about the King of the Jews. He had told them to find where He was born, that he might come and worship Him. The road goes by a well where it is said these Wise Men stopped to drink. It is known as the "Well of the Magi," and is near an olive grove on the east side of the road. It is covered with a marble slab as big around as a cart wheel with a hole cut in the centre through which the water is raised by a bucket and rope. The stone is polished by the kisses of pilgrims.

The story is that the Wise Men as they trudged along in the gathering twilight sat down by this well to rest. When they stooped forward to draw some water to drink, they saw reflected in its mirror-like surface the guiding Star. They looked toward the heavens, and then, in the words of the Scripture:

> Lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them, until it came and stood over where the young child was.

It was not far from here that I caught my first sight of the field where the shepherds lay when the angel and the heavenly host announced Christ's birth to them. It is said to be the field of Boaz upon which Ruth gleaned her wheat. It lies across the valley to the east of Bethlehem. There is a little village in front of it, and a part of the field is covered by an olive grove. I saw the sheep feeding upon it, and as I rode to Bethlehem I passed flocks of them being driven to the Jerusalem markets. They were of the fat-tailed

variety, some of their tails weighing, I venture, fifteen pounds each. The drivers were kind-eyed and gentle in their manners and as they went by us they cried out *Neharak sa'id*, or "May thy day be happy!" To this we replied *Neharak sa'id umubarak* which in Arabic means "May thy day also be happy and blessed."

The shepherds were dressed in long gowns and wore handkerchiefs about their heads as turbans. Some of them wore sheepskins, and it is probable that they were clad much the same as those who "came with haste" and found the infant Jesus lying in a manger. There is a chapel now in the Field of the Shepherds, and for centuries a church and a monastery stood on the spot.

Soon after leaving Jerusalem we pass a hill on the left of the road, where, the guide says, stood the building in which Judas Iscariot sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. Not far away is an old olive tree upon which the pilgrims are told Judas hanged himself in his remorse after the Crucifixion.

Going onward about four miles from Jerusalem we come to a building which has just received a fresh coat of whitewash. It is known as the Tomb of Rachel, and covers the spot where she is said to be buried. Not far from it David had his fight with Goliath, the ten-foot giant of the Scriptures. I am not sure as to the locality, but there are millions of stones there to-day, and plenty of ammunition for the slings of an army of Davids. Indeed, there is hardly a field on the hills of Judea which is not covered with stones of one size or another, and the shepherds use slings to this day.

And speaking of stones reminds me of the Field of Peas, which lies not far from Bethlehem. It is a tract

on the side of a hill where the stones are so thick that if it were planted to corn you would have to carry earth to cover the grains. As the story goes, our Lord was passing by here when He saw a man sowing grain. He stopped and asked him what he was sowing. The man replied "stones." And thereupon the seed peas in his bag turned to stones, and all that he had sown did the same. Some of the stones now on the field are gathered up and peddled to pilgrims as relics.

I had one such pedlar follow me half the way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. He was a turbaned Syrian boy on a donkey, who had to gallop to keep up with my carriage. To this the donkey objected, and the boy kept him up to his work with a stick as long as a husking peg and equally sharp. He inserted this under the saddle, behind him, and then using it as a lever, pulled on the other end of the peg, forcing its sharp point into the animal's flesh. At every such pull the donkey kicked up its heels and increased its speed, while the rider bobbed up and down, and his long, full-trousered legs stood straight out.

Climbing the hill, we come into the town of Bethlehem. We find ourselves in a maze of box-like, one-, two-, and three-story limestone houses. They stand close to the edges of winding streets, which are here and there arched over to shut out the sun. The town, which has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, is probably ten times as large as it was when Christ was born. Its chief revenue comes from its association with the Christian religion and the fact that Christ was born here. There are thousands of tourists who visit the birthplace of the Saviour every year, and the chief business of the Bethlehemites

is making rosaries, crosses, and articles of wood and mother-of-pearl for sale to the pilgrims as well as for shipment abroad. I was surprised to learn that the mother-of-pearl used is imported from the United States, where it is known as "pearl waste." Shells are carved and sold to tourists in Jerusalem and elsewhere, and the Palestine beads, so largely used as rosaries, both by Mohammedans and Christians, are made here. These beads are filed out of oyster shells until they are the right size. Holes are then drilled in them and they are polished by shaking them about in crockery vessels with a little water. After this they are treated in a weak solution of nitric acid, polished again, and strung on cords of silk or wire. Crosses and hearts are made of mother-of-pearl, and sometimes a little image of the Saviour is attached to the rosary. Much of this work is done by women and girls, who receive from twelve to twenty-five cents a day. It is estimated that the total production of such wares sells for in the neighbourhood of two hundred thousand dollars a year, and that something like thirty thousand dollars' worth are shipped to the United States annually.

The grotto or cave in which Christ was born is in the very heart of the Bethlehem of to-day. There is an open square in front of it surrounded by stores and schools, and a great church known as the Church of the Nativity has been built over it. The church is entered by a door which looks like a square hole cut through a stone wall. It is so low that all who enter, even the children, must stoop. As I started to go in I saw a Bethlehem woman with a baby in her arms standing outside. The baby was small, and I could imagine the woman as Mary and the child as the Saviour. Taking a coin out of my pocket, I asked

Ropes used by generations of drawers of water have furrowed the stones of Jacob's Well where Christ talked with the woman of Samaria. Over it the Greeks have recently erected a stone chapel

There are left in Palestine less than two hundred Samaritans, whose High Priest guards the ancient scroll of the first five books of the Bible, which they claim is the original version of the Pentateuch

her to pose for my camera. She did so, carrying the child into the sun. Near by, in the shadow of the church, was a bearded Syrian in turban and gown, and at first I thought he might make a good Joseph to pose with my Mary. Upon bringing him into the light, however, I found that he was a beggar and would not fit into the picture, so I enriched him with a gift of five cents and sent him back to his seat.

One part of the Church of the Nativity is controlled by the Armenians and Latins, another by the Greeks, and there are soldiers on hand to keep the worshippers in order. These two sects fight for the right to take care of the birthplace of Jesus, and not long ago a controversy arose over which should clean one of the windows. Both the Armenians and the Greeks were quarrelling over it when the Mohammedan authorities came in and forbade either sect to touch it. Therefore, that window remained unwashed.

The stable is under the church. It is reached by a winding staircase going down into a cave floored with marble about twelve feet wide and forty feet long. Thirty-two lamps burn day and night within it. Set in the marble pavement is a star over which there is an inscription stating that on that spot the Virgin Mary gave birth to Christ. This star is held down by nails. Once the Armenian who had the right to clean it was working away when he knocked off the head of one of the nails. This caused a great commotion. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians began to fight over it, and the governor of Jerusalem, to settle the dispute, called in a blacksmith to drill out the old nail and put in a new one. The blacksmith proved to be a member of one of the quarrelling

sects. In order to settle the trouble the governor called in a gypsy, who had no religious standing whatever, and he replaced the nail without opposition.

At one side of the cave is a recess called the Chapel of the Manger, where it is said the Saviour was laid after His birth. The manger is of brown-and-white marble, and a wax doll lies in it representing the Christ. The Latins claim that they have the original manger in one of their cathedrals in Rome. It is shown every Christmas.

As I stood in the stable not far from the manger, a party of twenty Franciscan monks came in and knelt down and sang a service concerning the Nativity. They were burly men with shaved heads and long beards. They wore long gowns and their heads and feet were bare. They knelt upon the floor as they sang, and at the end each bowed down and kissed the star marking the spot of Christ's birth.

This Bethlehem grotto, if indeed it was ever used as a stable, has been so changed by the decorations that it is impossible to conceive it to be the place of the Nativity. It is probably a fraud, as is also the well at one side of the crypt where the water is said to have burst forth from the naked rock for the use of the Holy Family. I looked down into this well. It is said that the star, that guided the Magi fell into it, but that it is only visible to the eye of a virgin.

I tried in vain to imagine the scenes of Christ's birth. The decorations were out of all keeping with the place, and the warring Christians prevented reverent thought. I got a better idea by going into some of the actual stables which are in use in Palestine to-day, and which

are just about the same now as they were nineteen hundred years ago. I remember one such stable near Jerusalem. It was a cave with a floor of rough stone, divided into chambers or stalls, which opened into a sort of court. There were men and women sleeping on the floors of the courts, with the animals eating out of their stone boxes or mangers about them. The people had no bedclothing except their blankets, and ate their meals on the floor. It was on such a floor that Mary had to lie, because there was no room at the inn, and the manger in which the baby Christ lay was probably a hollowed-out stone box such as those in which the donkeys were eating. Within this stable I saw a Bedouin woman with a sleeping baby on her knee. She had just been feeding the child and one breast peeped out between the folds of her coarse, rough gown. Her arms were bare to the shoulders and there were bracelets upon her wrists. Her face was as sweet as that of any Madonna I have ever seen upon canvas, and her baby, still in its swaddling clothes, looked as pure and as innocent as the most famous representation of the infant Christ.

It was in such stable that the Wise Men knelt and presented their gifts. It was there that the shepherds came, and it was there that our Redeemer first saw the light of this world.

Here at Bethlehem occurred the slaughter of the innocents. King Herod had learned that the Saviour was born, and he thought that if this infant King of the Jews still lived at Bethlehem he would make sure of His death. So his soldiers killed all the children under two years of age. In a place here, which the guides tell you was used for storing the bodies, there are oil paintings horribly

done depicting the killing. Bethlehem was so small that it must have been difficult to hide the infant Christ from the men sent by King Herod to search for Him, and it is no wonder that Joseph and Mary took the Holy Child and fled with Him to Egypt.

The Bethlehem of to-day has entirely recovered from the massacre of Herod. Its streets swarm with babies many of whom are not as clean as they should be. There are many older children as well, and all howl for *bak-sheesh*. The Bethlehemites are noted for their beauty, especially the girls, who are fair-skinned and bright-eyed. Their plump, well-rounded forms are clad in long gowns of white linen so beautifully embroidered in silk that one dress requires many months' work. The main part of their costume is much like a lady's nightgown. The gown falls to the feet, being open at the front in a narrow slit as far down as the breast. Over the gowns they wear sleeveless coats of dark red stripes and cover their heads with shawls of linen embroidered in silk. Each girl has necklaces of coins and a headdress decorated with coins of silver or gold. They do not cover their faces, and their features are usually refined. They are very intelligent, and in trading with them I find that they generally get the best of the bargain.

The Samaritans dress in white for the Feast of the Passover on their holy hill of Mt. Gerizim, where lambs are killed as in the days of Aaron. They are very poor and greatly despised by the orthodox Jews

Pulling tares from the wheat is the children's task. If they are not removed the bread will be bitter

The camel blubbers and bawls as his hair is clipped off to make tents for his master

CHAPTER XIX

AMONG THE SAMARITANS

I HAVE just had an interview with a lineal descendant of Aaron, the brother of Moses. I refer to Jacob, the high priest of the Samaritans. He belongs to the tribe of the Levites, who in ancient times were at the head of the priesthood, and he claims a genealogical tree reaching from that day to this. His family has lived in Palestine for more than three thousand years, and high priest has succeeded high priest until this man took the position at the age of fifteen, succeeding his childless uncle. He is now almost eighty, and he looks, I imagine, as Aaron and Moses may have looked in the latter part of their lives. Over six feet tall, he has the face and form of a prophet. His long beard falls down upon his chest and his scholarly face is refined and spiritual looking.

I met Jacob here at Nablus on the site of old Shechem, within a stone's throw of the well where Christ talked with the woman of Samaria. It is not far from a farm which Abraham owned, and about on the spot where Joshua gathered together the tribes of Israel and read them the law of Moses.

Our conversation took place in the heart of the city in the synagogue of the Samaritans. I had to go through vaulted passageways and cave-like streets to reach it. I had an interpreter with me, and as we talked the high

priest showed me what he said were the original parchments of the five books of Moses as they were written by Abou, the son of Ben Hassan, the son of Eleazar, who, you remember, was one of the two sons of Aaron by Elisheba, his wife. The high priest tells me that these five manuscripts were written only twelve years after the Israelites came into the Promised Land, and that they are now nearly four thousand years old. They are the oldest Bible manuscripts in existence. They are written in the Hebrew of the times of Moses, upon long sheets of parchment about two feet in width. The scrolls are rolled upon three rods each tipped with a silver knob as big as a teacup, and they can be rolled and unrolled as they are read. The ink is still clear and the letters are distinct although the parchment is yellow with age. The manuscript is treasured by the Samaritans, being kept in a brass case inlaid with gold. It is said to have been dug up about three hundred years ago, and has formed a subject of controversy among oriental scholars. The Samaritans believe that it was written by the grandson of Aaron, as the high priest here claims; but the Jews reject it as false, denouncing the Samaritans as pagan outcasts from the tribes of the Children of Israel.

I was surprised to find that there were any Samaritans living. I had supposed that they had been swallowed up by the people of other faiths. I find, however, that there are about two hundred in Nablus, and that they practise the same religion as they did when Christ came.

They annually celebrate the feasts of the Passover and Pentecost on Mount Gerizim. These feasts are different from those of the latter-day Jews. At the time of Jesus the Feast of the Passover was eaten reclining and as

though at the end of a journey rather than at the beginning. The Samaritans eat their Passover with their shoes bound upon their feet and staves in their hand as though ready to start out on their wanderings in the wilderness.

They do this on the top of the mountain, going up there *en masse* and camping in tents. They smear the blood of the sacrifice upon the tents to commemorate the passage of the angel of death over the houses of Israel. They dress in white garments and kill the animals which are burnt according to the methods in use when Aaron lived. The sacrifice consists of buck lambs each of which is carefully examined that it may be without wound or blemish. At a given signal the throats of the lambs are cut, and at the same time some of the blood is caught in tin tubs and smeared over the tents. As the blood flows the people shout out again and again the words "There is but one God." At the same time there is a service, beginning with a hymn praising Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and followed by a prayer of thanksgiving.

The meat for the sacrifice is cooked over a fire in the earth. As soon as the animals are killed they are scalded and the wool is pulled off. The entrails are removed and salted. A pole is thrust through each lamb, and it is laid on the hot coals of a fire made in a trench. The meat is then covered with brush and earth. As it cooks, the people continue to pray, and keep on praying until the sunset approaches. At ten minutes after sunset they begin to eat the meat, throwing the bones into the fire without breaking them.

In my talk with the high priest he contended that the Samaritans were the only true Israelites, and spoke of the prophet Samuel as a sorcerer. He paid his respects to

the Jews in no measured terms. He gave me a little book he had written concerning the religion of the Samaritans, and at the close was by no means averse to a present of silver for which he thanked me in a dignified way. After I returned to my camp on the outside of Nablus some of his followers brought me his photograph and a model of the five books of Moses which they offered to sell for a song. The Samaritans are exceedingly poor and are despised by both Moslems and Jews.

It was at Jacob's Well, not far from Nablus, that Christ met the Samaritan woman and told her of the water of which, if one drinketh, he shall never thirst, but there "shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." You will find the story in the fourth chapter of St. John. This well is one of the holy sites of Palestine about which there can be no doubt. The village of Sychar corresponds to the village of Askar, which stands on Mount Ebal, perhaps a thousand feet away from the well where the Samaritan woman lived. The well itself lies just below the road from Jerusalem. I went through an olive orchard to reach it. It is surrounded by a wall and is in the middle of a garden now owned by the Greek Church, which has made it a resting place for pilgrims. Over it they have built a stone chapel where services are held several times every day.

Some of the priests went with us down the steps to the well. It lies right in the floor of the chapel and is about three feet in diameter, built up with stones. One of the monks brought a pan tied to a rope in such a way that it remained level. Upon this he placed a lighted candle and then slowly lowered it into the well. It descended perhaps sixty feet before it came to the water. The sill

of the well is of marble and shows the marks of the ropes which for ages have been let down into it. It is some distance above the floor and may have been the original stone upon which Christ sat at that weary hour of noon.

Jacob's Well has been known and visited by pilgrims for many years. It probably used to be even with the surface of the earth, but the débris and earth-washings from the mountains near by have filled up the valley, and it is now considerably below the present ground level. Excavations have uncovered in the garden the remains of a church which was built over the well some fifteen hundred years ago. I found immense granite columns lying in the garden as well as many pieces of the stone wall of the church.

While I was here a party of travellers conducted by one of the great tourist agencies arrived. They were Americans "doing" the Holy Land at so much per day, and they were bound to get the worth of their money. One I shall never forget. He had such a gigantic frame that I shall call him Goliath. When the party went down to the well the services in the chapel had just begun, and after pointing out the hole in the floor, the guide brought them out. As they came into the churchyard I heard Goliath remark:

"I ain't satisfied."

"About what?" said the guide.

"I ain't satisfied about that well. How do I know there's a well there?"

"You saw it," said the guide.

"Naw, I only saw a hole in the floor. How do I know there's a well? How do I know it has water? I tell you I ain't satisfied. Here I come five thousand miles to

see Jacob's Well, and how can I prove that I've saw it?"

The man protested so much that the guide took him back, stopped the service, and had them let down the candle. Further than that, he brought up some of the water which Goliath drank at a gulp. I have run across this huge doubting Thomas before on the trip. He would not believe in the spot where our Lord was baptized in the Jordan, saying that the banks were too steep, and that if he couldn't crawl down them no one, not even John the Baptist, could do so.

It took me just one day to come from Jerusalem to Shechem. My outfit was a three-horse team harnessed to an American wagon. The horses were good, and we drove up hill and down on the trot. We started at Jaffa Gate, passed the Place of the Skull, where General Gordon thought the Saviour was crucified, and then crossed the valley of Kedron. We climbed Mount Scopus, which joins Olivet, and rode under the hill on top of which was Mizpah, where Samuel was buried and Saul was publicly chosen King of the Jews. There is a mosque on that spot and the place is holy to Jews, Christians, and Moslems alike, all of whom worship at Samuel's tomb. Mizpah lies on a peak about three thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and on one of the highest of the Judean mountains. Here an army of crusaders stood with Richard the Lion-Hearted and got their first sight of Jerusalem. As they looked King Richard knelt down and thus prayed:

"O Lord God, I pray Thee that I may never again see Thy Holy City if I may not recover it from the hands of thine enemies."

That prayer was uttered seven centuries ago when Jerusalem had already been in the hands of the Mohammedans for about six hundred years.

The road we took to Samaria was the one over which came the boy Christ and the Holy Family when they travelled up to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. It is one of the highways of the Holy Land, and is still travelled by thousands. About ten miles beyond Mount Scopus we stopped at Beeroth, a stone village surrounded by green orchards of figs and pomegranates. Tradition says that Nablus is the place where Joseph and Mary as they were returning to Nazareth discovered that their twelve-year-old boy was not with them and went back to find Him teaching the wise men in the temple.

A little farther on we came to Bethel where the Benjamites lived, where Abraham reared an altar and called on the name of the Lord, and where Jacob took stones for his pillow and dreamed that he saw the ladder extending to heaven and the angels ascending and descending thereon. The name Bethel, which means the House of God, has been changed to Beitin. It is a poor stone village of about five hundred people, with a ruined tower and a church.

Shiloh, just off the road a little farther on toward Samaria, is now called Seilun, and, as Jeremiah prophesied, it is nothing but ruins. Where it stood is a mound covered with débris, broken columns, and rubbish, so that one is reminded of the passage: "But go ye now unto . . . Shiloh . . . and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."

Nevertheless, Shiloh is one of the most interesting spots of the country. Here Eli dwelt and here Hannah came

every year with a new coat for her little son Samuel, whom she had given up to the Lord. It was here that Joshua divided the land and the Philistines stole the Ark of the Covenant.

I am surprised at the caravans which are continually crossing these Palestine mountains. There seems to be a great trade north and south, and the roads are full of odd-looking people. On my way here I saw crowds of men and women on donkeys coming up to Jerusalem. Some were from Galilee, others from Damascus, and not a few from the mountains of Lebanon. One crowd told us that its people were Mohammedans, and that they were making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the tomb of Moses. There were many women among them. They sat astride upon donkeys and some of them carried babies in their arms.

We passed many camels. Some were loaded with white building stone slung in a network of rope on each side of their humps. They were carrying the stone to Jerusalem. Others were ridden by women and men. I saw one with two veiled women clad all in black on its back and two boxes below them, each box holding a baby.

Another party was composed of Samaritan women on their way to a Moslem festival. They were red haired and as straight as royal palm trees. They carried their baggage in bundles on top of their heads and walked single file. Behind them were women from Lebanon walking barefooted and singing in Arabic. They were tattooed on lips, chin, and cheeks, and their bare heads were frowsy and dusty. They were clad in long cotton gowns embroidered with red. Only a few were good looking and all seemed prematurely old.

When a Palestinian was asked why he did not use horses for ploughing he said: "They walk too fast; I would have to hurry to keep up"

But the Jewish colonists have lost no time in adopting modern farm machinery on their lands, with most gratifying results

The sheep that was lost is found by the roadside, and the shepherd is all smiles. At night, several shepherds will gather their sheep in one place. In the morning each calls to his own charges, who know his voice and will always come to him

AMONG THE SAMARITANS

I am now living in my tents outside this old town of Shechem. My camp faces Mount Ebal, and above me is Gerizim, the holy hill of the Samaritans. It is very near the spot where the laws of Moses were read by Joshua to the assembled Children of Israel. The country is in the shape of a great amphitheatre of which the hills form the walls. These hills are, it is said, a natural sounding board, so that one can talk on one mountain and be heard on the other, and for this reason the place was chosen for reading the laws.

Shechem, or Nablus, is one of the oldest towns in history. It was founded long before Jerusalem was built and even before Jacob's time. It is within about six miles of the city of Samaria, where Ahab had his ivory palace and where Herod the Great owned a royal mansion. Here, so it is said, he gave that birthday party at which his stepdaughter Salome danced. You remember the story. Her dancing, which I doubt not was that of the nautch girl, so delighted King Herod that he told her she should have whatever she asked, even to the half of his kingdom. She thereupon, as her mother insisted, demanded the head of John the Baptist, who was lying in prison near by, and this bloody gift was brought in on a great plate or charger.

There is a Spanish legend that Salome, as divine punishment for causing the murder of John the Baptist, was herself beheaded some years later. According to the story, she married a Roman general and went to live in Spain. While skating on a river there she fell in, and her body is said to have struck the edge of the ice with such force as to sever her neck, and her head went skidding over the frozen surface.

The old town of Samaria has long since fallen to ruin. Its site is a mound with some broken pillars and other débris lying near it and an olive orchard not far away in which more of the columns are still to be seen.

As for Nablus, it thrives, and is one of the liveliest towns in the Holy Land. It is the chief commercial centre between Damascus and Jerusalem, and its population of thirty thousand is almost entirely Mohammedan. There are some Jewish merchants, but neither Jews nor Christians are much welcomed. I have been told to watch out as I go through its narrow, filthy streets and to take care not to provoke any one. Several times the boys have thrown stones at our party, and men spit as we pass them. People yell out "Nazarenes" at us, and my guide refuses to let me photograph them, saying picture-taking would surely get us into trouble. The city is so fanatical that even the Christian women go about with veils over their faces. The English nurse who is working here in the Charity Hospital is veiled like a Mohammedan when she goes out on the street. Otherwise she would cause much comment, and her reputation and work would be ruined.

CHAPTER XX

FARMING IN THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

I GIVE you to-day some bits of Palestine out of doors. Within the past few weeks, keeping away from the cities and towns, I have watched the shepherds and farmers. I have seen the real Palestine, with the same sky, the same rocks and hills, and the same carpet of wild flowers as in the days of our Lord. I have talked with the farmers in the fields, have ridden side by side with the modern Balaam as he climbed the hills on his ass, and have even put my hand to ploughs such as were used in the times of the Scriptures, and with a goad have pricked on the bullocks and donkeys as they turned up the sod.

The Palestine of the Bible was a land of the farmer. The Children of Israel and their leaders were brought up or worked on the farm. Abraham had numerous sheep and so had Isaac and Jacob. Saul was the son of old Farmer Kish, and he was hunting his father's asses when he was met by Samuel, the prophet, who gave him a kingdom. David was watching the sheep when Farmer Jesse, his father, sent him to the battle, where with his sling he killed the mighty Goliath. Lot was one of the richest farmers the Jordan Valley has known, and as for Job, who lived in old Uz, he was the cattle king of his time, owning seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she

asses. It was in one farm village, Bethlehem, that our Saviour was born, and in another farming settlement, Nazareth, that He grew up to manhood. A great part of His life was spent in going about among the shepherds and farmers, and in His preaching most of the examples and figures in His parables were drawn from things of the soil.

The most common sight out of doors in the Holy Land is the sheep. They are everywhere. You find them on the rich plains where the Philistines lived; they feed among the rocks on the slopes of the Judean mountains, and spot the wilderness all the way down to Jericho; they graze on every part of Samaria and Galilee and almost everywhere on the plain of Esdraelon. They are always watched over by shepherds who often drive them to new feeding grounds. The greater part of this country is mountainous. Limestone rocks cover the soil, which is so thin that if you could pare it off for a depth of eight inches there would be nothing but stone. It is different in the plains and the valleys, but the hills are terraces of rock covered with boulders and sprinkled here and there with patches of earth. Yet the least bit of soil will grow luxuriant grass, and the sheep seem to grow fat on the stones.

I remember some flocks I saw on my way to the Jordan. They were composed of heavy-wooled animals with tails of fat hanging down like aprons behind them. The best of them weighed two hundred pounds each, and the average was fatter and finer than the best sheep of America. Some were white-wooled and some brown, and some had brown heads and white bodies. I have tasted the mutton; it is excellent, being the choicest meat to be had at the hotels.

The colonists terrace the hillsides to hold back the soil with stones cleared from the fields, once thought too rocky for cultivation. Many neglected and treeless hills have been utterly denuded of earth by the rains of centuries

Almonds have proved a paying proposition for Jewish colonists in Palestine, where they have long been cultivated. When Jacob desired his sons to take into Egypt of the best fruits of Canaan, he mentioned the almond

The shepherds are about the same all over Palestine, kindly eyed men with fair faces bronzed by the sun. They stay out all day on the hills with the sheep, driving them into the villages at night. Each shepherd has his staff and his scrip, a little bag of dried skin. He uses a sling as David did to send a pebble just in front of any straying sheep so as to turn it back. The strings of the slings are of goat hair, and the pad for the stone is of the same material, often made with a slit in the middle so that when a pebble is put in the sling fits close like a bag. Such slings are now used in fights between the boys of the villages, who practise to see who can throw stones the farthest.

The wool of the Palestine sheep is especially fine. It brings a higher price than that of Damascus, and something like a million dollars' worth of it is exported a year. The shearing is done by hand, and much of the wool is sold unwashed. Some is washed after shearing, the work being done by women.

Nearly every flock of sheep has its goats. They are usually black so they can be picked out from the sheep at a great distance. Some of the goats produce excellent milk, the best as much as three quarts a day.

There is a great deal in the Bible about the sheepfolds. These are common in Palestine. In the villages they are often corrals and sometimes they are caves on the hills. The village folds are closed at night, and the shepherds keep the keys. Those of the mountains are usually open and the sheep go in and out as they will.

In some parts of the country the shepherds pasture their flocks separately by day, but at evening several of them often bring their sheep together in a large open field or a

spot sheltered from the winds. Then each of the four or five men will take turns at keeping watch while the others sleep, curled up in their sheepskins. The shepherds to whom the "glad tidings" came on the first Christmas Eve were thus guarding their flocks by night. In the morning each shepherd calls out to his sheep, and they, knowing his voice, come to him until he has his whole flock around him again. They will pay no heed to the same call if it is uttered by a stranger or another shepherd. Often to make sure his sheep are all there and also to see that they are all right the shepherd causes them to pass under his rod between him and a rock. He can thus count them, and if one is limping or sickly he can pull it out of line with the crook of his staff and give it special care.

The Palestine shepherd does not use his staff to drive his charges, for he always goes before with the sheep following him. The club or crook he carries is for protection and defence of his flock. If they are frightened the sight of the crook on his shoulder calms their panic. One is reminded of the words of the Psalmist: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

One of the most important duties of the shepherd is to water the flock. He does this at streams or wells. At the wells the women draw the water for the sheep as they did in Bible times. They use bags of goatskin untanned. The skin is taken almost whole from the goats, and the legs and other openings are tied up so that it will hold water. One hole is left at the throat into which the water is poured. The water for the household is carried in such bags, a network of ropes being wrapped around a skin so that it can be rested upon the back, the bag

being supported by a rope around the forehead. The water-bag of the ordinary size, when filled, weighs at least fifty pounds. The women go along with their heads bent far over, carrying water to their village homes. They do this day after day all their lives long. This is one of the most common sights of the Holy Land.

Indeed these Palestine peasants are strong men and women. The men bear astonishing weights, and nobody thinks anything of walking twenty miles and more in a day. One naturally asks as to their diet. This is largely rice, vegetables, nuts, and the whole-meal unleavened bread of the country baked in flat cakes as in Bible days. Meat is a rare luxury. The Arabic name for bread is *aish*, which means life, and to the peasants of the Holy Land it is the staff of life. They have even a sort of reverence for it. No one will trample a fallen crumb into the dust, and even the smallest bit dropped or thrown away by a careless child will be picked up and lodged in a crack of a stone or wall so the birds may get it. Tomatoes, squash, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, and eggplant are common vegetables. There is a saying of the eggplant that there are so many different ways of preparing it that if during the eggplant season a woman says to her husband, "I know not what to provide for dinner," he has sufficient cause for divorcing her.

Grapes not quite ripe are much relished when eaten with salt. Cucumbers take much the place of apples with us. Coffee is considered a necessity. It is bought in the raw berry and a housekeeper is judged by her skill in roasting and preparing it. Even if a family cannot afford it for every day it must be on hand for guests. Men often carry some coffee berries in their pockets for

use at friendly gatherings, and wherever men meet for business or ceremony coffee is expected.

The Palestine of to-day is a land of donkeys and camels. I suppose the latter are about the same as those owned by Job. They are raised in Beersheba, where the people live largely on their milk. The camel is the freight car of Palestine. In going over the country I have seen many caravans of them. On the way to Zammarin we passed some camels which the Bedouin drivers were shearing. They were clipping the wool from the kneeling beasts, which cried and moaned and now and then uttered shrieks as the shears nipped off bits of their flesh. Not a few actually shed tears. The wool of these camels is woven into a coarse cloth used for making the coverings of the Bedouin tents.

As far as I can see the camels of the Holy Land have no easy job. They carry loads of three or four hundred pounds each, and on short trips their packs are left on day and night. They begin to work at three years, and often last until they are twenty-five years of age.

The donkeys are much cheaper than camels. They are the draft animals of the poor, and are used by the farmers for carrying vegetables and wood into market. I see them loaded with olive roots on their way to Jerusalem, and now and then pass a donkey caravan, every animal carrying a bag of grain which has been balanced upon his back and which the driver holds there as he goes up the steep hills.

Palestine is often called "the land of milk and honey." This it was in the past, and this, so far at least as the honey is concerned, it may be again. I have already referred to the delicious honey served at the hotel in Jerusalem.

With cypresses and palms Jewish colonists have beautified this plantation near Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. The Jews answer the objections of the Arabs to their settlements by pointing out how they have "made the desert bloom like the rose"

Carpenters of Nazareth and their shops are much the same to-day as when Joseph plied his trade and the boy Jesus helped him. Nazareth is a mountain village of some eight thousand people—Greeks, Moslems, Maronites, Roman Catholics, and about a hundred Protestants

Modern bee-keeping was started in Palestine by an enterprising Swiss in one of the Jewish colonies. His bees were kept in hives made of terra-cotta jars, which were moved to different pastures several times during a season so as to get the benefit of different kinds of flowers. The average yield of honey per hive is about one hundred pounds, and the product is delicious.

As to the Palestine flowers, I cannot describe them. There are said to be more than three thousand varieties. Crossing the upper plains of Sharon I rode through great fields of daisies as yellow as buttercups. There were greenish-white flowers carpeting the roadside, and among them poppies, gladioli, and lilies. In the gardens at Zammarin are geraniums as large as rose bushes and on the sides of the hills wild flowers of every description. There are yellow violets, and pink and blue blossoms whose names I know not. There is also a red flower called "the blood drop of Christ." It is said to have sprung up on the spots where dropped the blood of our Saviour as He carried the cross. In a single day's travel over the Samaritan mountains I counted thirty-five different wild flowers. At one place I saw what looked like piles of Bermuda onions pulled up along the roadside. There were bushels of them, and I supposed they had been spilled out by a broken-down caravan. "Those are lily bulbs which the farmers have dug out of the fields," said my guide, and farther on I saw the men digging. The lilies are yellow and white and grow wild. "They toil not, neither do they spin," but they cause the farmer to toil and are one of the pests he has to get rid of.

There are but few farms of large size in the Holy Land. The chief cultivated patches on the mountains are those

which have been cleared of stones. They are often no bigger than a parlour rug and seldom contain more than three or four acres. Such fields frequently have stone walls about them. Down in the valleys and on the plains of the Philistines the farms are not separated by fences and are much larger. They are planted to wheat, beans, and barley, and grow luxuriant crops. One of the interesting scenes of the wheat fields is often referred to in the Bible. This is pulling the tares, the seeds of which, if left, will make the flour bitter. Gangs of girls are engaged in this business all over Palestine. Each gang works under an overseer, and the girls bend half double as they pull the weeds from the wheat. It is said that a farmer's enemies even to-day sometimes sow tares in his wheat, just as in the parable.

Speaking of wheat, it is claimed that Palestine is one of the places in which that grain originated. There is wild wheat here to-day, and the agricultural experts are investigating to find out what can be done with the other wild grains found in different parts of this country.

The ploughs of the Holy Land are about the same now as those used in the days of the Bible. They are crude affairs, made of wood tipped with iron, to which oxen and bullocks are yoked with a rough piece of wood fastened to the necks of the animals. Sometimes the yoke is tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, reaching from the neck of a camel down to that of a donkey. Donkeys and cows are also harnessed together, and bullocks and camels. The plough ends in a point like that of a pickaxe. It only scratches the soil, and nowhere goes very deep. The furrows are so narrow that many ploughs are required for large fields. The ploughmen wear long gowns, and on

their heads are cloths bound round with rope. They wear rough shoes or go barefoot.

Much of the land in the mountainous parts is so rocky that ploughs are not used. The earth is broken up with mattocks or hoes and all the crops are cultivated by hand. Nevertheless, this limestone soil is so rich that it will often produce several crops in one year. Figs, olives, and other fruits flourish. There are olive orchards everywhere. They cover the sides of the hills and are near every farm village. I was hardly out of sight of them on my way from Shechem to Mount Carmel. A great quantity of oil is exported.

The curse of the Palestine farmer has long been the Mohammedan tax gatherer and assessor. These men have squeezed the heart out of both the farmer and his crop. The tax assessors have gone out over the country in the blossom time of the olive orchards and levied on each tree the cash tax to be paid no matter how the crop finally turned out. The olive harvest often fails in Palestine, so rather than pay unjust and excessive taxes the discouraged farmers have sometimes simply cut down trees and sold both wood and roots.

It is not only the olive orchards that have suffered from this kind of taxation. One eighth of the annual yield of every crop has been taken from the people. The custom of selling to the highest bidder the right to collect the taxes in a given district has, of course, made things worse. In their determination to get back the money they paid the government and a handsome profit for themselves besides, these men have had no mercy on the farmer. The bundles of grain brought to the village threshing-floors and put up in stacks of eight

have been closely watched by the tax gatherers and their agents.

Besides these farm taxes, the people have suffered from a head tax of two dollars on every male member of the community from birth to death, from the salt tax, from taxes on imports, and on everything that a man eats, drinks, or wears.

Once freed from oppressive taxation and its farmers given a fair chance, there is no doubt that Palestine will produce many times what it has done under Turkish rule.

CHAPTER XXI

THE COLONIES AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT

JEWS in the Holy Land are bringing to life again the Palestine of the past. They are proving that their ancient "land of milk and honey" can be made to bloom and prosper. Gathered together in colonies, they are introducing modern farming methods and showing what can be done under proper conditions.

The trim Jewish villages built by the colonists are a refreshing sight in contrast to the dirty Arab settlements and their more or less desolate surroundings. The energy and alertness of many of the settlers are also noticeable as compared with the natives who have been content for centuries to do no more than their fathers have done before them and in the same ways.

At first most of the Jews came to Palestine only for the sake of ending their days in the land of their fathers. They were a sort of resident pilgrims. Others came to get away from oppression and persecution. Gradually the success of the farm colonies attracted the attention of Jews all over the world, and regularly organized movements for planting Jewish settlements in the Holy Land sprang up. More and more colonists began to come because they wanted to get on the land and saw in Palestine chances of greater freedom and success in life than in the crowded streets and small shops of European cities. Colonies were set up under all sorts of schemes

and plans, and while there have been some failures, many have been quite successful.

When groups of colonists first come out they frequently live in tents, and even before they build permanent houses set to work starting nurseries, planting trees, draining swamps, picking up stones, and otherwise preparing the land for cultivation. Millions and millions of stones have been picked up from the rock-strewn hillsides of Palestine, piled into baskets, and then carried off and laid up to form terraces to keep the soil from being washed away or to make walls like those so often seen on New England farms.

There is a tree here called the "Jews' tree," because the colonists have planted so many of them on their lands. This is the eucalyptus, first brought to Palestine by the Jewish settlers. As this tree absorbs a great deal of moisture it is a good one to plant in swampy land, and, as has been found in other countries, by helping to drain the marshes it is a factor in keeping down malaria. Besides giving shade in this land of glaring sun, it furnishes wood for orange boxes and may in time be grown to such an extent as to increase the scanty fuel supply.

Some of these farm colonies are in Galilee, some in Judea, and a very large one is not far from the seaport of Jaffa.

The latter is known as the Rishon le Zion, or "the first colony of Zion." It supports a village of about twelve hundred people, who cultivate three thousand acres, on which are grown almonds, oranges, and other fruits, especially grapes. This colony annually makes millions of gallons of wine and it exports great quantities of Jaffa

oranges. I am told that its wine cellars are the third largest in the world. It was founded by the Rothschilds to give persecuted Russian Jews a refuge, and afterward managed by the Hirsch colonization fund. It is run at a profit. The other colonies are similar to it, and some of them nearly as large. Each has a school, a drug store, a hospital, and a synagogue.

The Sir Moses Montefiore colonies and schools at Jerusalem are doing good work, and the French-Jewish Society, which has a million members, maintains a number of schools, including manual training schools for girls and boys. If the students do well they are given capital to start out with and are established in little shops of their own. In some of these schools the children are so poor that they are furnished one meal a day and one suit of clothes every year.

Another colony, Tel Aviv, or "The Hill of the Ears of Grain," has a high school graduates from which have been admitted to Columbia and other American universities. The only language spoken in this school is Hebrew, which is being revived as the language of a great many of the Jews who have settled in the Promised Land. The colony of Gederah is celebrated for its large flock of doves, which are the common property of the community. Rechoboth, founded in 1890, was the first colony to introduce Jewish workmen with success.

While the Jews of ancient Palestine were farmers, it is now nearly two thousand years since they have had any land of their own to develop. When they were driven out of their country by their conquerors, they were scattered over the world, and took refuge in the cities where most of them have been living ever since. There they

became a people of traders and shopkeepers, and because of this fact many have believed that the Jewish colonies in the Holy Land could never succeed.

The Arabs in Palestine have a saying that the love of trading is in the blood of a Jew and that he can't help wanting to be a merchant any more than he can help wanting to possess the Holy Land. They say that a few years after coming to Palestine a Jewish colonist will be found looking out of the back windows of his house at a gang of Arabs doing his farm work, while in his front windows he displays, not his farm products, but goods he has bought for sale. Many of the Jewish settlers did, in fact, find it difficult to take up farm work, and were inclined to hire Arabs who would work for lower wages than Jews. This led to friction between Jews and Arabs, but now more and more of the colonists are doing their own farm work, road making, carpentering, and other manual labour. The colonists have also learned that the most scientific farming methods pay best, and are developing schools where their young people are taught how to get the most out of the land.

The Jews of other lands are liberal in their gifts to the Jews of Palestine, and, besides helping to set up the colonies, have established schools and hospitals in and about Jerusalem. One of the sources from which money comes for the settlement and advancement of the Jewish colonies is a fund collected from the synagogues of the United States, which is regularly sent from New York to the Holy Land. Jews all over our country contribute to it.

There have been several American colonies in the Holy Land, but the only one that has made any impres-

Nazareth lies in a little amphitheatre of hills with a rugged arena. There is hardly a level spot in the whole town

The boys of Nazareth are friendly, but in fanatical Nablus they throw stones at Christians

The stone pot by which Mr. Carpenter is standing is claimed by the Greeks to be the one that contained the water that Christ turned into wine at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee

sion or lasted for any long time is that known for some years as the Spaffordites. It was founded by Dr. and Mrs. Spafford, who belonged to a Presbyterian church in Chicago. They left the church and came to Jerusalem, saying that they intended to devote their wealth and their lives to working for Christ in the Holy Land. They persuaded fourteen adults and five children to come with them, and together they founded a colony which has lasted until now.

That was 1881. To-day the colony has members from all parts of the Union. There are a number from New England, some from the South, several from Kansas and Nebraska, and quite a delegation from Philadelphia and Chicago. I have talked with them about their beliefs. They say they are Christians and that they believe in the Bible interpreted as it is printed. They take the Golden Rule as their motto and try to live up to it. They say they have no hobbies, and that their Christianity is a practical faith.

This colony lives together as a community, its members holding all things in common. At first they threw their money into a common fund, and lived without working. Finding, however, that this fund was soon spent, they established a business of their own and are now self-supporting. They have their own house outside the walls, where they live very comfortably, eating at a common table with worship morning and evening. They frequently take Americans in as paying guests, charging less than the prevailing hotel rates for much better quarters. They also have a bakery from which they sell bread and cake; a shoe shop, and an art school, where girls are taught painting and drawing. They have

factories where they make desks, boxes, and other beautiful things of olive wood; and a weaving establishment where cloths of wool and linen are made.

Some years ago they also established what is known as the American store. This is near the Jaffa Gate inside Jerusalem, and right on the way from that gate to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

This store is about the only one-price establishment in the Holy Land. In all other places three times what is expected is asked, and one has to dicker and bargain and beat down the merchants. In the American store one can buy photographs and slides of the Holy Land, brass work from Damascus, rugs from Persia and Turkey, and any sort of curio made in the country.

During my stay in Jerusalem I several times visited this colony, and was delighted with the peace, quiet, and brotherly love which seem to prevail. Its members are well bred and intelligent; and as far as I can see they practise what they preach. An interesting feature is their grace before meals. This is always sung at the table by both members and guests.

One of the most interesting Jewish colonies is at Zammarin on the southwest slope of Mount Carmel, where these notes are written. The place is about five hours' ride from Haifa, and a day's journey by carriage from Nablus. The town is owned by a Jewish colony which has a large tract of land given it by Baron Edward Rothschild of Paris. The land is high above the sea at the northern end of the plain of Sharon, so situated that it commands a view of that plain at the east and of the Mediterranean Sea at the west. The country about is covered with chunks of limestone of all shapes and sizes,

and, besides, the bedrock crops out in ledges with small tracts of arable land here and there.

The Jews have taken this land, have cleared it of the loose rocks, and are making it bloom like a garden. They have some quite large fields on top of Mount Carmel, which is now covered with wheat waving in the wind. They are raising luxuriant crops of oats and beans and they have vineyards as thrifty as those of south France or the Rhine. Their olive orchards would be a credit to any part of Italy; and their English walnut trees bear like those of southern California. They are raising fine cattle, which they graze on the hills in the daytime and bring in at night. The milk is excellent, and the meat as tender and sweet as the corn-fed beef of Chicago. I am told that the land produces abundantly and that the colony does well.

Zammarin is far different from the squalid Arab towns of Palestine. Its houses are of German architecture and many of its people speak German. It has a hotel run by an American Jew and planned upon Jewish lines. Outside the door of my room is fastened a tube of olive wood containing the Ten Commandments, and similar tubes are to be found at every door of the hotel, as well as on the doors of every house in the place. The Jews kiss these tubes as they go in and out.

Zammarin has sidewalks, and there is a tower into which water is pumped to supply every house. There is a synagogue, which is well attended, and a town hall, where the officials of the colony meet and decide all matters of local government.

Indeed, the colony is a little republic with a president and other officials elected by its members. It settles its

own disputes, and makes assessments for special taxes for such things as schools and village improvements. When Zammarin was started it was supported by Rothschild. Later on it was turned over to the Anglo-Israelite Colonization Society founded by Baron Hirsch. It was then supported from Europe, but this did not work and it is now running itself. Every family works for itself and has its own property. As a result the people are becoming independent. The standard of self-respect has risen, and all seem to be prospering.

We cross the Sea of Galilee where Christ stilled the sudden tempest and walked on the waters. On its shores He spoke many of His parables and wrought a number of His miracles

Through the arched Gate we catch a glimpse of the ruins of ancient Tiberias, the once proud city of Herod, in the neighbourhood of which Christ spent much of his active life. For years Tiberias was the seat of Jewish learning

CHAPTER XXII

WHERE OUR SAVIOUR SPENT HIS BOYHOOD

TO-DAY I am in Nazareth, the home of Christ's boyhood. Here He was brought as a baby after the flight into Egypt to escape the bloodthirsty Herod, and here He spent all but about four years of His life. The town is situated high up in the mountains of Galilee, within sixty miles of Jerusalem as the crow flies and sixty-seven miles from Bethlehem, where Jesus was born. It is within a day's ride on horseback of Mount Carmel and within four hours of Capernaum on the Sea of Galilee from which our Saviour called His apostles and where He first preached.

Nazareth lies in a nest in the mountains. It is in a little amphitheatre of hills with a rough and ragged arena. The houses extend up the sides of the hills and there is hardly a level spot in the whole town. It has altogether less than twelve thousand inhabitants of whom about half are Mohammedans. The rest of the population is made up of Greek Catholics, Latins, and about two hundred Syrians of the Protestant faith. The town is full of churches and convents, and there are some great monasteries and hospices where pilgrims may stop over night.

The homes of the people are rectangular structures, which look more like great stone boxes than houses. They are usually of one story, with a door and two windows, and most of them have flat roofs, which in the

summer nights are used as resting and sleeping places. A number of the buildings are in gardens. Some have cactus hedges about them and others are shaded by cypress trees. There are many olive orchards, and figs grow here as luxuriantly as they did when Christ was a boy.

The buildings of Nazareth are ugly, but as a whole the city and its surroundings are beautiful. I doubt whether there is more beautiful scenery to be found in England or Scotland, or even in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, for which God has done much. There are many fine views. One can stand in the city or near it and look out over the plain of Esdraelon, and by climbing the hills he can see Mount Carmel, where Elijah hid the prophets and later on slew the false prophets of Baal. It is only a few hours' ride from Nazareth over the hill to the Sea of Galilee, where the Nazarene boys even now sometimes go fishing.

I shall not soon forget a bird's-eye view I had of the town last night. The moon was at its full, and its great round silver disk changed the night into day. Its rays mellowed the yellow limestone of the houses and transformed them to ivory. They softened the glare of the white, rocky roads, and made a fairyland of the mountains and valleys. From the top of the hills I could see the plain of Esdraelon, which in its fertility vies with the Nile Valley; and away off at the west lay the mighty Mediterranean, which stretches on for two thousand miles to Gibraltar and the Atlantic.

Nazareth by moonlight is wonderfully peaceful. At sunset all business stops, and within an hour or so afterward everyone is in bed. There are few places that seem so far from the strife of the world. Business is

swallowed up in the beauties of nature. The scenery is that of old Greece, and the stars shine gloriously out of skies which are perfectly clear.

The sunsets are surpassingly beautiful. The other night the golden beams of the sinking sun seemed to form a halo over this the home of our Saviour. There were many white clouds in the sky, which changed, first to rose and then to gold, the colour growing stronger and stronger, until the whole west was one blaze of fire and molten copper.

Coming down into the town, after watching one of these sunsets, I met many Nazarene children. As I stopped a few minutes, the little ones gathered around me, and it was not hard to imagine similar groups playing in these streets nineteen hundred years ago with the boy Jesus. The little Nazarenes wore gowns of brown, red, or yellow. Most of them were in their bare feet; the boys had caps of red felt, while the girls wore handkerchiefs or shawls tied around their heads. All were running and dancing and laughing and playing. Some of the girls were quite pretty. I remember a rosy-cheeked baby carried by a roguish, bright-eyed maid of eighteen. I admired the baby and chucked it under the chin, telling the girl I would like to take it home with me to America. She promptly said I could have it and thrust it out toward me. My face fell and I ran.

There is no doubt that this is the Nazareth of Jesus, and that the hills and valleys about here were hallowed by His footsteps. It was here that the Angel Gabriel appeared unto Mary when she was engaged but not yet married to Joseph and told her that she would be the mother of Jesus, and it was here that she came with Joseph after the flight into Egypt. She waited only until King

Herod was dead, and then came to Nazareth, the child Jesus being still an infant in arms. It was from Nazareth that Jesus went to the Jordan to be baptized by John, and it was here that after He had begun His work our Lord came and preached in the synagogue. Whereupon the Nazarenes cried out:

> Is not this Joseph's son? . . . And . . . they . . . were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust Him out of the city and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built that they might cast Him down headlong. But He passing through the midst of them went His way.

The Roman Catholics now own what is said to be the site of the shop where Joseph worked as a carpenter. The place is in the Mohammedan quarter, not far from a bazaar where the Moslem merchants sit cross-legged and sell to the Christians. When I visited it I met Father Kersting, who came here to superintend excavations on the site of an old church built by the Crusaders.

Under his direction a grotto was uncovered which many believe to be the place where Joseph had his carpenter shop, and where, if this is true, the little Christ must have played among the shavings.

The various sects here make all sorts of claims. The Latins allege that they own the table upon which Christ supped with His disciples both before and after the Resurrection. It is a block of hard chalk eleven feet long and nine feet in breadth. In another place in the Latin monastery is what is known as the Angel's Chapel and the Chapel of the Annunciation, where the Virgin received Gabriel's message. There is also an old cistern which is called the Kitchen of the Virgin, and in the centre of the town is Mary's Well, or, as it is sometimes called, Jesus's Spring,

Fish from the Sea of Galilee are an important factor in the food supply of the Holy Land. Large catches are common

Capernaum to-day is the city of prophecy fulfilled, for of it Christ said: "And thou, Capernaum, . . . shall be brought down to hell"

For centuries the Jews have been city-dwellers and traders, but the colonists are doing the manual labor on the lands they have taken up, though at first they brought down on themselves the reproaches of their neighbours by hiring Arabs.

or Gabriel's Spring. This is undoubtedly authentic, for it is the only spring or watering place Nazareth now possesses or ever has possessed. It is therefore certain that the child Jesus and the Virgin frequented it, and that Mary came here daily for water. This is a fountain rather than a well. The water gushes forth in two streams into a stone basin, whence it flows into a stone-inclosed pool. There are always women with water jars about it, and the scenes of to-day are probably the same as those of Christ's time.

Thousands of pilgrims come to Nazareth every year to visit the places hallowed by the Saviour, and it is also on the main route from the mountains of Lebanon to Jerusalem. Caravan routes from Damascus to Egypt wind about it, and it has always been an important point on the chief travel routes.

The bazaars are of about the same character as they were in Jesus's day. They are narrow, cave-like stores lighted only from the front. The merchants sit there walled around with goods, while the customers stand out in the cobblestone roadway and bargain. The streets are dirty and camels and Bedouins are continually moving through them. The men wear turbans and gowns, and the women are veiled or unveiled, according to whether they are Mohammedans or Christians.

I was interested in the mechanical work going on in these bazaars. I stopped in a carpenter's shop, and photographed a workman of just about the age Joseph must have been when our Lord was a boy and passed as his son. I asked about carpenter's wages, and was told they ranged from fifty cents to one dollar per day. In another business street I stopped awhile with the black-

smiths who were making knives, razors, plough points, and the long, thin, crescent-shaped sickles used here for harvesting. The sickles have teeth like a fine saw. I lingered to watch a blacksmith shoe a horse. He used a plate of iron the shape of the hoof about an eighth of an inch thick. With the exception of a hole as large as a finger ring in the centre, it was solid. There were three small holes on each side for the nails, which were driven into the hoof. When shod the horse's foot was entirely covered by iron except for the small hole in the centre.

Since I have been here I have paid especial attention to the children. They are the best part of the Holy Land and are as full of fun and as delightful as our children at home. I have seen families which recall that of Joseph and Mary, and many boys with innocent faces which suggest that of Jesus. Here in Nazareth I see the little ones everywhere playing. There is a threshing-floor on one side of the town, a place where the earth has been stamped down and where the grain is flailed or trodden out after harvest. This is one of the great playgrounds, where the boys come with their marbles and where they play ball. In one of their games the boys try to throw the ball so as to hit a stone mark set up for the purpose. They also strike the ball with a club and send it beyond the threshing-floor to be caught by the boys outside. They play blind man's buff, leap-frog, and hide-and-seek, and as I went through the streets the other day I saw two little ones rising and falling on a board resting on the edge of a sharp stone, making a seesaw.

One of the games played is like our "Button, button, who has the button?" The boys stand in a row with hands folded and the one who is "it" goes along and rubs

his two hands, holding the pebble over each pair of folded hands and endeavouring to drop it into one without being caught. Then the others must guess who has the pebble. We play the same game with the button.

Another game is known as the "tied monkey." In this the boy who is "it" catches hold with one hand of a rope fastened to a peg in the ground while the others beat him with handkerchiefs or ropes in which knots are tied. If he can catch one of them without letting go his hold on the rope the boy caught takes his place.

I observe that the boys here usually play by themselves. They rather look down on their sisters, and the average family considers the girl of but little account. When a girl is born no fuss is made, but when a boy comes the friends of the family run through the streets crying out: "Good tidings! Good tidings!" The father prepares a feast, and all the friends of the family give presents of money for the benefit of the boy. Immediately after the child is born it is rubbed over with salt and then wrapped in swaddling clothes so tight that it cannot move. After it has been bound up thus for about a week, it is unfastened, washed with fresh oil, salted, and bound up again. This wrapping, oiling, salting, and re-wrapping goes on for about forty days, at the end of which time the child is ready to wear the ordinary clothing of babyhood. This usually consists of one garment, but in the summer, if the child be poor, that is omitted, although a naked baby may wear a skull cap. The usual garment is a shirt reaching to the knees, and as the children grow older they may have jackets over their shirts.

One of the important ceremonies is naming the boy. To the child's given name that of the father is always

added. In olden times if the son of James was named John, his name would be John, son of James, but now the words "son of" are omitted and he is known as John James.

I am surprised at the beauty of the Nazarene girls, and especially of the little ones. They have rosy cheeks and bright eyes and are quite as good looking as our American babies. They dress in bright colours and some have rows of coins on their headdresses and rings on their fingers.

I see many little girls at the fountain of Mary, each with a jar in which to bring water home. This is the work of almost every woman in the land. The little ones are taught by beginning with a tiny jar which they steady on the head with the hand. As they grow older they use larger jars, until at last they are able to walk through the streets carrying four or five gallons of water on the head without touching the jar. This work gives them erect figures, and there are no stooped shoulders or curved spines among them.

When a girl reaches ten or eleven years of age she begins to think of marriage, and it is not an uncommon thing for her to be a mother at thirteen or fourteen. After marriage the wife becomes a member of her husband's family, and, for a time at least, lives with her mother-in-law. For this reason people believe in early marriages, so that the girl may be trained by her husband's mother into a suitable wife when she grows up.

I wonder if the boys of our Saviour's time studied as do the Nazarene boys of to-day. As half the town is Mohammedan, many of them are taught by the sheiks. They sit on the floor, swaying back and forth as they scream out the verses and texts they are trying to learn. The teacher is sometimes blind, but he knows the voices

so well that when one stops he can strike with his stick the place where that boy should be sitting to start him again. In our Lord's time the Bible was probably taught in the same way to the Jewish children. Most of the slates used here are made of cast-off kerosene oil cans, the tin being cut into squares and pounded out flat. The Arabic characters are painted upon such tins with brushes and India ink.

The chief study of the Mohammedan boys is the Koran, while the Jews learn the Psalms. At harvest time the schools close and the children go out into the fields, gardens, and vineyards. They are accustomed to work, and everywhere I go I see them herding the sheep. The boys use slings just as David did and are skilful in sending the stones just where they please.

Some of these Palestine children are polite, but others are just the reverse. When the good boy comes into a room full of older people he goes around and kisses the hand of each one and places it on his forehead. He can be so sweet that you might think him the soul of innocence and piety, but take him outside and he will fight, kick, and scratch with his fellows. A great deal of slang is used, and in a quarrel the most common expressions are those cursing your enemy's ancestors. One boy will say to another, "Curse your father!" and the other will reply, "And your grandfather!" And so they will go on to the fourth and fifth generations, each cursing the various branches of the other's family. Here at Nazareth we find the children very polite, but at Nablus they threw stones at me and called me a "Nazarene," the name used by the Mohammedans of Samaria to express contempt for all not of their faith.

From Nazareth, Joseph and Mary went every year to Jerusalem. They tramped over the hills of Galilee and across the plain of Esdraelon, then climbed the mountains of Samaria. There is a trail, part of which has been made into a macadamized road. Such trips were usually made in large companies, and when I crossed Samaria a short time ago I met scores of these people from Galilee on their way to Jerusalem. The parties consisted of men, women, and children, most of whom were on foot. Now and then one found a woman riding a donkey, with her husband trudging beside her, and sometimes whole families on donkeys. It was in such a party that Jesus went to Jerusalem when He was about twelve years of age. He was then thought to be old enough to take care of Himself, for the Bible relates that when they departed Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and His mother knew not of it. They had already gone a day's journey before they missed Him, and then turned back to find Him. Only after three days was He discovered in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.

And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

And when they saw him they were amazed. And his mother said unto him: Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee, sorrowing.

And he said unto them: How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them. And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

WE ARE in a fisherman's skiff on the Sea of Galilee. We have just left Tiberias, the ancient city of Herod near the southern end of the lake, and are on our way to Capernaum, that white spot which you can see on the shore at the north where Christ lived and preached. It seems strange that one can carry the whole Sea of Galilee in his eye. I have always thought of it as only a little less than an ocean, or at least as big as the largest of our great fresh-water lakes. The truth is that compared to Lake Michigan it is only a puddle. It is about half as large as Lake Cayuga, at Ithaca, New York, and standing on any of the hills rising precipitously about it one can plainly see the whole body of water.

This so-called sea is only six miles wide at its widest part from east to west, and from where the Jordan flows in at the north to the place where it empties out at the south the distance is a scant thirteen miles. The sea lies in the depression of the Jordan Valley, the river forming a winding canal two hundred miles long which connects it with the Dead Sea at the south.

Lake Superior is a little more than six hundred feet above the level of the ocean. The Sea of Galilee is more than six hundred and eighty feet below that level and lies

in a nest of beautiful mountains which slope up from the water in picturesque shapes.

Over there at the west the shores are bright green and are spotted with wild flowers. The grass makes a waving sheet of emerald velvet which seems almost to reach the fleecy white clouds of the blue sky above.

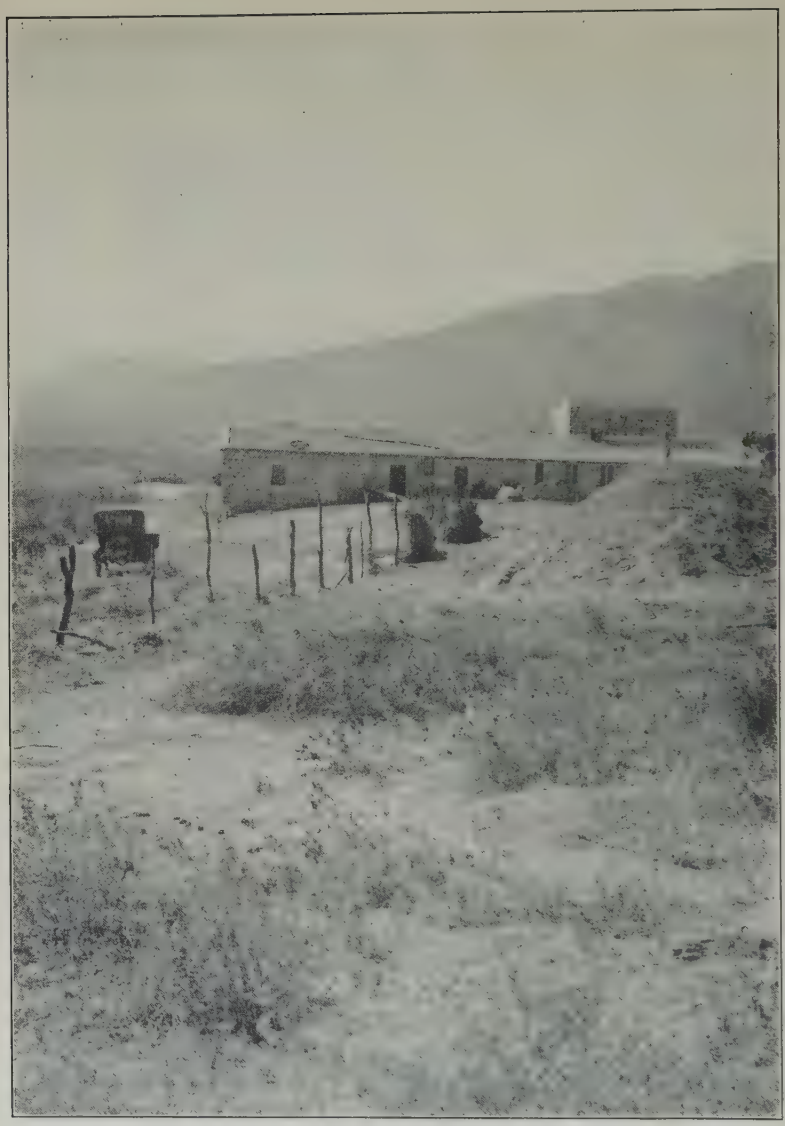
Farther to the south are the Galilean mountains, now gray in the morning sun, with masses of smoky clouds hanging over them. They are full of water; and as I look, lo! the rain comes. The sun is still shining and has painted a rainbow over that part of the lake covering the town of Magdala, which, as you remember, was Mary Magdalen's home.

Looking through the rainbow you can catch sight of the Mount of the Beatitudes where our Saviour sat when He preached the Sermon on the Mount. On the sloping little hill at the left it is said He commanded the weary multitude to sit down on the grass and fed the five thousand.

Now look eastward to the lands on the opposite sides of the lake and the Jordan. They rise straight up from the water. The hills are so steep that it would be almost impossible to climb them, and they are ragged and rough. That is the land of the Gadarenes, where our Lord cast out the devils into the swine which ran violently down a steep place into the sea.

All about us are the most familiar scenes of the Scriptures. Every bit of these shores has been hallowed; and as we look the figures of the Old and New Testaments spring into life. It is impossible to read the Bible in the Holy Land and not feel that its people were real men and women. The apostles had the same feelings as

In a galvanized iron shack, the home of newly arrived colonists, the bread of Bible times is made by a Jewess from modern Europe. Palestine, as a national home, has had a special appeal to the persecuted Jews of Poland and southeastern Europe



Near the waters of Lake Merom, where Joshua smote the Philistines, we see to-day the new farmer of Palestine and his transportation. At last even the roads of that backward land are being improved so that motor cars may go over them

ours; they lived in a world much the same; they breathed the same air; they loved and sorrowed as we do to-day.

I doubt not our Lord appreciated the beauties of Galilee. Its scenery is as picturesque as that of any lake in the Alps, and its loveliness changes every hour of the day. I saw the sun set last night. The clouds hung heavy over the hills to the east of the Jordan and the sun gilded the top of the Mount of the Beatitudes as it went down in the west. A little before that these waters were a glorious yellow which faded away into a rich copper bronze. At the same time the heavens were burnished copper, cloud piled upon cloud, and the whole was mirrored in the glassy surface beneath. The Sea of Galilee has always been noted for its wonderful beauty. It was a pleasure resort at the time of Herod Antipas, and the palaces of Tiberias and Capernaum were famous all over the East.

Later on I had still another view of the lake. It was moonlight on the Sea of Galilee. The great round queen of the heavens, her golden face at its full, shone out of a mass of dark blue with black clouds behind it. The rays of the moon striking the sea obliquely painted a wide path of silver running from the hills of Gadara across the waters to Tiberias. I gazed at the scene from the window of my hotel over the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque. It reminded me of Lake Como and of some Scottish lakes.

As we ride up the lake to-day I watch closely the fishermen handling our craft. We are in a skiff about thirty feet long and four feet wide. It has a white leg-of-mutton sail which is filled by the wind from the south,

and we are speeding over the water. Our boat leaves a pathway of diamonds dropped there by the sun. I reach over the side of the boat and let my hand trail in the water. It is cool. I dip up some in my palm and taste it. It is quite brackish.

Now the fishermen have laid their oars across the sides of the boat. They are depending on the wind to carry us onward. Some are asleep, among them one at the prow who lies with bare legs outspread, his bronzed face in the full glare of the sun. He is snoring. At the right is a man mending a net, while on the other side of the boat two are chatting. The scene might have been one on this same lake nineteen centuries ago, when Christ called men like these from their boats to be "fishers of men."

By and by the subject of fishing comes up. Thinking of the great draught which Simon Peter and the other apostles drew up when they cast their nets at the command of our Lord at the time He appeared to them here after His crucifixion, I ask if there are still many fish in the lake. They tell me that the sea is alive with good fish and that quantities are carried to Nazareth and other Galilean towns every week. Some are sent to Damascus by railroad and some are salted and shipped off to Jerusalem. About a year ago a party took five tons of fish in one day. The catch was so great that fish sold in Tiberias for one cent apiece, and six pounds or more could be bought for a penny. All along the lake there are fishing villages where the fishermen are still to be seen dragging their nets or mending them as they float near the shore. I am told that there are three ways of fishing. One is by hook and the others are by nets.

One kind of net is cast. It is used from the shores by the fishermen wading breast deep into the water. The net is a great ring or disk of thread weighted with lead. As it sinks, it takes the shape of a dome, falling upon the fish it incloses. The fisherman dives down and draws the leads together and carries net and catch to the banks. Much fishing of this kind is done near Magdala. Another net is a dragnet, with floats at the top and leads at the bottom. This is usually worked from a boat dragging the net so that it forms a loop and scoops in the fish. Among the fish caught are excellent bass, some of which we have had at the hotel. An especially curious fish is that known as the *chromis simonis*, the male of which carries the eggs and the young about in its mouth.

The storms come up quickly on Galilee. I have seen several since I arrived in Tiberias and have experienced one or two on the sea. It was during one of these storms, when they were crossing the sea, that the apostles came to our Lord, who was sleeping, and begged him to save them. He arose and rebuked the waters, and lo, it was calm.

At the time of another storm He was not with them, having gone up into a mountain apart to pray. The ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed by the waves, when the disciples saw Him walking on the water. They were troubled, and, thinking Him a spirit, cried out for fear. Then Jesus said: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

And you remember how when Peter tried to go to Him, and when he saw the wind boisterous, his heart failed him and he began to sink, Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, saying: "O thou of little

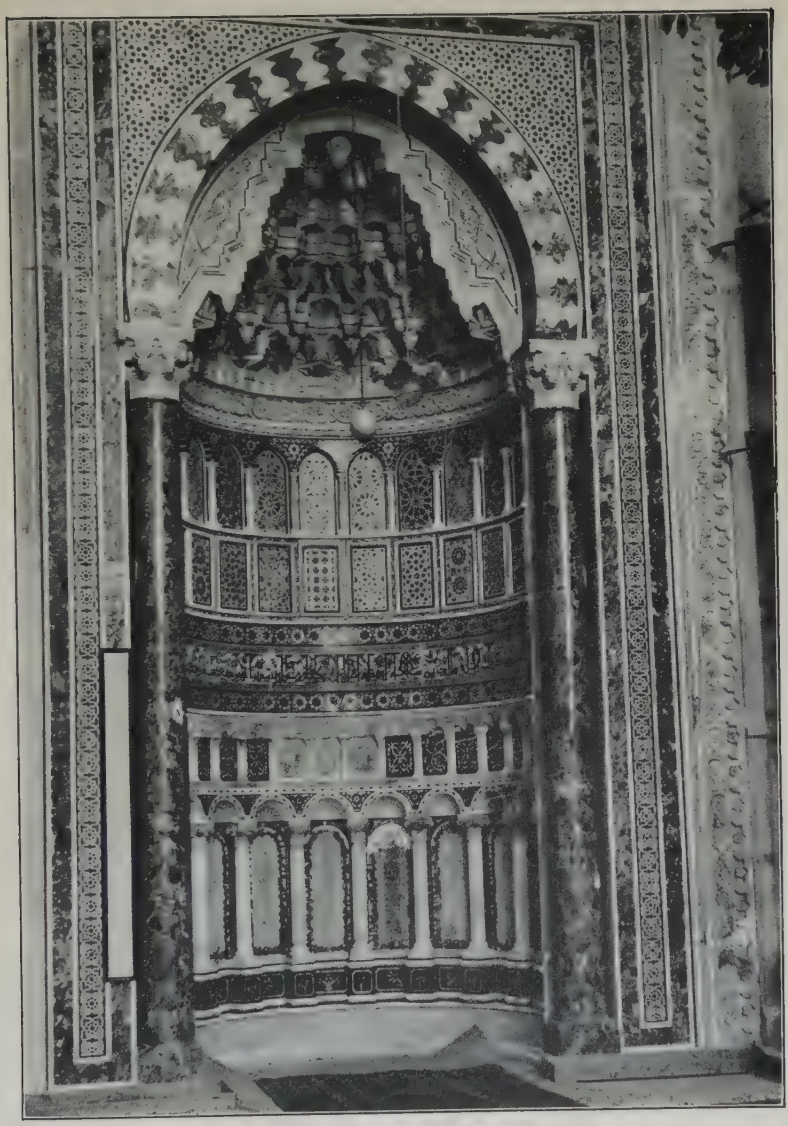
faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" And when they were come into the ship the wind ceased.

But our wind also has dropped. The boatmen are lowering the sails and we are gliding to the shores of Capernaum. They are now covered with rich meadows, with here and there ploughed fields and crops of fast-growing grain. From the boat we can see no signs that a city once stood on the spot. The only evidence of life is a low, gray, one-story monastery belonging to the Franciscans, who are excavating the ruins and digging temples and synagogues out of the soil. They own several hundred acres running along the beach and extending for perhaps a mile up the hills. Some of their lands are under cultivation, and there are orchards of lemons, oranges, and almonds to the east of their buildings.

Landing at the wharf we enter a door in the walls which surround the excavations. I introduce myself to Father Wenderlin, an austere-looking priest who speaks German. He takes me around and shows me the results of the work. He says they are digging up what is believed to be the actual synagogue where Jesus Christ taught when He came here from Nazareth. As you must remember, Capernaum was His home. It was from here that He found most of His disciples and here He cured Simon's wife's mother who lay sick of a fever. Here, disgusted with the wickedness of the city, He said:

> And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto Heaven shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained unto this day.

The prophecy then uttered has long since come to pass. The city of Capernaum is not.



The prayer niches of the Grand Mosque of Damascus are marvels in mosaics. Marble and wood are inlaid with gold, silver, precious stones, and glass. They were presented to the mosque by pious and wealthy Mohammedans as thankofferings for Divine favour

In this Mohammedan cemetery in Damascus lies Fatima, daughter of the Prophet, and also two of the Prophet's wives. On Thursdays the women of the city come to mourn at the graves

The ruins of the synagogue show the splendour of the ancient city. I walked around its boundaries. It was fifty-four feet long and seventy-two feet wide. Its front, which faced the sea, had a great many marble columns, and it was built in two stories, the upper of which was for the women. The pillars are three feet thick, smoothly finished and exquisitely carved. The marble work is that common in Rome shortly before the time of Christ, and much of it is uninjured.

So far only a small portion of the site of Capernaum has been explored. There are a thousand acres or so left that in all probability contain ruins which, when exposed, may cast new light upon the days and time of the Saviour. The Franciscan monks will not permit relics to be taken away, and they forbid the use of cameras. Father Wendelin carries a long black snake whip with him, and I am told that he uses it if he is not obeyed. The other day a woman tourist brought in a camera under her coat and, notwithstanding his objections, took a snapshot, whereupon he is said to have laid hold of her and thrown her out of the place.

I am stopping at Tiberias in a little German hotel where I have a comfortable room looking out on the water. Tiberias is the largest settlement on the sea. It lies on the western shore at the southern end, within a mile or so of the Horns of Hattin where it is said Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount. It is only a short sail from where the Jordan flows out to the Dead Sea, and from Semakh, where the railroad now goes north on its way from Haifa to Damascus.

The city was the capital of Galilee, and it was at the height of its prosperity when Christ was living at Caper-

naum. It was founded by Herod Antipas, the son of Herod, the baby killer, and was named after the Roman Emperor Tiberias. It was constructed while Christ was living in Nazereth, and was a new and thriving city during His residence at Capernaum. It is doubtful that He even visited it, for the Bible does not mention His doing so.

The city had a palace and a race course in those days, and after the destruction of Jerusalem it became the chief seat of the Jewish nation. It is still one of the three holy cities of the Jews and it has many Israelites among its citizens. They go about in long coats and caps bound with fur, and are noted for their piety and for their knowledge of the Talmud. Many of them are Spanish Jews who have come here to live on account of the holiness of the city.

The Tiberias of to-day is not attractive. It is a mass of gray stone and brick buildings, with flat roofs painted white. The streets are narrow and filthy and smell to heaven. The Arabs have a saying that the king of the fleas lives here. The human population is something like eight thousand, of whom about two thirds are Jews and the remainder Mohammedans and Christians. The Jews have ten synagogues and there is also a Mohammedan mosque. The northern limits of the place are marked by the ruins of the Roman town, and the remains of its walls and a gate are still standing.

The hot springs on the shores of the lake a half mile from the city, which were famous in the days of the Romans, are still used. They are in many respects similar to those of Carlsbad, the waters containing sulphur, chloride of magnesia, and iron. They are good for

skin diseases, and if they were under American management might be made to pay well. One of the most interesting and valuable institutions in this city is the hospital belonging to the Scottish missionaries. It has thousands of patients a year and is doing great good.

I came here from Nazareth riding over the mountains of Galilee. The road is fairly good, although it is up and down hill all the way. About six miles from Nazareth I stopped at the village of Cana where our Lord was a guest at the wedding feast and turned the water into wine. I even saw the stone jars or tubs which the people who own one of the churches there say were the jars used for that miracle. They are kept inside the church, and it took several fees to get to them. They are great limestone receptacles, looking much like mortars, and it is likely that wheat was ground in them by means of a pestle.

I also visited the spring at Cana. As there is only one, it must have been from there that the water which was turned into wine was obtained. Four camels, six sheep, and two cows were drinking at it as I stopped, and a half-dozen girls with water-bags were waiting for their family supply. It is probable that Cana was much larger and more prosperous in the days of our Saviour than now.

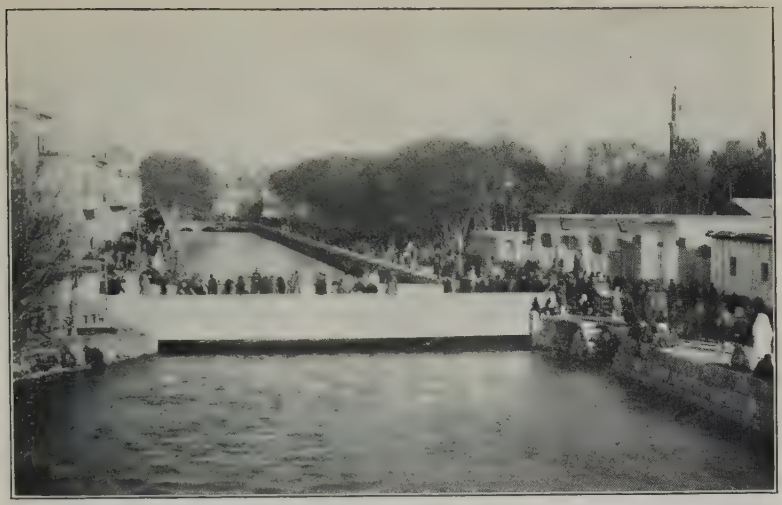
CHAPTER XXIV

THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT

THERE are fifteen million Jews in the world today, scattered over the face of the earth. Their ancestors once lived and ruled in Palestine, a country now no bigger than our own state of Vermont. For centuries, while peoples of alien faiths possessed their ancient land, each Jew kept warm in his bosom a belief that the Promised Land would one day be restored to him and the Holy City rebuilt to the glory of Jehovah.

During the last century Jews the world over began to discuss practical means for making the age-long dream of their people come true. This discussion grew into an organized movement which has rolled up in size like a snowball. Zionism, as it is called, is giving the statesmen of Christendom, as well as the Jew and the Mohammedan, a mighty problem to wrestle with. It involves the biggest colonization scheme since the settlement of America, as well as religious and political controversies likely to keep the world stirred up for a good many years to come.

This little country has been the battleground of the nations since long before the time of Moses. Egyptian and Hittite, Assyrian, Persian and Greek, Roman and Arab, the Crusader and the Turk have succeeded one another in their conquests. In the World War another



The Koran describes Paradise as a place of green trees with a river flowing between—hence the Arabs' devotion to Damascus, which they call the "Pearl of the East"

It was down this wall, they say in Damascus, that the Apostle Paul was lowered in a basket at night when he escaped from his Jewish enemies in that city

The Street called Straight, the most famous in Damascus, like most of the old streets of the Orient, is made narrow to secure shade from the hot sun. Besides, it is roofed over, so that it is like a dimly lighted tunnel

name was added to the long list, that of the Briton, who drove out the Turk. Under a mandate John Bull took over the rule of Palestine, and the holy places of three great religions, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Judaism, came under his trusteeship.

The British Government proclaimed its intention to "favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" and to "use their best endeavour to facilitate the achievement of this object." At the same time they promised that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of the Christians and the Moslems in the Holy Land, nor to hurt the position of Jews in other countries. In this way the British became the chief sponsors of Zionism, while other great nations, including our own United States, expressed themselves more or less formally in sympathy with the aims of the movement. The British appointed a Jew, Sir Herbert Samuel, first High Commissioner of Palestine, and promised to coöperate with the international Zionist organization in working out Palestine affairs.

I have told you of the Jewish colonies I have seen in the Holy Land. When the first colony was founded there were not enough Jews in all Palestine to hold a prayer meeting. Under Zionism their number rapidly increased, and within three years after British control there were more than seventy-five thousand Jews in the Holy Land, with about sixteen thousand living in the colonies. But the number of Jews forms only about one tenth of the total population, four fifths of whom are Moslems, with about the same number of native Christians as Jews. After the war Jews poured in for a time at the rate of fifteen

hundred a month, and thousands more are eager to come as soon as permitted.

The founder of the Zionist movement was Dr. Theodore Herzl, who called together the first world congress of Jews. He travelled over Europe for many years, getting the leading men of his time interested in Zionism. The Pope received him, and so did the Kaiser, while Joseph Chamberlain in England gave his support to the movement. He had two interviews with the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, on whom he made such an impression that the Sultan once said:

"That is a good man. As he looks, so I imagine the Christ must have looked." Some of the Jews called Herzl the "Twentieth Century Messiah."

I once had a talk with Israel Zangwill, one of the most famous Zionists, about this Jewish movement. He said:

"We Jews have always hoped that Palestine would again belong to us. This hope has lasted for more than two thousand years, and from time to time various projects based upon it have been formed to repossess the land. Nearly all of these have been visionary and many of them have been founded upon the second coming of a Messiah who should suddenly rise and lead us, in some miraculous way, back to our Mother Country. Many Jews confidently believe that will occur. At present the Jews are scattered all over the earth. There are more than fifteen million of them. About ten million are in Russia and the other countries of eastern Europe. As it is now, the Jews are congested in the large cities. London has many times the number in the Holy Land, and there are at least twice as many Jews in New York as the whole population of Palestine. Chicago has a

quarter of a million, and Philadelphia more than two hundred thousand. New York City has the largest Ghetto of the world, and adds to it by thousands of immigrants a year.

"We were once an agricultural and pastoral people," continued Mr. Zangwill, "and we could make Palestine again a land of milk and honey. We should like to have the country as a Jewish colony, made up of our own people, where we could govern ourselves in our own way. We should not object to being colonially dependent upon some great power, but we want home rule and a national home of our own."

There are really three kinds of Zionists, and the Jews themselves are divided. Some would be satisfied to make Jerusalem merely the centre of their religion and of Hebrew culture. A larger number want Palestine to be a place of refuge, where Jews from all over the world may live in freedom from political, religious, or economic oppression. But a still larger number will not be satisfied until there is set up in Palestine a Jewish state, with Jews in control of the land, the government, and the holy places. These Jews say they wish to do full justice to the other natives of Palestine, with whom they believe they can live in peace, and expect the British to retain control until the Jews form a majority of the population. To put through this programme powerful Jewish organizations have set out to raise a fund of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars in five years.

The non-Jewish people of Palestine have objected to the Zionist scheme, and demanded of the British that all Jewish immigration be stopped for ten years. Christians and Moslems in Palestine have wasted no love on

one another, but the prospect of a great wave of Jewish settlers united them to the extent that a Moslem-Christian league was formed, whose members agreed to sell no land to Jews. Nevertheless, the Jews have continued to increase their land holdings, but the British have limited the number of Jewish immigrants who can come into Palestine. At times the feeling between Jew and non-Jew has been so acute as to result in riots in which many people were killed.

The Moslems say that the Jews have no right to Palestine since their people have not lived there for nearly two thousand years. The Zionist programme, they state, is based on the theory that might makes right, and they accuse the British of ignoring the wishes of the majority in Palestine and consulting only the Jews, whom the Moslems outnumber almost ten to one.

They complain that leaders of Jewish organizations in other countries have more influence in Palestine affairs than the native Palestinians themselves, and say that some of them are sending communists to the Holy Land to stir up class warfare.

The Zionists feel that what the Jews have already done in Palestine goes far to justify their aim to make it a Jewish homeland. "Our people," they say, "have established over seventy colonies on land, much of which was reclaimed from swamp and sand. They have created gardens and orchards where once was waste. They have started modern schools, and the first act of the Zionists under British control was to lay the cornerstone of a national Jewish university in Jerusalem. They have put in sanitary improvements in their villages, opened hospitals and given medical service to Jew and Gentile

alike. They have started new industries, and are preparing to harness the water power of the Jordan so as to make it possible to irrigate the land and furnish electricity for the whole country." These things, the Zionists say, are but the beginning of further benefits to come as the Jews flock back to the Promised Land and work out their big programme.

There is plenty of room for Jews and Moslems, according to Zionists, who estimate that the land could be made to support from three million to five million people. But one fourth of the land is now in use, and the population is only about fifty to the square mile.

The Jews have begun to revive the Hebrew language in Palestine. In Jerusalem, where most of the learned gather, it is already spoken by many Jews from different countries who find it their common tongue. Outside Jerusalem it is not spoken so much, but it is being taught in the Jewish schools. Before the war, German organizations backing certain colonies and schools tried to compel the use of German in the Polytechnic Institute built at the foot of Mount Carmel, but succeeded only in starting a great quarrel in which they were utterly defeated.

With the revival of the ancient language has come an effort to revive Hebrew art. In the Bezalel Art and Craft School of Jerusalem characters of the old Hebrew alphabet have been made the basis for new designs in weaving rugs and decorating vases. Young Jewish painters have been attracted to Palestine to take part in this revival, and musicians have begun to collect the old Hebrew melodies. The ancient church council of the Sanhedrin, told of in the Bible, has been set up again in Jerusalem, with women admitted to its membership.

The Hadassah Medical Organization in Palestine, formerly called the American Medical Unit, now has three hospitals and a dispensary maintained at a cost said to be more than five hundred thousand dollars a year. Hadassah grew out of an American organization of Jewish women. Ten years ago it was a small society of one hundred and ninety-three members. To-day it is a national organization with a membership of fifteen thousand. It is especially active in health work among children, and in the care of mothers and infants, and it teaches Palestine girls to be nurses. There were twenty-two girls in the first class graduated from the nurses' training school.

Another thing the Zionists have done to help their brethren in Palestine is to organize a bank, with a capital of $800,000. They plan to make long-time loans to farmers who have had to depend in the past on loans from the Jewish organizations backing the colonies, or on private lenders in Palestine. The latter have charged interest at the rate of 10 per cent. and more.

But the Moslems say that all these activities on the part of the Jew prove that political Zionism aims at nothing less than Jewish control of the Holy Land and everything and everybody in it. There is a story of an American who found a Jewish friend weeping at the "Wailing Place."

"What is the matter with you?" he asked.

"Me? I'm wailing!"

"What are you wailing for? Aren't there plenty of Jews in Jerusalem? And haven't you got a Jew for a governor?"

"Yes, I know, but I want the Mosque of Omar."

There are also Jews who favour a more moderate Zionism, and fear that setting up a Jewish state will make trouble both in Palestine and in the countries where Jews are now citizens with a part in business and public affairs.

CHAPTER XXV

THE WORLD'S OLDEST CITY

STAND with me on the slope of the Lebanon Mountains and take a look over Damascus. We have climbed the road cut out for Kaiser Wilhelm, the Emperor of Germany, when he visited this region, and are now on a bare lofty hill which the Mohammedans consider one of the holy spots of the world. It is where the prophet Mohammed stood and gazed at that magnificent town, the Damascus of his day. After staying here for hours, he turned away with a sigh, saying:

"I dare not go in. Man can enter paradise but once, and if I go into Damascus, this paradise on earth, I shall not be able to enter the paradise of the hereafter."

According to the Mohammedans, Abraham first received the divine revelation of the unity of God in Damascus; and Josephus says that the town was founded by Uz, the great-grandson of Noah. The Bible tells us that Abraham had a steward who came from Damascus, and we know that King David besieged and conquered the place. There is no doubt that it is one of the oldest towns, if not the very oldest, upon earth. It was in existence before the days of Rameses and Thebes, before Alexandria sprang into greatness on the Mediterranean shores, and while Nebuchadnezzar was chewing grass in the gardens of Babylon. It was old long before Athens had begun to be, was already gray-haired when Rome was

It is in the horse market that men foregather to trade and gossip or to enjoy a cooling drink from such a bottle as is shown here

"O Allah, send customers," cry the bread sellers in Damascus, as they squat in the street with their stock and scales

The beautiful rugs of the Orient are all hand-made, from carding and spinning the wool to the long months of weaving in the lovely patterns. But there is more time in the East than we hustling Westerners ever find

a baby, and antedates any of the cities of the present. It is now one of the most thriving centres of the Mohammedan world.

Damascus lies on the eastern side of the Lebanon Mountains about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Jerusalem, and, as the crow flies, about fifty-three miles from the Mediterranean Sea. It is an oasis city surrounded by deserts. It is fed by two cold, clear rivers flowing out of great springs in the mountains of Lebanon and making green this sandy plain in which they are lost. These rivers are the Abana and Pharpar of the Bible. You remember how Naaman, the leper, referred to them when Elisha told him to go and wash in the Jordan seven times and his flesh would be clean. Whereupon Naaman replied:

"Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

You remember also how one of his servants told Naaman that Elisha was asking a little thing of him and how he then went down and bathed in the murky Jordan, "and his flesh came again, like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

As we stand on the hill of Mohammed at the northwest end of the city and look at Damascus we do not wonder at Naaman's contempt of the Jordan. We have seen that the latter is a winding, rocky, semi-alkaline stream which flows through a desert, the great gorge or depression of Ghor. It has a scanty vegetation along its banks and flows through a valley of death to the great salt sea known as "The Dead." The Abana, or Barada, as it is now called, and the Pharpar, now called

Barber, are pure mountain streams. The former is one of the most beautiful of the whole world. I have travelled along it almost to its source. It is a rushing river of pure, clear green water which spreads life over all that it touches. Together with the Barber it makes green the great plain which lies below us and builds up the orchards of almonds, apricots, apples, and the rich crops which cover it, as well as the white city of Damascus rising in its centre.

Now turn your eyes to the city itself. There it lies under these magnificent mountains with its luxuriant gardens and orchards surrounded by deserts. Within and without silver poplars cast their green shadows over the houses. The town has been compared to a pearl. It is shaped very like one. My guide, Shammas, who stands beside me, tells me that it looks like a camel, and a second glance shows me the head and neck of the beast reaching out to a point where lies a railway station of the road going to Mecca. The road itself is the long neck of the camel and farther back is the body, the minarets forming the hump. "Now look again," says Shammas, "and see if it is not like a fan!" "Very much so," I reply, "and it is also like a great spoon with a long slender handle and large oval bowl."

To come down to details, Damascus is an expanse of pearly white tinged with the pink of its roofs. The buildings rise high over the green, and out of them, like fingers pointing to heaven, are the minarets of two hundred mosques, with the mighty dome of the Great Mosque in the centre. At the right of the latter are the arched roofs of bazaars which have been famous for ages, while away off from the rest is a big yellow building with a

roof of red tiles. That is the centre of Moslem fanaticism, where for centuries thousands of Mohammedan soldiers have been quartered. At times, a few years ago, even they have let loose their religious fury and slaughtered Christians living in the city.

Damascus is a Mohammedan city. It has about three hundred thousand people, four fifths of whom follow the Prophet. It has also about thirty thousand Greeks, eight thousand Jews, and lesser numbers of Syrians, Armenians, Persians, and Druses. These people are very devout. One sees them reading their Korans in their shops, and at the mosques I have observed a score or more of the Faithful washing themselves before they go into their prayers. The mosques are full of turbaned men, old and young, who pray singly and in groups, and in many one finds companies of worshippers under a leader. There are also many classes listening to the explanations of the Koran by the priests, and there are men reading by themselves.

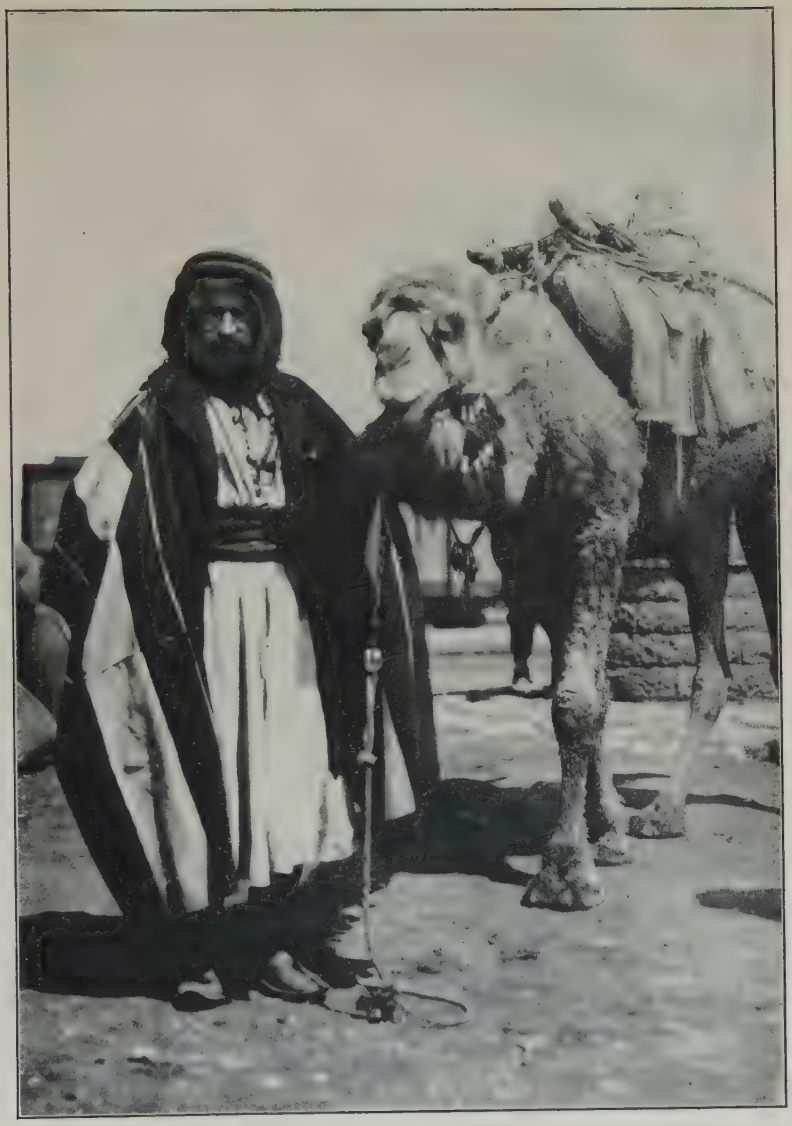
But come down with me from the hill and take a stroll through the city. This is Sunday, and we shall first visit the mosques. There are seventy large ones, where sermons are preached every Friday, and one hundred and seventy-seven which might be called chapels, connected with which are Mohammedan schools. Many of these mosques have libraries, and in all of them the chief study is theology, including the Koran and the traditions of the prophets. After that comes law, then philosophy, logic, and grammar. Modern sciences are unknown, and all other branches of learning are entirely neglected.

One of the chief centres of Moslem religious life is the Great Mosque. This is one of the finest of Mohammedan

churches. It stands in the centre of the city and covers about seven acres, or almost twice as much space as the Capitol at Washington. In the great court paved with marble is a fountain, said to mark the half-way station on the route from Constantinople to Mecca. It is there that the worshippers bathe parts of their bodies before going to their prayers. On the other side of this enormous court is the mosque proper, the oblong floor of which covers an acre. Many great columns uphold its roof, and other columns stand between it and the court.

Entering this room, we find two thousand men and perhaps a hundred women at worship. Nevertheless, the building seems empty. The worshippers are scattered over the floor. The women are alone, and the men dare not look at them. They are closely veiled and do not notice us as we go by. Most of the men are on their knees or sitting upon the floor. Before coming into the church all have removed their shoes, which now lie beside or in front of them. The floor is covered with costly rugs, presents from devout Mohammedans. Think of roofing a large field, upholding the roof by mighty columns, and then carpeting that field with oriental rugs any one of which would be fit to hang upon your walls as a treasure, and you have a suggestion of the picture now before us.

There are strange things in the mosque. In its centre is a marble chapel supposed to stand over the ashes of the head of John the Baptist. Men are sitting before the chapel with their heads toward Mecca, and they rise and fall as they pray to John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, and to Mohammed as the prophet of



The transportation monopoly of the Bedouin and his camel is threatened to-day by the invading automobile and motor truck

At the end of the Booksellers' Bazaar looms the Dome of the Mosque, built amid the ruins of a Christian church, which was itself preceded on the same site by a Roman temple

God. Thus religion, like politics, makes strange bedfellows.

Damascus is the heart of the Mohammedan world. At its back is Persia, altogether Mohammedan. At its south are Palestine and Arabia, more Moslem than Christian, while at the north are other realms of Islam. All around it the people are Mohammedans, who hate the Christians and massacre them whenever they can. This was the case in the spring of 1909, when thousands were killed and a terrible slaughter of Christians by heathens took place in this region. Multitudes were massacred, and it was only because the great Christian nations of Europe were afraid of their pocketbooks and of the loss of that balance of power which might result from a war that the Turkish Empire was not wiped out as a punishment therefor. The matter was hushed up, and but little of the true story was told in the papers. I refer to the bloodshed throughout Asia Minor when the sultan, Abdul Hamid, was overthrown by the Young Turks and his brother, Mohammed V, was put in his place.

Another strange object in the Great Mosque is the holy tent of the pilgrim caravan. This is used during the pilgrimage to Mecca, which generally starts at Damascus. Every Moslem is bound to make this pious journey at least once in his life, and the followers of the Prophet gather here from all directions for the trip to their holy city.

As they approach Mecca they take off their clothes, laying aside everything from the soles of their feet to the crowns of their heads. They then put on aprons, and carrying only a piece of cloth over the left shoulder, walk into the city. They march around the sacred

Kaaba and kiss the black stone. They pelt Satan with rocks in the Valley of Mina, and end their pilgrimage with a great sacrificial feast, at the end of their Lent, when the festival of Beiram begins.

I have not seen these pilgrim caravans, but they are said to be extremely interesting. Many of the rich go on camel litters something like the mule litters used in north China. These are beds slung between poles which are fastened to camels, one going before and the other behind and trained to keep step. The camels are adorned for the occasion with coins, shells, and other ornaments, besides hundreds of small bells which jingle as they march. In advance of the procession is a large camel litter hung with green cloth and embroidered with gold. This contains the green flag of the Prophet and one of the oldest copies of the Koran now in existence. In addition to the worshippers themselves there is always an escort of soldiers and Bedouins. There are also many half-naked dervishes who sing and howl and cut themselves, shouting out texts from the Koran as they go on their way.

It is a question whether the railway from Damascus to Mecca will not cause this great caravan to become a thing of the past as far as the travel between Damascus and Mecca is concerned.

During my stay here I have gone out to the cemetery to see the tomb of Mohammed's favourite daughter Fatima. Mohammed had several wives in addition to the four which he allows to each of his followers. His first wife was Khadija, the widow whose fortune made him prominent and whose servant he was. As I remember it, she was his first convert. Two of his other wives and Fatima are buried here, and every Thursday many veiled

women come to mourn at their graves. Fatima's tomb is a little domed mosque about fifteen feet square with a praying alcove facing toward Mecca. Her body lies in a marble sarcophagus, which stands on a pedestal covered with green velvet and with a piece of green cloth at its head. As I looked at the tomb I saw several rags tied to the bars of the window and was told that they were put there as the pledges of sick persons, showing that they would give money to the mosque if they should be cured.

The tomb of Saladin, the great Mohammedan general who fought Europe during the Crusades, is also in Damascus. It is in a small mausoleum attached to the Great Mosque. At the head of the marble sarcophagus is a glass case in which lies the golden wreath placed on Saladin's tomb by the German Kaiser. Because this wreath had a cross worked into its design it gave deep offence to the Damascenes, who demanded its removal from the shrine. But the Kaiser's "great and good friend," Sultan Abdul Hamid, ordered it to remain, as it was placed there by the Emperor of Germany.

I have spent some time tracing the footsteps of St. Paul, the apostle. You will remember that he was one of the Jewish officials, and was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord" when he got the high priest to give him letters to the synagogues of Damascus, that he might bring such Christians as he found there to Jerusalem for trial. He was on his way here and was not far from the city when the light from heaven shone round him and blinded him, and the Lord said unto him:

I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

You remember how the blind Paul, or Saul, as he was then called, was led into Damascus to the house of a man named Ananias, not the husband of Sapphira, however, or any associate of the champion liar of history. You recall, how, when he came there, he again received his sight and, being converted, was baptized. It was the house of this Ananias, according to Shammas and the guide books, that I visited the other day. I found the Ananias of the present by no means averse to a small gift of silver. He took all my spare change and then asked for more. I later discovered that the authenticity of the house is questioned and there is another Ananias house, which is now used as a chapel. I looked for the house of Naaman the Syrian, and was shown an old building occupied by lepers.

It was in the Street called Straight that Ananias met Paul. This is one of the principal highways of the Damascus of to-day. It leads from the chief gate on the south to the bazaars and is about the only straight street in the city. It goes right through Damascus and is so wide that two or three carriages can pass on it. It is the centre of traffic, and while there I saw caravans of camels, donkeys, and horses bringing in and taking out all kinds of goods. One line of camels was loaded with poplar trees as long as telegraph poles. The ends of the poles dragged in the road as they walked. Behind them came donkeys with panniers of green cucumbers and horses loaded with baskets of Jaffa oranges, each as big as the head of a baby. A mule followed the horses. It was loaded with butter from the interior packed in black leather bottles of the shape and size of a tin dinner bucket.

St. Paul had a lively time in Damascus. He preached

in the synagogue and confounded the Jews. After a while the Jews took counsel to kill him, and they watched the gates day and night for that purpose. It was then that his friends took him by night and let him down over the wall in a basket.

This very place is now shown, and I have made a photograph of the spot. The wall is a great structure of stone with a mud parapet on top. There is a house on the top of the wall at the place indicated. This has windows with great bars across them, and it is very easy to imagine how St. Paul might have been let down from such a place when he made his escape.

CHAPTER XXVI

SHOPPING IN THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT

LET us go this morning for a walk through the bazaars of this the oldest of all the world's cities. They are more oriental than those of Tunis or Cairo and more quaint than those of Constantinople.

Take the Street called Straight, up which St. Paul came to meet Ananias. It is a vaulted tunnel where the only light comes through little windows in the roof, which rises to a height of about one hundred feet. Suppose you could cover lower Broadway at the top of its third-story windows, and in place of the doors and windows of plate-glass have the walls made up of cave-like stores opening out on the roadway. Let each store have a floor about as high above the street level as the seat of a chair, and let it be filled with the most gorgeous goods of the Orient. Let each have its turbaned or fez-capped merchant sitting on the floor at the front, with workmen similarly dressed labouring away in the rear. The bazaars of Damascus are made up of many such vaulted streets so roofed that only dim light comes in through the little windows high up overhead. The shops are mere holes in the walls, but they are packed full of goods. The walls between them are little more than partitions of boards, and there is hardly a business establishment where the traditional bull of the china shop could turn round without

losing his hide. The customers bargain standing out in the roadway, or sitting on the floors of the stores and hanging their heels in the street.

Each trade has its own section and we walk for blocks filled with booths containing only one kind of goods. Here is the saddle bazaar. The air is heavy with the rich smell of leather. Harness hangs from the walls, and inside are saddles for camels, donkeys, and horses. There are gay trappings for Arabian steeds, and leather buckets in which one can carry water with him over the desert. There are also necklaces of blue beads to put on your horses to ward off the evil eye, as well as other charms for the journey.

The harness shops are twelve feet deep and each is a little factory where two or three saddlers are at work. In some places they are making harness of wool and in others trappings of leather beautifully decorated.

A little farther on we come to a bazaar selling panniers for camels and donkeys, while not far away is a street where they handle nothing but shoes. The cobblers are turning out footgear of wood, wool, and leather. They are cutting out sandals somewhat like the rain shoes of Japan. The finer ones, which are beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl, are for the better class women. Such shoes are used at home and when madame goes to the bathhouse. They are worn without stockings. In another place the merchants are selling shoes of red leather such as are used by the country people and the poorer Damascenes. They are of goatskin, camelskin, or cowhide, and have no heels. The leather is not very well tanned, the shoes being kept on the lasts until sold.

The average shoe shop is about fifteen feet wide, ten

feet deep, and twelve feet in height. The stock is hung to wooden nails driven into the walls both in and outside the shop. The men customers stand in the street and try on the shoes without the assistance of the merchant. The women examine the shoes through the eye slits of their veils and guess at the sizes.

A very odd boot is that worn by the Bedouins. It is of goatskin dyed yellow or red and has heels of camelhide with an iron strip running round each of them. This boot reaches half way to the knee. None of the shoes is made by machinery, and most of them are sewed rather than pegged.

How would you like to have your hat blocked, ironed, and brushed for a cent? That is what you can do in Damascus. The hat bazaar has scores of shops for the purpose. The most common cap is the red fez, a round felt bowl which fits tight around the head without rim or brim. It is about five inches high, and must be pressed every few days to keep it in shape. The hatter has a zinc-covered table in which are several small holes filled with fires of burning charcoal. He has brass frames or blocks over which the caps fit, and shells of metal which may be clamped upon them to hold the fez in form. After this the frame is laid over one of the fires, and in a moment the heat gives the cap the latest and most fashionable shape.

Other bazaars are devoted to the selling of silks and still others to the finest of cloths. The wealthier Mohammedans have their long robes made of the best possible stuffs, for they delight in rich garments. The women shop in these bazaars. They peep out through their veils as they examine the goods and will bargain an

hour in buying a needle. I am told that they sometimes raise their veils to entice the merchants to lower their prices, but if so, I have not seen them, and I have been told by my guide that if I wish to keep my head on my shoulders I had best turn my eyes in another direction.

There is one Damascus bazaar where I walk carefully, and as far as possible keep in midstreet. It is called the Louse Market, and you may know why when I tell you that it is devoted to second-hand clothes. The bazaar is just back of the citadel and not far from the Straight Street. From morning until evening it is filled with customers and dealers; auctioneers walk back and forth through it, each carrying a garment which he holds up, asking for bids. He praises his goods to the skies and tells the crowd that he is willing to sell them for a song.

Yesterday I spent a short time in the booksellers' bazaar, but my guide Shammas dragged me away, fearing that we might be insulted and mobbed. The dealers are such strict Mohammedans that they do not wish even to sell to the Christians. The shops are near the gate of the Great Mosque and among their wares are many copies of the Koran. Picking one up, I asked the merchant the price.

He scowled and angrily exclaimed: "Put it down! Put it down! We do not sell our holy books to the Christians."

Thereupon, as I saw he was growing angry, I dropped it, saying: "We Christians are glad to give or sell our Bibles to any one, and as for your Korans, I can buy them by the ton in New York or London."

The Moslems here are noted for their hatred of Christians, and one of the bloodiest massacres of modern times occurred in Damascus about sixty years ago. The

people are little changed to-day, and they are about as ignorant as they were then. The chief books sold are religious. There are also some story books and copies of the "Arabian Nights," either in parts or as a whole.

During our trip through the bazaars we find the tastes of the Mohammedan stomach everywhere in evidence. These people like good food, and it seems to me they eat from morning till night. Pedlars carrying candy, lemonade, and cakes march through the streets crying their wares while bread men sit on the sidewalks with their stocks. The most common bread is a flat, round cake as thick as the buckwheats we have for breakfast, and a foot or more in diameter. These cakes are white or brown. They are so pliable that they can be doubled up without breaking. They are often used to pick the meats out of a stew. The Orientals do not use forks, claiming that their own hands are much cleaner. They have a saying that "everyone knows whether he has washed his own hands, but no one knows who washed the forks." Another kind of bread is like a gigantic shoe sole without the heel, and another is a round biscuit about an inch thick.

But here comes a man selling candy. Take a bite of it and your mouth will flow water like the rivers which feed this city and make fertile its plains. Damascus is noted for its sweetmeats, and its candies are shipped far and wide over the world. The sweets are sold in the bazaars, some of the merchants having large shops. There is one dear old turbaned sheik who has a cell in the candy bazaar where you can buy nuts and fruits fit for the queen of the fairies. His sugared almonds are

the joy of the tourist, and his Turkish delight, a soft, sweet, transparent paste, with pistachios and other small nuts scattered through it, is a dish for the gods.

Stop a moment and listen to the cries of the pedlars. Shammas will interpret them for us. Here is a man selling bread hot from the oven. He yells: "*Ya reẓẓak*", or, "God, send me a customer," and follows by showing a cake and saying, "All this for two cents." Another coming behind cries out in Arabic: "Buy my bread and the good God will nourish you," and a third says: "My cakes are food for the swallows and the delight of tender and delicate girls."

Here comes a lemonade man. He has a big glass jar slung to his back with a neck so shaped that he can tilt its contents into a cup. He has two brazen bowls which he holds in his hands and rattles as he shouts: "Drink and refresh thy heart." Another pedlar has ice-cream the coolness of which he cries up in the words: "*Balak sunnak*," or "Take care of your teeth," meaning it is so cold it will make your teeth ache. Fruit is sold the same way, as well as cooked meats of various kinds. There is one salad which the men call out is so tender that if an old woman eats it she will find herself young in the morning.

A good deal of food is bought by the charitable and given to beggars. Some even buy bread for the dogs, hoping thereby to acquire merit and thus pave their road to the Mohammedan heaven.

Making our way through the crowds we reach a region of cook shops, restaurants, and cafés not far from the butcher shops. The latter sell most kinds of meat, including camel, beef, mutton, and lamb. The mutton is

fine. The sheep are of the fat-tail variety, and when skinned and dressed for the market their tails are left on. These hang down over their backs in great lumps of fat, looking like a loaf of fresh dough ready for baking. Sometimes they have the form of a heart four or five inches thick and eight inches wide. Such a tail will weigh fifteen pounds. Upon a live sheep it hangs down at the rear like a woolly apron, and when raised looks like a miniature sail, showing an expanse of bare white skin beneath.

Another interesting part of business Damascus is composed of long streets of cave-like vaults floored with cement and divided up into compartments piled high with grain, beans, or flour. This is the grain bazaar. One of the compartments may hold a hundred bushels of wheat and another a like quantity of oats, barley, or lentils. There are bins filled with Indian corn and bins of caraway seeds. The grain lies on the floor and is scooped up and measured to order. Camels come in bringing great bags of wheat and go out carrying other grains to various parts of the city. The country about Damascus which can be irrigated is exceedingly rich and produces large crops. A great deal of grain is brought from the plains beyond the Jordan and on the east of the Sea of Galilee, known as the *hauran*, and this grain is shipped from Damascus to other parts of Syria and across the Mediterranean to Europe.

Indeed, the trade of Damascus is extensive. The city makes goods of various kinds which are shipped all over the world. It is noted for its beautiful brass and silver ware, its inlaid woodwork, and its oriental rugs. It has large caravan trade with Persia and other parts of Turkey, and long lines of camels are always bringing in and carrying out goods. There are some great buildings called

khans devoted to wholesaling and warehousing. I visited one of these. It was shaped much like a mosque, being lighted by nine great domes the tops of which were at least one hundred feet above the dirt floor. The domes were upheld by stone pillars. The floor, which covered almost an acre, was packed with merchandise.

In one part of it were bags of wheat piled high toward the roof; in another hundreds of boxes of dates. In other parts were barrels and crates of fruit and bales of oriental rugs laid one upon the other. Some of the bales were enormous, one equalling a load for a two-horse wagon. I was told that they came from Bagdad. There were a number of these *khans* in Damascus at the time of Christ, and there are several now in use. The space in them is rented out to merchants, the owners doing a general warehousing business.

But come, let us go to the silver bazaar.

This, like the warehouse establishment, is under one roof. It is composed of scores of silversmith shops or booths scattered over a large room of more than an acre. Each merchant has his own little quarter. He sits behind a desk or counter, and has a rude, old-fashioned safe at the rear. At the right and left, or still farther back, are his mechanics, who are working in silver and gold, making all sorts of jewellery. Each has a little anvil before him and a miniature furnace with a blow pipe, by which he melts and shapes the metal to the desired form. The pounding can be heard everywhere. We ask some of the merchants to show us their wares. They bring out heavy chains of silver, and gold rings set with diamonds and pearls and some magnificent pigeon-blood rubies. There are millions of dollars' worth of jewellery under this roof.

The customers are both men and women, the former in gowns and turbans and the latter in great black sheets with veils over their faces. We stop and watch the buying and selling. There is a woman looking at a bracelet of gold. The jeweller weighs it on rude little scales and then adds the cost of the labour. The woman is not satisfied with the price. She calls him a thief, and demands that he do not rob her children of bread. It may be an hour before the bargain is made.

I am frequently asked what one can buy in these oriental cities which is worth while taking home. Damascus is a good shopping place for the tourist. Since it is somewhat off the main line of travel, one can pick up oriental things comparatively cheap. I have bought several rugs which have come here by caravan from Bokhara, two of which are at least one hundred years old. I will not give the prices except to say that they are much below those at which they could be bought in New York, and the merchant has agreed to pay the duties upon them and to deliver them to my house in Washington.

Among the many other things sold are silk head shawls such as are used by the Bedouins, and table covers of red or black woollen cloth embroidered with silk.

A great many Americans take home brassware from Damascus, and not a few purchase swords inlaid with silver and with the Damascus blades for which the city has been noted for ages. Some of these swords are imitations imported from Germany, while other "oriental" wares come from Manchester, being made especially for this trade. Indeed, one must keep his eye open if he would buy genuine curios in any part of the world.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE VEILED WOMEN OF DAMASCUS

HO! YE bold, bright-eyed, fair-skinned girls of America! Forget the infinity of changing styles with which you are free to please us every year and take a look at your sisters of Damascus in far-away Syria.

How would you like to exchange your life for theirs? How would you like to spend your days without showing your face to the light of the sun? How would you like to go about in a great bag of black silk tied in at the waist so that it covers your form from the head to the feet except for a short, thick veil of black through the meshes of which you can just feel your way along the street?

How would you like to be penned up in the back of your house, or to have your front windows so latticed that you could see out only through holes as big around as a lead pencil? Aye, more, how would you like never to talk to any man but one of your own family, and worse, never even to be seen by any other man or boy?

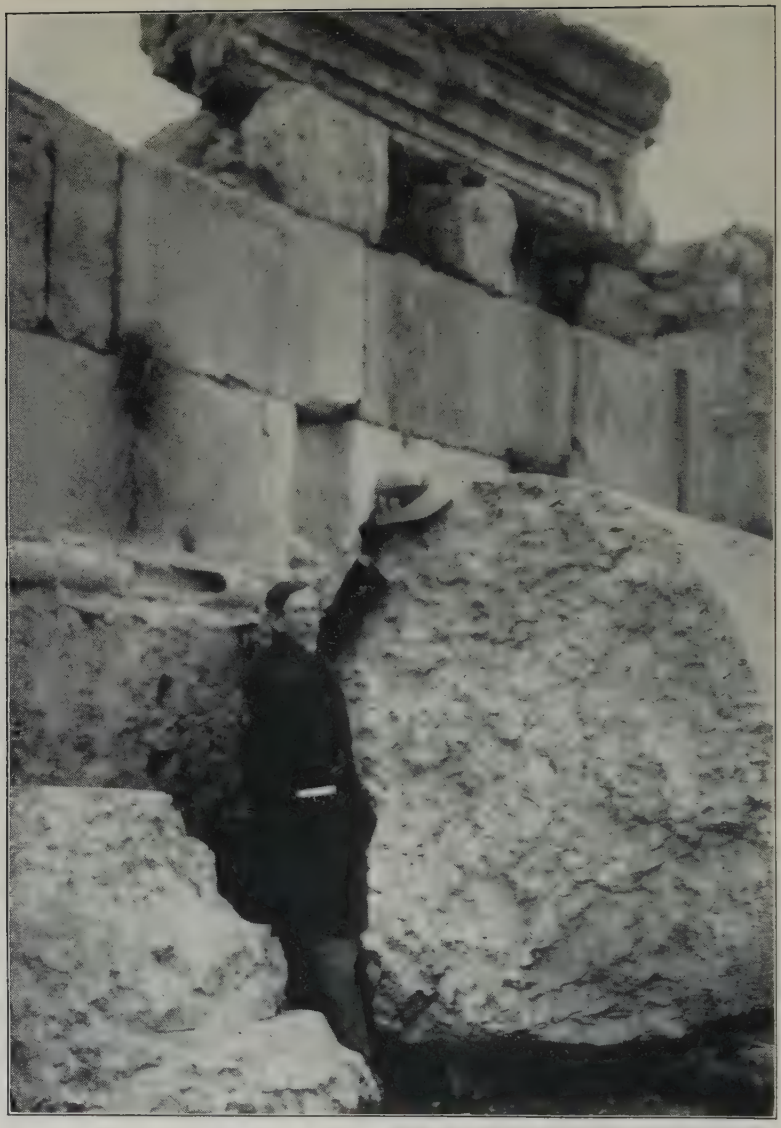
This is the condition of the girls of this fanatical city of Damascus. It is the fate of millions of other women of the Mohammedan world.

Within the past thirty years I have visited every Moslem country on earth, and have worn out my eyes trying to

see through the veils which hide the fair sex. In Morocco their faces are covered with cotton, and they peep out through the crack made by pulling the cloth slightly apart in front of the face. In Kairouan the girls cover their faces with black crêpe so thick that you cannot tell whether they are negroes or whites; and in Tunis they are so shrouded in balloon-like robes as hardly to be able to walk. In Zanzibar the girls wear bags which cover them to the feet, and their only view of the world is through peepholes as big as a fifty-cent piece hedged across with lace netting so that no man shall see in. In Egypt the headdress comes down to the eyebrows, and a veil extends from there to the knees, with the exception of a crack for the eyes, the crack being kept open by a gold or brass spool resting on the bridge of the nose. In Constantinople the fashionable Turks are doing away with the veil or using thin white gauze through which the face can be plainly seen. It is thus that the ladies of the harem of the Sultan are dressed, and thus the wives of all the rich men.

Here in Damascus the women stick to veils of flowered muslin or black crêpe and wrap themselves in great billowy cloaks of black silk or calico. These bulge out above and below where they are tied at the waist, making each maiden look like two huge lumps of sausages. Every time I go through the city I see hundreds of them waddling along. They throng the bazaars, where they bob back and forth as they talk with the merchants. They may be seen picking their way through the side streets or sitting on the floors of the mosques reading the Koran and watching the men go through their prayers. Many of the shrouded figures are those of small girls. They

The street-dress of the woman of Damascus is a bag of black silk tied in at the waist and a black veil so thick that she can hardly see her way about. Feminism and style-changes make little headway in Moslem lands



I am five feet eight inches tall but could not reach to the upper edge of this fragment of one of the giant columns at Baalbek. Once a centre of worship of Baal, there were built later temples to Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, and Bacchus

take the veil at eleven or twelve and keep it on after marriage and indeed until death.

And then the houses! All of the Mohammedans have homes so latticed that the women cannot be seen from the streets. In some cases the windows are built over the sidewalks, hanging out like cages of wooden network. This is true even in the new apartment houses which are now going up, as well as in the huts of the poor, although the latter seldom have windows except at the back. The ordinary lattice is made of canelike rushes or sticks, and preparing them is a special trade followed by many. The rushes are brought in to Damascus on the backs of donkeys, which as they go fill the streets with their loads.

It behooves the Mohammedan woman to be strict in her conduct. The husband here has most of the rights, and can divorce his wife, or wives, whenever he will. He sometimes does so without thinking, and that to his sorrow. I heard of such a case yesterday. According to the laws of Damascus, if a man wishes to get rid of his wife he has only to say, "I divorce you! I divorce you! I divorce you!" and the woman must leave. Once she has gone she cannot come back as a wife until after she has been married to someone else. To get around this, an angry husband, relenting and longing for the dear departed, arranges to marry her to a friend, a dervish, or some half-crazy man, who for a sum will go through the ceremony of a wedding and immediately divorce the woman, who can then be married again to her former husband. In the case referred to the man had a petty quarrel with his wife, and angrily muttered the words of divorce. As soon as she had gone he repented, and there-

upon brought about her marriage with an alleged friend, with the understanding that a divorce was to follow right after the ceremony. The friend, however, refused to utter the words of divorce, saying, "I like the woman and will keep her myself," and so it is at this writing.

Such divorces are always on the part of the husband. As for the women, they have more difficulty in getting rid of the marriage tie, although they can do so provided the husband does not perform his duty to them or give them an equal amount of attention with the other wives of the family. According to Mohammed every man had the right to four wives, but the Koran provides that he must spend an equal time with each of them, and in some places he is required to give each a separate establishment.

During my travels in the Holy Land I have picked up some interesting stories of marriage and divorce. Every sect has its own customs. The Jews can divorce easily, and after that they can marry again. The orthodox Greeks can marry only three times, and some of the Christians are not allowed a divorce without cause.

In all of the Jewish weddings the girl brings a dowry, the amount of the dot being mentioned in the contract of marriage. This contract is always signed in the presence of the rabbi, and the wedding ceremony takes place under a tent in the court of the synagogue. Before marriage the orthodox bride is shaved from her head to her feet, after which her head is always kept covered. At the ceremony and after it they have music, with drums, cymbals, and harps; and many of the old-fashioned customs of Bible times are observed. The Jews marry young, and a girl is an old maid at twenty.

The Mohammedans of the villages usually take wives

in their early teens, marriages at twelve years being not uncommon. This is the case only with the girls. The men are usually older, and it is customary for mature men to marry young girls and to add to their harems as the first wives grow older. In such cases the groom pays money to the father of the bride. This is the reverse of the Jewish marriages, where the money goes to the groom. The price for a Moslem wife ranges from one hundred dollars upward, according to the financial condition of the contracting parties. The contracts are made by the older people of the family. If there is a father he decides upon the marriage. If the father is dead the eldest brother may act, or in some cases the mother.

The customs as to the right of the family to dictate the marriage are rigid. The other day a peasant living near Jerusalem had a sister who ran away with her lover and married him. This was after the family had objected to the match. The peasant took a revolver and went after the bridal couple. He caught up with his brother-in-law in Jerusalem and shot him dead on the street. When arrested he justified the crime and he is now imprisoned awaiting trial. I am told he will get off with a slight punishment, as he has acted within his rights according to the Koran.

Among the city Mohammedans the bridegroom makes a present of a dowry sufficient to enable his bride to purchase her trousseau and household furniture. He may give her six or eight hundred dollars, the greater part of which will be paid to her nearest male relative before the wedding takes place. On the other hand, he and that relative may buy the outfit together, making items of the various things and their cost. Often the whole

dowry is not paid at once, 25 or 30 per cent. being left until after the wedding. This is not demanded except in case of divorce, and it is considered a premium that will insure good treatment from the husband.

The bride seldom even sees the groom before the wedding, and the couple never meet until that time. The investigations of both families are carried on by the fathers and mothers independent of the real parties to the marriage.

When a boy is old enough to have a wife, let us say at seventeen, his parents begin to look about for a suitable girl. The mother goes to the harems of her acquaintances, and asks about the daughters. She also visits the girls' schools, and when she has found a maiden who she thinks may suit she invites the mother of the girl to meet her at the bath. This is one of the chief places of gossip and pleasure and it is not uncommon for ladies to meet there. To the bath comes the prospective bride with her mother for her first interview with her would-be mother-in-law. The two talk and gossip together. After the bath is over they have something to eat.

There is more talking, and the girl is sized up mentally and physically. Upon her return home the mother of the groom tells her husband the result of her investigations, and if he is pleased, negotiations are begun with the parents of the bride. If agreeable, the dowry is fixed and the betrothal is made. Neither the marriage nor the betrothal can be consummated without the consent of the girl. The man, or a Mohammedan priest, appears at the door of the harem of the bride's mother. The girl, who is behind the door, is asked if she will consent

Man is dwarfed by the enormous portal of the Temple of Bacchus considered the finest architectural feature of the structure. This is one of the most beautiful and best preserved ruins in Syria

Standing out against the sky are these mighty columns, all that remain of the fifty-four that once surrounded the Great Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. They are visible to the traveller long before he reaches the ruins

to the match. She has to answer "I will!" three separate times, after which the amount of the dowry may be paid over in the presence of witnesses.

In all oriental countries the wedding ceremonies are very important. The marriage is always an occasion of protracted festivities, and not to be invited is to suffer a grave insult. One of the proverbs here is, "He who does not invite me to his marriage will not have me at his funeral." Among the Mohammedans the wedding ceremonies often last a week, during which there is feasting on the part of both families. The dinners are given before the wedding, and at the time of the ceremony sums of money are thrown to the beggars. The wedding feasts usually begin Monday. Tuesday the bride is taken to the bath where there is a feast, the bridegroom paying the expenses of the bathing and eating.

Wednesday the bridegroom's women friends go to the house of the bride where they have a concert and dinner. The fingernails and toenails of the bride are stained red with henna and they begin to deck her out for the wedding. Thursday a great procession escorts the bride to the groom's house where the two eat candy, exchanging mouthfuls or bites, the idea being that nothing but sweetness is hereafter to pass from the lips of one to the other. The bridegroom has not seen the bride until this time. He says a prayer in her presence, kneeling on her bridal veil as he does so.

Among the Mohammedans of Palestine, says my guide Shammas, the wedding usually takes place at the mosque, and the bridegroom meets his bride when she is on the way thither. Dressed and veiled in white, she is carried under a canopy on the shoulders of four men. At the

mosque the wedding sermon is preached, and at the end of this the bride goes to the house of her husband. As she steps over the threshold she bends down and passes under two crossed swords upheld by his friends. This means that if she is not true to her husband he will kill her. She is taken first to the women's apartment or harem over the door of which has been placed a piece of leavened dough, thus signifying that the home into which she has come will flourish. In some cases the bride breaks a piece of leavened bread and gives it to the young people to eat.

After she has entered her own apartment in the groom's house there is a feast, the guests sitting on the floor and eating course after course of meats and vegetables interspersed with candies and sirups. In some cases the groom has to make the bride speak before the dinner will be served, and it is a virtue with her to keep silent just as long as she can.

It is the general idea among Christians that Mohammedan wives have no rights which their husbands are bound to respect. I am told this is not so, and that the women here not infrequently rule their husbands. The cost of living has increased so much within recent years that it is only a rich Mohammedan who can afford several wives. Public sentiment as to the rights of women has risen, and the man who abuses his wives is not considered respectable. No man dares address a strange woman on the streets of any Turkish city, and in the best-regulated houses the husband does not enter the women's apartments when he knows he is not wanted, although he has the legal right to go there at any time.

The Mohammedan wife has the entire right and con-

trol of her own property, and if she brings money into the family she does not hesitate to say so. She has about as much power in the courts as our women have. She can sue and be sued and can even enter a suit against her husband in regard to her own property. She can make a will and leave her property as she pleases, and she can force him to pay the dowry agreed upon. When she marries he has to buy the wedding gown, and if he divorces her she gets back her trousseau.

It is said that women are still bought and sold in the Turkish possessions. Not long ago there was a regular trade in the black girls who were brought across the Sahara from Central Africa and shipped through Tripoli into Syria and other parts of Turkey. Before the English took hold of Egypt this traffic was carried on through the Nile Valley and was winked at by the officials.

According to the law of the Koran marriages with slaves are legal. The wives of the Sultans have usually been slaves brought in from Georgia and Circassia, plump girls with fair complexions and red hair bringing the highest prices, perhaps as much as the cost of half a dozen fine white horses. I hear that Circassian girls often welcomed being sold, as they thus escaped the hardships of their own country. Such as could play on the zither and other musical instruments always brought more than the ignorant. In the past, five thousand dollars was not a high price for a Circassian girl, while any good-looking Georgian maiden of twelve would bring two hundred dollars and upward. The children of such slave wives are legitimate.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BAALBEK THE WONDERFUL

I AM in the Valley of Lebanon, the high, narrow plain which lies between the two ranges of the Lebanon Mountains. The word Lebanon means "white," perhaps because of the walls of chalk or limestone which are a feature of the whole range. Just now the highest peaks are white with snow. These ranges extend north and south parallel with the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Beginning a little below the border of Asia Minor, they lose themselves in the Holy Land. In reading of them I have always thought they were only hills. They are higher than any mountains of our country east of the Mississippi, and the average height of the range nearest the coast is a thousand feet greater than that of Mount Washington. Mount Hermon is more than nine thousand feet high and Jebel Makmel measures ten thousand two hundred feet. The elevation of the Valley of Lebanon itself is twice that of the topmost peaks of the Blue Ridge of Virginia, and it slopes from here to the north as far as Aleppo and to the south beyond Dan, where rises the Jordan.

In this little valley, which is less than one hundred miles long and from five to eight miles wide, walled by these mighty mountains, lie the ruins of Baalbek, once the most wonderful temples known to the ages. I have spent hours in wandering through them, and their im-

mensity and beauty steadily grow upon me. I despair of being able to describe them and can only hope to give you bits of the details.

I have seen most of the world's mighty ruins. In the past year I have wandered through the tombs of the Mings outside Mukden, Manchuria; I have stood upon the Temple of Heaven in Peking, and have climbed the great Chinese wall. I have gone through the Temples of Karnak at the hundred-gated city of Thebes far up the Nile; I have taken photographs of the Colossi of Memnon, and have measured the stones of the Pyramids with a two-foot rule. Not long ago I visited the Temple of Boro Boedor in the heart of Java to describe its three miles of unique carvings, and last year I spent some time in the forts of the Moguls at Delhi and wrote of the Taj Mahal and its marvellous beauties. I have also seen Timgad, the excavated city on the edge of the Sahara, and have lately gone through the Colosseum at Rome and inspected the equally imposing amphitheatre at El Djem in the heart of the Tunisian desert. All these are wonderful, but Baalbek is their superior.

These ruins have never been so impressive as they are now. For centuries most of them have been as much buried as is Herculaneum, and it was only when the Emperor of Germany made his tour through this part of the world that they began to be brought to the light of day.

I have marched in the Kaiser's footsteps through Palestine and have seen there the churches and other monuments which he had erected. Before he came to Syria he stopped at Constantinople with the Sultan Abdul Hamid, who gave him a permit to do about as he

pleased. As the Kaiser travelled he flattered the Mohammedans, the Christians, and the Jews. He was alive to every possibility, and he stamped "Made in Germany" upon every city he visited. In Damascus he laid a golden wreath on the tomb of Saladin, the famous soldier who fought the Crusaders; and about Jerusalem he built hospitals, schools, and a great sanatorium. Here at Baalbek the Sultan gave him permission to do anything he liked. In the Temple of the Sun is a tablet bearing an inscription in German and Arabic testifying his regard for the Sultan and his pleasure at visiting the ruins. Shortly after leaving he sent German scientists, who organized an army of natives and put them to work excavating the temples. The Germans laid down a railroad track for the dirt cars to carry away mountains of earth and débris. As a result of their work and modern machinery for lifting huge stones into place we have at last a view of these most wonderful temples more as they were in their glory.

But first let me tell you something about the origin of these structures and the gods to whom they were dedicated. The Arabs claim that this, rather than Damascus, is the oldest city in the world. They say that Adam lived here, and that it was between here and the Mediterranean that Cain killed Abel. One of Adam's favourite residences was Damascus, and Seth lived at Nebi Schitt in the Lebanon Mountains. They will show you where Noah was buried and the town in which Ham lived. They also think that Nimrod reigned in this valley, and they have a tradition that when an angel called upon him he threw the holy one into a blazing furnace from which he came out unharmed. They locate the Tower of

Babel at Baalbek and believe that Nimrod built it. According to another legend, Abraham reigned at Damascus and came here frequently. It is also well known that Solomon had a city named Baalath, in which other gods than Jehovah were worshipped. Indeed, it is said that Solomon, in order to please his concubines, built a temple here and that he had a castle which he gave as a present to Balkis, the Queen of Sheba.

Baalbek was well known in the days of the Phœnicians and was a great city in the time of Christ. It was about a hundred years after that that the finest of the temples, the ruins of which we see to-day, were constructed. Then the Roman civilization was in the height of its glory, and the emperors were building cities in north Africa, in Asia Minor, and in other parts of the world. The Romans put up the temples here in honour of Jupiter (Baal), which had in them smaller temples to Venus and Bacchus. They worshipped Baal, the god of the sun, as one of the greatest of their deities, although they had other gods without number.

As to the worship of Baal, there have been gods of that name almost since the beginnings of history. It is a question, indeed, whether the word Baal did not mean "lord," being a general term for male gods of various kinds. Later on the Greeks considered Baal the god of the sun, classing him with the god represented by Helios, in whose honour the city of Heliopolis in Egypt was built. The worship of Baal runs through the Bible. Samuel rebuked the Israelites for bowing down to him, and Jezebel had four hundred priests of Baal who were confounded by Elijah. Indeed, it is a question whether Beelzebub, or the devil, was not Baalzebub.

Here at Baalbek the finest statue was that of this god. It was of gold and represented a beardless young man clad in armour standing between two golden bulls. He held a whip in his right hand and a thunderbolt and some ears of corn in his left. There were also statues of Mercury and Venus, a Hall of Bacchus, and statues and statuettes of exquisite workmanship. These images were destroyed by the early Christians, who threw down parts of the temples and broke up the carvings in their detestation of all pagan art.

It is impossible to give pictures of the ruins and of the mighty temples as they were in their wonderful beauty. The ruins cover more than ten acres, and the Great Temple alone was about three hundred feet long by one hundred and sixty feet wide. It had a roof upheld by Corinthian columns only, six of which are now standing. These columns are eighty feet high and twenty-two feet in circumference. In entering the temples I went up a gigantic staircase, a great part of which has been destroyed, and came into what is known as the forecourt, which is about two hundred feet wide, and the floor of which was paved with mosaic.

We next went through another court, known as the Court of the Altar, which must cover five or six acres. It is a mass of marble and granite, gigantic columns and delicate carvings being thrown helter-skelter together. Beyond this and up a series of steps are the ruins of the Great Temple itself. At the left is the exquisite Temple of Bacchus, and everywhere are great shafts of marble so wonderfully carved that they would be treasures in any museum.

All this, however, gives no idea of the construction.

The nomadic Bedouins live in brown tents so low that the people have to stoop to get into them. They camp wherever they find good grazing for their stock

The desolation of the once heavily wooded mountains of Lebanon is emphasized by the lonely grove of cedars. This grove, far up among the snows, is protected by a wall and contains four hundred very old trees

People wonder how the mighty stones of the Pyramids were put into place, and books have been written to show how the obelisks were taken from the quarries to the sites where they were erected as monuments. The building of the temples of Baalbek was a far greater mechanical triumph. The materials, including columns weighing hundreds of tons, had to be brought up the steep Lebanon Mountains and carried over passes higher than the tops of the Alleghanies. There is granite here which came from far up the Nile; there are marbles from Greece, and great limestone blocks from the quarries near by. The temple has walls sixty feet high, and the mighty columns—seven feet in diameter, and, including the pedestals and capitals, as tall as an eight-story building—rest upon a platform which is more than fifty feet high. These mighty pillars are put up in three sections each twenty feet or more in height and seven feet in diameter. They are so put together that each column looks like one solid block.

In the walls of the temple foundation are what are, I venture, the biggest building blocks ever quarried. One of the walls has three great limestone blocks each of which measures sixty-four feet long, thirteen feet wide, and twelve feet thick. If such stones were placed end to end it would take only about eighty of them to make one mile. These stones were brought from a quarry about a mile away. Some of them have been placed upon the walls at a distance of thirty or more feet from the ground, and are so accurately laid that a knife blade cannot be driven between them.

I got an idea of the size of these blocks by visiting the quarries. Just outside that from which the stones came

is one which was cut out of the rock, but for some reason or other was not carried to the structure. It was dragged only a few feet away from the virgin rock, and to-day lies there on its side, half buried in the earth. Upon its top I walked over it. It is so wide that you could drive two motor cars abreast upon it without risk of falling over the edges, and an English traveller here says that a cricket match might be played upon its face, putting the stakes at the right distance apart and giving the bowler at least two feet at the end for his run. This block is as smooth as a marble column and accurately square. Each side of it measures fourteen feet and it is about seventy feet long. If it were stood on end inside a modern ten-story apartment house it would fill ten rooms one above the other, each room fourteen feet square and seven feet high. It has been estimated to weigh fifteen hundred tons and if cut up would make a good load for thirty flat cars.

Think of moving stones like that out of the mountains and up and down hill for a mile without the aid of steam, electricity, or any kind of machinery! That is the kind of work the Romans did eighteen hundred years ago. All through the temples you may see examples of such huge masses moved about and lifted into place.

There are carvings more beautiful than anything seen on our buildings to-day. On some of the blocks still in the structure I saw bunches of grapes no bigger than my thumb as beautifully cut as though made by nature. There were also Cupids and cherubs exquisitely carved. It was said of the artists who built the great temples of Delhi and Agra in India that they worked like Titans and finished like jewellers. The same was true of

the Romans of the reigns of Antonius, Caracalla, and Nero.

I have taken photographs of some of the broken columns with myself standing beside them to give an idea of their size. I am five feet eight inches tall and the large columns are fully two feet more in diameter. Some of the wonderful carvings are those which form the frieze above the great pillars two or three hundred feet high up in the air. Among them are the heads of gigantic lions, each head as big as a flour barrel but polished like a fine marble mantel. Through the mouths of these lions emptied the drains of the roof.

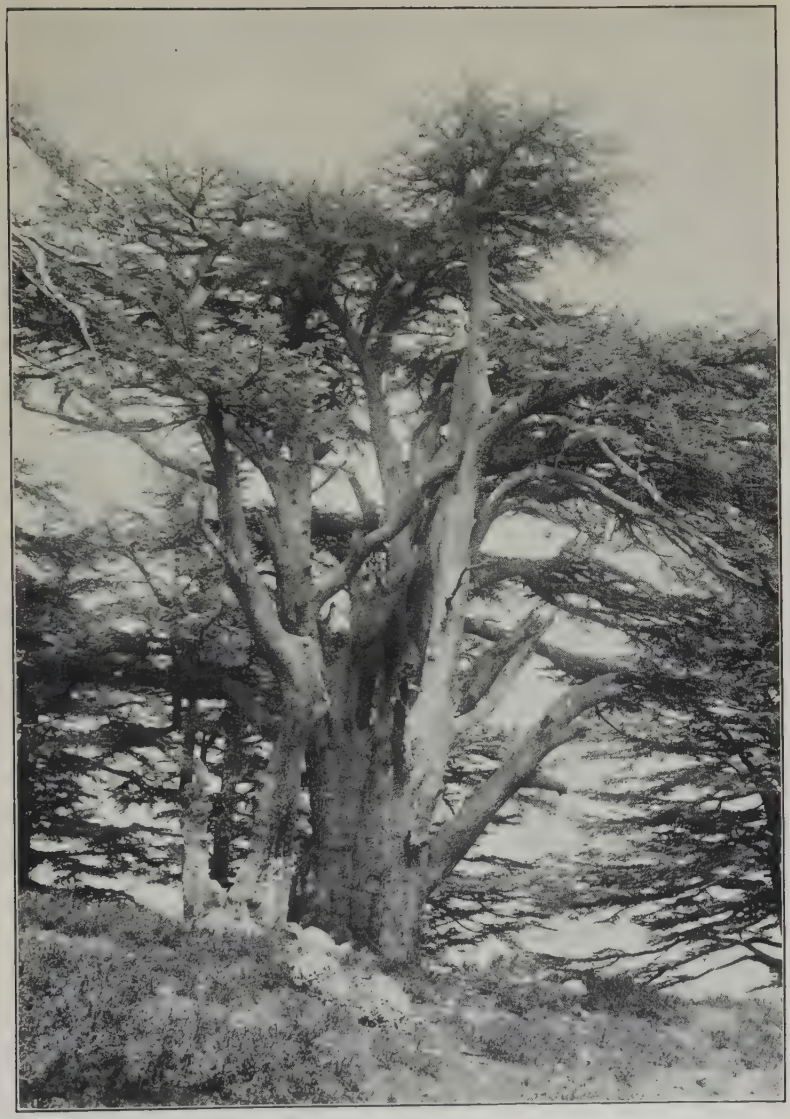
The beauties of the temples will be preserved from now on. They are under official guard, and tickets which cost a dollar apiece are required of all who go in. I was shown through by Dr. Michel Alouf, an archæologist, who explained just how the temples looked in the past. He showed me where the early Christians had erected a church inside one temple, defacing the carvings and breaking the noses of the beautiful statues. They took pleasure in destroying the work wrought by heathen artists in honour of pagan gods. Next came the Arabs, who used the place as a fort, throwing great round chunks of marble as big as footballs from its sheltering walls. There are piles of these marble balls inside the temple to-day. They were probably cut from the columns. The Arabs made a mosque in the temple. They wiped out every trace of the Christian religion and used a part of the church for a bath. After them came an earthquake, so that the ruins were mostly covered up until the Germans began their excavations.

I am stopping here in the little town of Baalbek, which

stands right on the edge of the ruins. It has an excellent hotel, and its people are hospitable. Its population of five or six thousand is made up of Mohammedans and Christians. Besides a small garrison of soldiers, there are two Greek Catholic monasteries and several girls' schools. The children followed us as we walked about through the ruins, selling purses made of Syrian silk into which they had woven a design of the six great columns of the temple. They also asked for *baksheesh*, and the begging palm was everywhere thrust out.

I am surprised at the scanty forestation of these mountains of Lebanon. I had expected to find them covered with woods, whereas they are almost treeless. Their lower slopes are well cultivated and some of them are terraced almost to the top. Thousands of acres, made up of little patches, rise step-like one above another, covering the hills for miles and miles. These patches contain mulberry orchards and vineyards. There are also peaches and apples, and in the valleys are rich fields of wheat, barley, and clover. The chief formation is limestone, and though there are rocks everywhere, the soil seems wonderfully rich.

The cedars of Lebanon may have been great in the past, but they have now almost disappeared. The only ones left are situated about nine or ten hours from Baalbek. The trees grow in the thin soil, which covers the white limestone, the ground being coated with spines, cones, and leaves. Five are very ancient and of great girth, but the tallest is not more than eighty feet high. The largest of all is about fifteen feet thick, so you see they are mere sprouts in comparison with the Big Trees of California and quite small as compared with the giants



Of the great cedars of Lebanon which Solomon used in building his temple, only a few are left. The ancient Israelites regarded these trees as the ornaments of the mountains and the types of manly strength and beauty

The plain of Beirut is covered with luxuriant gardens, and tree-lined avenues lead out of the city. Beirut, one of the oldest cities on the Phœnician Coast, is the metropolis of Syria and Lebanon and the seaport of Damascus

of Washington and Oregon. The cedars which were taken for the temple at Jerusalem probably came from the region where the old cedars stand, although other parts of the Lebanon Mountains may then have been covered with woods. The logs must have been cut in the forests and carried over the mountains forty or fifty miles to the seacoast. The rafting was done under the direction of King Hiram of Tyre, and the logs were probably towed down to Jaffa, and thence carried up the mountains of Judea to Jerusalem, a distance of about forty miles. The cedars bear cones about as large as a goose egg. The leaves or spines of the cones are solid rather than detached, as those of our cedars at home. The wood is whitish in colour; it is soft, and for building is far inferior to cypress or pine.

CHAPTER XXIX

ACROSS THE LEBANON MOUNTAINS BY RAIL

IT SEEMS almost sacrilegious to travel by rail over the highways of the Bible. The iron tracks are laid in the pathways of the prophets, and the ghosts of the saints may be roused by the shriek of the locomotives. The modern traveller can cover in a few hours by rail distances that were several days' journey in the times of our Lord.

My first railroad trip in the Holy Land was from the port of Jaffa up the mountains of Judea to the city of Jerusalem. My second was on the Mecca road from the lower end of the Sea of Galilee through the great plains of the Hauran to Damascus over the mountains of Lebanon to Beirut on the Mediterranean Sea. During the latter trip I went from Rayak, in the Valley of Lebanon, between the two ranges of mountains, along the road which has been built northward through the Cœle-Syria to Aleppo.

All of these roads are comparatively new, and some are still building. The Mecca line now runs as far south as Medina, where Mohammed came after his flight from Mecca, and where his tomb is. That city has something like forty thousand people and is one of the most fanatical of the Moslem centres. It will be the chief stopping place on the way to Mecca.

Mecca lies about two hundred and fifty miles still far-

ther south and the track is being laid toward that point. When the first surveys were made there were two Christian civil engineers in the surveying party, but the people were so intolerant that these men were kept hidden the greater part of the time and did their work inside the tents. They were not allowed to spy out the land, to see, or be seen.

The Bedouins are now causing the contractors considerable trouble. The road will take a large part of the pilgrimage traffic, which, it has been estimated, is worth to Arabia some ten million dollars a year. Much of the money goes to the owners of the camels and the leaders of the caravans, who are Bedouins. During the building of the road many of these have been employed in the construction and in supplying the other labourers with food. As the present work has neared its completion, many of the Bedouins have lost their jobs. They are objecting to the railway and have torn up the tracks in many places. The result is a great unrest which threatens to cause serious disturbance.

The traffic on the Constantinople–Damascus and Mecca railways will be made up largely of men on their way to worship at Mecca and Medina. Now, with nothing but camels to carry them, it is estimated that about four hundred thousand go there every year, and it is believed that the railway will increase the traffic from fifty to one hundred per cent. Christians and other unbelievers will not be carried to the holy cities, although they may make tours to Petra and other parts of Arabia.

This Mecca railway will have special accommodations for Mohammedans. Certain of the carriages will be fitted up as mosques, so that the travellers can perform

their devotions during the journey. The praying carriages will be luxuriously furnished. The floors will be covered with Persian carpets, and around the sides will be painted verses from the Koran in letters of gold. A chart will indicate the direction of Mecca, so that the Faithful can always face the right way when praying, and there will also be a minaret on the top of the car six and a half feet high.

The Mecca road is a narrow-gauge with French rolling stock. The material has been imported from Europe, the ties being of iron to withstand the white ants, which eat anything wooden. One of the great difficulties of construction has been the lack of water. The road goes for long stretches through the desert, and many of the trains carry large tanks to keep the boilers full.

I travelled over a part of the Mecca road on my way from the Holy Land north to Damascus. Leaving Tiberias in the early morning, I was rowed by four lusty Syrians across the Sea of Galilee to Semakh, which is the station on the lower end of that sea and the place where a branch line runs off to Haifa. From there northward we skirted the east side of the Sea of Galilee, passing the hills upon which our Saviour preached. We rode up the valley of the Yarmuk, a stream almost as large as the Jordan, which loses itself in the Jordan farther south. We climbed the foothills of Lebanon, and at about three thousand feet above the surface of the Sea of Galilee reached the rich plain of Hauran, the great bread basket of the Bedouins. It grows wheat and other grain, and the land near the track was covered with poppies, golden daisies, and wild red hollyhocks.

We could see Bedouin camps everywhere. These no-

The students of the American University at Beirut number nearly a thousand, and, whether Christian, Jew, or Moslem, must study the Bible

The stones for the Tuberculosis Hospital at Juneh had to be carried up one at a time on the backs of camels

From Beirut and its vicinity come nearly all of the Syrian immigrants to the United States. Most of them are Christians and many of them have felt the influence of the American University, the centre of advanced thought in the Near East

mads live in brown tents so low that the people have to stoop to get in. Outside each little group of tents was an inclosure for the stock, and on the lands near by cattle and camels were grazing. As we travelled we could see great flocks of black goats feeding on the sides of the Lebanon Mountains. They hung to the cliffs, looking much like flies on the wall. There were also droves of black cattle and many flocks of fat-tailed white sheep.

The cars were crowded with Turks, Syrians, and Bedouins, but on the advice of a friend I gave the conductor a dollar, and in return had a compartment all to myself. *Baksheesh* will do anything in Syria. As Shammas, my guide, puts it: "The franc is the wheel upon which the world goes round."

This road to Damascus, beginning with the branch line to Haifa, skirts the edge of Mount Carmel, where Elijah lived in a cave and where he contended with the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and caused their destruction. It goes up the plain of Esdraelon, where the fair Jezebel lived and over which Jehu galloped to Jezreel on his race for the throne. It takes you in plain sight of Mount Tabor and under the hills of Nazareth where the Saviour's boyhood and young manhood were spent. It crosses the spot where Jael was camping when Sisera came and she lulled him to sleep to drive the tent peg into his forehead. Then it goes on up to Damascus over a route which was probably travelled by Abraham, David, and Solomon, and by St. Paul when he was blinded by the great light.

The road to Jerusalem goes over the plains where the Israelites fought with the Philistines, through the country of Samson, which I have already described, and near the

place where David with his little stone slew the great Goliath.

The railway from Damascus to Beirut shows you Mount Hermon, so famed in the Psalms, and passes numerous places, which, according to the Mohammedans, were the homes and tombs of the prophets. Take, for instance, Suk Wady Baroda, a little valley oasis on the way to Baalbek made up of flat-roofed mud houses surrounded by orchards and vineyards. It is mentioned by Josephus and is referred to in St. Luke as the home of the tetrarch Lysanias. The Mohammedans say that Adam lived in the mountain which looks down upon it, and that it was near the oasis itself that Cain became jealous of Abel and slew him. I have always thought that Abel was killed with a club, although I see now that the Bible does not mention the weapon used in the murder. The Moslem legend says it was a stone. The story is that Adam had divided the world into two sections and had given one of them to each of his boys. They had marked out their respective sections with stones, when a dispute arose concerning the boundary line. Cain claimed that Abel was inching on him, whereupon hot words passed, and Cain threw a rock and struck Abel in the temple and killed him.

According to the Moslem tradition, Cain was filled with remorse. He did not know what to do with his dead brother, so he took the body on his back and carried it with him over the world for five hundred years. At the end of that time he returned to this mountain, where he saw two birds fighting. At last one killed the other and then washed and buried the one slain. Cain did likewise with Abel, and straightway there sprang up seven oak trees, which are pointed out to this day.

According to the same authorities, Seth, Adam's son, who took the place of Abel, lived on the western slope of the Lebanon range, and his tomb is still there. A mosque is built over it and the tomb may be seen through an iron grating. It is eighty feet long, but the people living in the village say that it was too short and that Seth's legs had to be doubled up in order to fit. Not far away is the tomb of Noah, which is forty feet longer. It also has a mosque connected with it.

The distance from Damascus to Beirut is ninety-one miles. Travellers are advised not to take the third class, and women should always go first class. The third class has compartments eight feet wide running across the cars at right angles with the engine. Each compartment has two cushioned benches facing each other, its sides are walled with windows, and there is a door at each end. The conductor does not go through the cars, but collects the tickets from the outside, walking along a running board which extends the full length of the car and holding on to an iron rail fastened to the outside some distance above the step.

The road is picturesque and gives magnificent views of the Lebanon Mountains. The track winds its way up and down the hills, and the western side of the range is so steep that the cars are taken up on cogs after the same manner as on Pike's Peak, Mount Washington, and the Rigi. There are twenty-five stations, mostly two-story buildings of stone.

The passengers are the conglomerate mixture of humanity found in this part of the Orient. There are scores of Syrians in long coats and trousers, some wearing red fezzes, and others having turbans or handkerchiefs

wrapped around their heads. There are Turkish officers in uniform, with swords at their sides, fez-capped boys in silk gowns, and other Moslems in turbans and gowns. There are Mohammedan women clad all in black and wearing black veils. There are pretty Greek girls with bare faces, brown-skinned women from the mountains, and Bedouins, who have ropes tied about the kerchiefs which half shroud their fierce features. There are also Persians, Druses, and Christians of all sorts and conditions.

The trains go slowly in climbing the mountain. The average express makes less than sixteen miles an hour, while the mixed train takes twelve hours to make the ninety-one miles.

For many years the European powers have been scheming for the right to build railroads in this part of the world. One of the biggest and most talked-of projects is a line to open up the rich valley of the Euphrates where Babylon and Nineveh once flourished. It has some of the best lands on the face of the globe, and it has been suggested that it was the site of the Garden of Eden. The British are especially interested in the project because of their irrigation plans for Mesopotamia headed by Sir William Willcocks, the engineer for the Aswan Dam, which has redeemed about seven million acres in Egypt. The Germans won out in the scramble for the concession to build the road to Bagdad. The line was divided into sections and the Germans pushed on the work rapidly. Another concession to part of this line was granted by the Sultan to a group of Americans, but their plans fell through.

As to the resources to be developed by these new roads,

they are beyond description enormous. They include rich deposits of coal, oil, and other minerals. Asia Minor is rich agriculturally. The plains of Mesopotamia will raise anything that can be grown in Egypt, and the new irrigation schemes will make them as productive as they were when Nebuchadnezzar was reigning at Babylon. In ancient times that country had a population of more than six million. It has not one fourth as many to-day. I am told that cotton will grow not only there but also throughout Asia Minor, and it may be that one of the chief competitors of our Southern plantations will eventually be found in this now almost waste but potentially rich part of the world.

The famous Berlin-to-Bagdad scheme is not the only evidence of the German Kaiser's desire to gobble up as much of the Near East as possible. I use the word "gobble" advisedly. According to the Century Dictionary, it means "to swallow in large pieces, to swallow hastily, to seize upon with greed, and to appropriate graspingly." And that aptly describes the German methods. I have seen German *Kultur* at work all during this trip.

In the richest parts of Palestine I saw their flourishing colonies. At Jerusalem I saw the great German church built under the very shadow of the Holy Sepulchre, their huge church on Mount Zion beyond the Tower of David, and the enormous limestone hospice erected in honour of Kaiserin Augusta on a commanding slope of the Mount of Olives. It is said that the money with which the site was bought and some of that used in the building was a silver wedding present to the Empress. It was known that she greatly loved Palestine, and her friends planned

this memorial as a silver wedding gift. The hospice is several hundred feet above Jerusalem, and standing upon its roof on a bright day one can look across the hills of Judea and see the silvery thread of the Jordan and the shining Dead Sea with the blue mountains of Moab beyond.

The Kaiser was no respecter of persons, either living or dead. The site of his big church was purchased by him of Sultan Adbul Hamid when he visited him in Constantinople. He went there on his way to the Holy Land, and while hobnobbing with the Sultan got him to sell him this tract for twenty-four thousand dollars. The land, however, was not large enough, so the Germans by a clever trick purchased for sixteen thousand dollars the American cemetery which adjoined the original tract.

The Emperor of Germany when he made his trip through the Holy Land created as great a sensation as Theodore Roosevelt when he cavorted through Europe. Kaiser Wilhelm and his empress started in at Beirut and crossed the mountains of Lebanon to Baalbek and Damascus. They then returned to Beirut and took ship down the coast, past Tyre and Sidon, to the Bay of Acre. Here horses were waiting for them and they rode down around the slopes of Mount Carmel, over the plains of Sharon to Jaffa, and thence up the hills of Judea to Jerusalem. There were about a thousand in the party, and it required one thousand two hundred and fifty mules and horses to carry them and their baggage. The Emperor himself had a staff of one hundred and twenty, who ate at his own tables, and there were in addition one hundred and forty naval and military officers. The Empress also had her ladies-in-waiting with her. One hun-

dred and seventy-five high Turks and officials were supplied by the Sultan as a special escort. The Emperor's tour was so arranged that he had four camps. He slept in a different camp every night and had a new one for each meal.

Although the journey was made in October, the weather was hot, and the chief trouble was to supply the expedition with water. Some died of thirst, and between Haifa and Jaffa six horses dropped dead of sunstroke. It was so hot that the trip to the Dead Sea and the Jordan was not attempted, but the Emperor went to Bethlehem and other places near by. He remained seven days at Jerusalem, during which time he consummated his purchases of land.

In Palestine I encountered a German tourist agency, a competitor of Thomas Cook & Son. This tourist agency had its own hotels at Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Haifa, and its own guides, dragomans, horses, and carriages. Its men, who thoroughly understood the country, had established such relations with the Bedouin tribes that they could take parties anywhere. The agency's road mending and other activities had opened up many hitherto inaccessible parts of the country. Indeed, the Germans started a new roads movement in the Holy Land. The first attempt was made when the Kaiser went from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The Sultan had the highway repaired, and when the Germans travelled over it, it was watered for the first time in its history, being sprinkled from skin-bags carried from the shoulders of women and girls, and filled at the springs, wells, and cisterns near by.

CHAPTER XXX

AMERICAN LEAVEN IN THE NEAR EAST

AMERICAN education is revolutionizing the Orient. It has been one of the chief modernizing forces in Egypt, it had much to do with the revolution in Persia, and it is the basis of the reorganization of the whole Turkish Empire. The first schools of Egypt were started by the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church, whose educational institutions now cover the Nile Valley. This church has schools in the Sudan and a great American college at Asyut, several hundred miles from Cairo. The college was started in a donkey stable more than forty years ago, and it has been turning out graduates ever since. It has now more than one thousand students who are housed in ten large two-story buildings, and it has three of the finest halls to be found in the East. These are situated just outside Asyut, at the junction of the Nile with the great canal north of that city. The college has about three hundred women.

I visited the college at Asyut not long ago. It is full to overflowing, and notwithstanding the new structure just completed it needs more money and more buildings. It has a great prestige throughout Egypt, and with a little money its efficiency could easily be doubled. The college is said to give a better education than the government institutions, and that at the lowest possible cost.

These are not stones of the field, but great blocks of marble, many of them beautifully carved—the remains of the wondrous city of Diana

Storks build their nests in the palaces of Ephesus and the peasants fence their fields with chunks of marble from its once magnificent temples

There is a great rustling as the silkworms attack their breakfast of mulberry leaves. Every year representatives of the silk industry in the Lebanon go abroad to get worms for breeding, as those bred in that region do not lay healthy eggs

The tuition is nominal. For the poorest schools it is only about one dollar a term in money, and the ordinary rate is about ten dollars a year. The cost of the education varies with the taste of the students. These are of all classes from the sons of the poorest *fellah* to the heir of the highest pasha or richest merchant. There are three kinds of accommodations, the cost of which ranges from thirty-five dollars a year upward. The wealthy Egyptian boy can have his own room, or groups can live four in a room. He can eat at the best table, or he can get cheaper board with meat three or four times a week. On the other hand, he can work his way through college, furnishing his own food, buying vegetables and fish at very low cost. Many of the boys bring their bread from home. It is made of ground corn or millet and baked in cakes an inch thick. These cakes are toasted until they are as hard as stone, in which shape they will go through the term. Before going to a meal the students dip their bread in buckets of water set out for the purpose, and when it is soft carry it with them to the table.

The Asyut institution has its graduates in all the government departments of Egypt. They are among the leading merchants of the country, and every town has numbers of them. Many of them are Copts and not a few are Mohammedans. I am told that there are more than fifteen thousand boys now being educated in the United Presbyterian schools and colleges.

Shortly before Sultan Abdul Hamid was ousted by the Young Turk party and carried to his prison in Saloniki, he referred bitterly to the work that Robert College had done in unsettling his empire. Said he: "That institution has cost me Bulgaria, and it is like to lose me my throne."

He was right. Robert College was founded in Constantinople in 1863 by a New York merchant named Robert, who gave a large part of his fortune to this institution. He was aided by the Reverend Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., who was, I think, the real organizer. Since then its graduates have formed the leaven for new ideas throughout the Near East. Some of its graduates organized the colleges and schools in Bulgaria. Others have been teaching in schools throughout the Turkish Empire; many have acted as officers of the Government, and some of the best leaders of Turkey to-day got their education at Robert College.

Robert College has now five hundred or six hundred students, including Mohammedans, Jews, Armenians, and Russians, as well as representatives of the other nations about. The teaching is non-sectarian, although all are required to attend daily prayers and go to services on Sunday. The college has won the approval of the Government, but the officials want it incorporated as a Turkish institution so it will be subject to their laws. To this the Americans naturally object. They say that they are organized under the laws of New York and they expect to stand by all the rights which they now enjoy as an American corporation under the protection of the United States Government.

There is no doubt that the Americans are sensible in preferring the protection of Uncle Sam to that of the Sultan. Conditions are bound to be unsettled in this part of the world for years to come. There will be revolutions and counter-revolutions before the Turks come down to a solid, substantial, modern government. There is always the fear that the college will be put under a

strict censorship, as used to be the case. As it is now, the students can read what books they like, and there is little trouble as to the newspapers. They can go where they please without passports, and the present government seems to be doing all it can to promote education.

Under the régime of Abdul Hamid it was far different. In his time every newspaper was carefully looked over by Turkish officials, and all sentences or words objectionable to the Government were cut out. This was true of papers coming in through the mail as well as of the native publications. Here in Beirut a Sunday weekly is published devoted largely to the life and sayings of our Saviour. The censors objected to it, saying: "The paper is a dangerous one, for in it they kill a King of the Jews every week. This might suggest the assassination of the Sultan, and we cannot permit it."

Dr. Bliss, the president of the American University of Beirut, once imported an old copy of Shakespeare. It was kept at the customs house, the censor objecting to its importation. Said the latter: "Shakespeare is not a good book for the Turks. It has in it the story of a man named Macbeth who killed a king. It would be a bad example for our people." Dr. Bliss succeeded in getting his Shakespeare through by saying he had another copy of the same book, which, as it was already in the country, could not be taken out, and he would be glad to trade this for the new copy. The censor consented, accepted the Shakespeare which cost a dollar, and admitted the fine old edition instead.

At another time some New Testaments sent to Constantinople were held back by one of the censors because of the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. Galata is one

of the divisions of Constantinople, and the censor asked: "Who is this man Paul, and why is he writing to our people in Galata?" He was with difficulty persuaded that St. Paul was dead and that his letter was not part of a plot. There is a story that a textbook on chemistry was kept out because a censor objected to the term H_2O, saying that it seemed to mean that Hamid II (the Sultan, Abdul Hamid) amounted to nothing.

In addition to Robert College and the institution at Asyut there is one here at Beirut which is quite as important as either of the others. I refer to the American University of Beirut, founded by Americans in 1863, which has become the Harvard and Yale of the Near East. It has had thousands of graduates, and its doctors and lawyers stand at the heads of their professions in Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Persia, and India. It has more than nine hundred students, all Orientals, representing every part of the Levant.

This institution was founded by Presbyterians, but the instruction is non-sectarian. The faculty has about one hundred and twenty professors, most of them Americans, and it is a thoroughly up-to-date university. It has a medical department which, with its hospitals, treats thousands of patients a year. It has physical, chemical, and other laboratories, a large library, and ethnological and industrial museums devoted to exhibits from Syria and Turkey.

During my stay here I have visited the college. It is beautifully located, the buildings being situated on the bluffs south of Beirut and running from them down to the sea. Standing upon the campus, which contains about fifty acres, one faces the glorious Mediterranean,

Armenian children begin to make themselves useful at an early age. Centuries of hardships under anti-Christian rulers have made these people resourceful and self-reliant. They are the shrewdest traders of the East

American relief in the Near East takes the practical form of getting the people back to the land, much of which has been devastated by one war after another

while at his back are the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon with the rich vegetation climbing their slopes. The institution has a gymnasium, tennis courts, and good athletic grounds. Its students play football, baseball, and cricket. They are full of college spirit and have their college papers, their college songs, and their college yell.

The boys have silver cups and other trophies which are contended for by the various athletic teams, and these Persians, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Egyptians, Armenians, and Turks are being welded into one brotherhood by the hard knocks of football and the track.

The Beirut University is an American college and a Christian college as well, but it does not attempt to proselytize, and the Moslem can come to it without changing his religion. It insists only that everyone who goes through its courses shall attend chapel and the Bible classes, which study the Bible as one of the great influences in the work of the world. Once the Moslem students struck against these regulations. They refused to go to chapel and took an oath not to attend the Bible classes. The strike created a sensation, and for a time it seemed as though it might do serious damage. The faculty, however, headed by the president, Dr. Howard S. Bliss, stood firm, saying that the school was a Christian college. They demanded that all students attend the religious services, and the result was that most of the strikers came in, and the college has gone along on its original lines.

In talking about this to the Mohammedan students Dr. Bliss said:

"Our college was established to give the Mohammedan world the best the Christian world has. Our aim is to

make of you broad-minded, intelligent men whether you continue to be Moslems or become Christians. We believe that the best thing we have is our religion, so we are bound to let you know what it is. Whether you accept it or not rests with yourselves. If, upon investigation, you still think the Moslem religion the best, we believe that the knowledge you have of our religion will make you better and broader Moslems. Religion is for man, not man for religion, and we want you to have the training which will make each one of you the best man, whether he be Christian or Moslem."

To-day the Mohammedan students attending the services look upon them as largely educational, and they study the Bible as history and literature.

The influence of colleges like this goes far and wide. The students come from villages all over the Turkish Empire and from those of India and Persia as well. Going home, each forms a little hot-bed for the growth of independent thought.

Civilized ideas are spread in other ways besides these. One of the great means of such distribution is the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, which is attended by nearly half a million Mohammedans from all parts of the Orient. At that time Mecca becomes a great camp meeting or bush meeting, such as we farmers have in Virginia. The people come together and gossip. They discuss the crops and ask one another how they are getting along. Hassan Ali of Egypt says to Mohammed of Turkey, "How is business? Are you making money, and how does your government treat you?" Mohammed replies that the Turks are taxed to death, but they hope for much under the new Sultan. Thereupon Hassan says that the English

have cut down the taxes in Egypt and that the church has plenty of money in the treasury. He tells how he has been able to send his boy to college, and that he hopes he will some day be an official. The Turk, thereupon, longs for a better government. At the same time the college students tell what they have learned, and as a result the twentieth-century spirit of modern progress is stirring the Mohammedan world.

In addition to the collegiate work great advances in the spread of our civilization are being made by the Protestant missions. There are now thousands of native Christians in Syria and from seventy-five to one hundred thousand native Christians in the empire of Turkey. The American missionaries alone have more than one hundred schools, with five or six thousand pupils, and the English have many more.

Here in Beirut is the largest and most up-to-date publishing house in the Orient. It belongs to the American mission, and annually turns out tens of thousands of Bibles, school textbooks, and other works on religious and scientific subjects. Altogether, it has published more than seven hundred different works in Arabic, and it is estimated that it has printed in the neighbourhood of a billion pages of one kind or other. It issues around one hundred thousand volumes a year, containing altogether something like thirty million pages. Its Bibles published in Arabic are sold throughout the Mohammedan world.

The medical missionaries are doing a great deal in all parts of the Orient. I have seen their hospitals everywhere on my trips around the world. They are to be found in all parts of India, far up the Nile Valley, and in

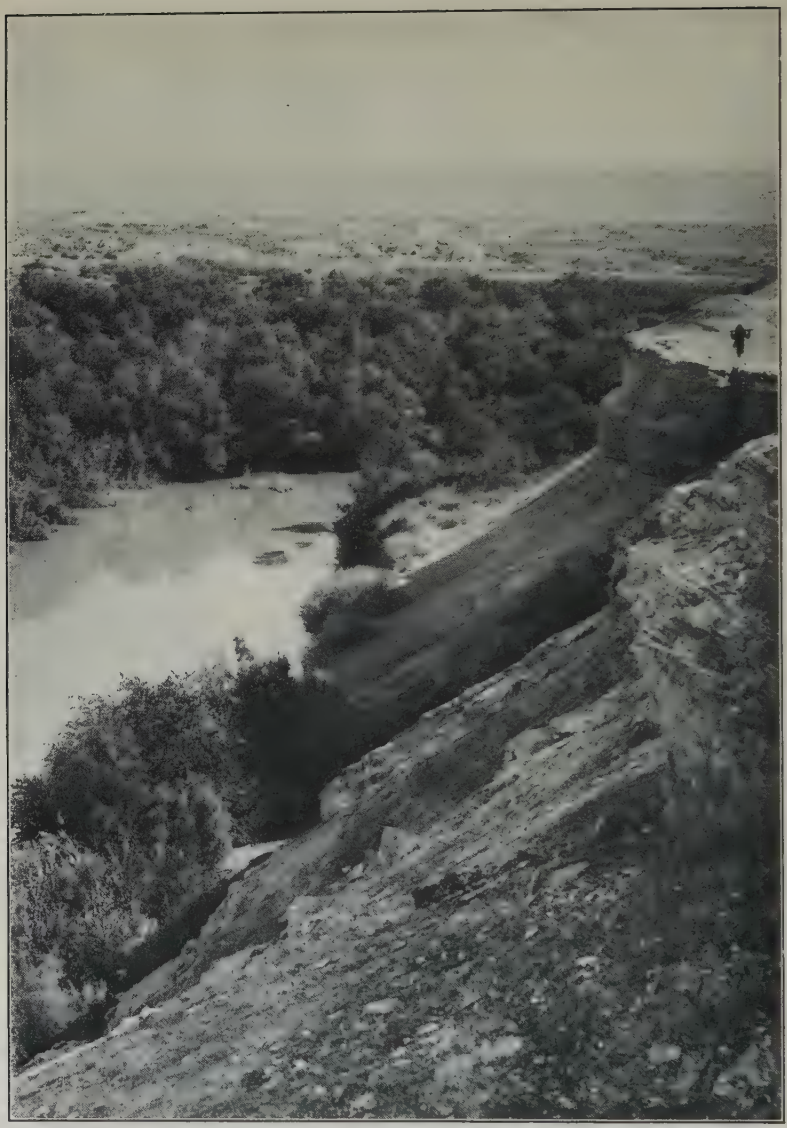
the leading centres of the Holy Land. One of the best I have visited is situated at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, and headed by Dr. Torrence, who has been treating the Bedouins and others there for the last thirty years. In my talk with him the question of tuberculosis came up, and he described the evils of the great white plague as they are found in his region on the very edge of the desert. He says tuberculosis is rife among the Bedouins although they live out of doors in the purest air all the time. He thinks that the disease is spread largely by the cattle. About 50 per cent. of the cows have tuberculosis, and the people live chiefly on milk.

Another doctor connected with the hospital tells me that Syria had no consumption until about twenty-five years ago, when the disease was brought in from the United States by natives who had emigrated to our country, contracted consumption, and brought it back home. The Syrians had no idea what it meant, and it rapidly spread. The sanitary conditions of this part of the world are bad, the bacteria breed rapidly, and the disease is sweeping the country.

And this brings me to a great work at Juneau within a few miles of Beirut. This is a tuberculosis hospital built there by the Church of the Covenant at Washington, and in charge of Dr. Mary Eddy, who has become famous throughout the Near East for her work as a medical missionary. Miss Eddy is the daughter of the Rev. William W. Eddy, who came to Syria many years ago and remained here until his death. Besides being a woman of fine education and great medical skill, she is an expert on all matters connected with tuberculosis and its treatment.

Cradles in Armenia have no sides, a wide cloth band drawn tight keeping the baby from falling out

American flour sacks serve a double purpose among the Armenians and Syrians in time of distress



Much of the wilderness of the Jordan will be reclaimed by irrigation and forestation when the British-Zionist project for developing water power along the river is completed

She is the only woman who has ever been granted an *irade*, or certificate of protection, from the Sultan authorizing her to practise as a doctor everywhere throughout his dominions and directing that all good Turks shall give her assistance as she goes on her way.

Miss Eddy has been working in Syria for years and has been fighting the spread of consumption as best she could without any hospital facilities for her patients. The people have come and camped near her house waiting treatment, and the tents of the Bedouins may be seen dotting the plains near where the hospital now is. Some of the best known men and women of our national capital have been interested in the building of this hospital and the support of its work.

CHAPTER XXXI

AT THE SHRINE OF DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS

THIS morning we shall walk through the remains of the famed city of the Ephesians. We shall wander over the site of the great Temple of Diana, tramp the ground where St. John was living when he wrote his gospel, and stand in the marble market-place where St. Paul preached. There is a tradition that the mother of our Lord was buried here, and that here lies also the dust of St. Timothy.

The Ephesus of the past has been brought to the light of the present by the excavations of the Austrians. I have told you something of their work in the Holy Land, and especially on the site of old Jericho. They have also dug up the ruins of other cities in Asia, and here at Ephesus have uncovered what remains of the Temple of Diana and found a theatre which had seats for thirty thousand persons. They have excavated the marble docks which led up to the city, and have done much to show us what this great commercial centre of two thousand years ago must have been in the height of its glory.

But first let me tell you something of the Ephesus of the days of St. Paul. It lay here on the coast of Asia Minor, just opposite Greece, in what was almost the centre of the then known world. It was the chief Roman city of Asia. It had a population of a million or more and was famous for its learning, art, and beautiful build-

ings. It was far more magnificent than Smyrna, which was founded before it, and in which it is said the poet Homer was born.

Ephesus dated back to a thousand years before Christ. Some say it was founded by the Amazons, but we know that it was largely built up by Greeks from the Ionian Islands over the way. It was a great city in the days of Crœsus, who besieged the town in the year 510, B. C.; and later it grew so famous that Alexander the Great wanted to change its name for his own.

Among the wonders of Ephesus was its temple to Diana, the favourite goddess of the city. People from the corners of the earth came to worship her. Her temple was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It covered more than two acres, and its mighty roof was upheld by one hundred and twenty-seven marble columns each as high as a six-story building. The worship of the goddess was so famous that there grew up a business in making statues of her and manufacturing portable shrines which could be carried away by pilgrims. Athletic games were connected with the worship, and the month of May was sacred to her. The temple itself is referred to in the Scriptures. In the Acts we read of "the great goddess Diana, whom all Asia and the world worshipped."

Now let us have a look at the site of that temple to-day. We have taken a special car at Smyrna and have been pulled by a little French locomotive over the railroad to the station of Ayasoluk forty-eight miles away across country. We have gone through a land of vineyards and olives where baggy-trousered peasants are pruning the vines and working the fields. They dig about the

trees with three-tined hoes and till their crops with donkeys and bullocks. The one-handled ploughs are about the same as those used in ancient days. We go over the plains which must have fed the Ephesians, wind our way in and out through the hills, and finally come to a little station where we get horses to carry us out through the valley to Ephesus.

The site of the temple lies in a valley. It is not far above the level of the sea, which we can see shining in the sun not more than five miles away. History says it was swampy and that the great structure was erected upon piles. This statement is borne out by the present conditions of the site. The excavation made in uncovering the ruins is now filled with water. It is a miniature lake filled with broken columns and capitals lying half in and half out of the water. We stand on the banks beside fluted columns of snow-white marble, and see broken marble everywhere near. That man who ploughs on the southern ridge of the sand turns up marble bits at every step of his bullocks, and the girls behind him, who are planting, uncover stones from the temple at almost every stroke of their hoes.

As we look, we see no sign of the activity which prevailed here two thousand years ago. Birds fly across the lake and sing in the trees bending over it. A stork sits sleepily on a marble rock in its midst and a frog croaks out a welcome. A red cow is grazing there on the edge of the water, and at my right a hog is rooting in the débris.

Let us get on our horses and ride on down the valley to visit the theatre which once held the actors of the chief playhouse of Asia. Think of a theatre seating thirty

thousand. It is only in recent years that we have built in the United States amphitheatres large enough to seat as many people as used to watch the performances here more than two thousand years ago. This great open-air structure was built largely of marble and altogether of stone. The entrance to the stage was through tunnels, and the stage was upheld by marble columns. The seats, which were made of common stone covered with marble, ran around the stage or rather the pit in the shape of a half moon, rising high up the hills at the back. They were in three stories and contained sixty-six rows.

I measured the outline of the stage. It was about eighteen feet wide and six or seven feet high. There are long underground passages leading to it, and there were eight dressing rooms on two floors at the sides of the stage. Walking through the pit, now filled with broken marble columns and blocks of marble beautifully carved, I climbed down now and then and tried to imagine the audience and the acting going on upon the marble stage far below.

Leaving the theatre, I strolled about through the wide streets of marble, which have been partially uncovered, and made photographs of bits of the ruins. There is enough of this fine stone here to build a structure equal to our national Capitol at Washington. This is mixed with mosaic and the broken statues of the palaces of the past. There are pieces of friezes, columns, and capitals lying out in the open; there are torsos of statues the heads and feet of which have been broken off and carried away; and also many exquisite carvings which would be treasures to any museum. Here lies a piece of marble

drapery, the remnants of the garment of a goddess; there the broken-up limb of an athlete, and farther on a beautiful bit from the front of the temple.

Among the ruins are the remains of stores, houses, and markets. I climbed over marble blocks along the street which led to the ship canal, and stood among broken columns in what was once the stock exchange and wool market. In one place is an artificial terrace where stood the great gymnasium, and in another is a market-place two hundred feet long, surrounded by a portico, back of which were the stalls of the marketmen. In the mosaic floors of these stalls thirteen different kinds of marbles were used, and marbles of various colours were employed throughout the structure.

To-day the peasants are working all over these ruins. Here they are planting grain, and there, cleaning the fields, is a gang of a dozen girls working under a turbaned man in baggy trousers. Here women are digging; farther on a man drives a camel harnessed to a one-handled plough. The only town near Ephesus is Ayasoluk, which has but a few hundred inhabitants. It has, perhaps, a dozen small stores, a railroad station, and a hotel. While at the station I saw a white, fat lamb awaiting shipment. It was tied to the platform, and a card fastened to one horn bore the name of the commission merchant in Smyrna to whom it was consigned.

Just opposite the hotel are seven tall columns which once supported the great aqueduct which supplied Ephesus with water. Each of these has now a stork's nest on its top, and the great birds may be seen any day standing there. I am told that they come here only for the winter, and that they leave every spring for Holland,

or perhaps for some other far-away part of the world, every one of them carrying a baby.

Before coming to Ephesus I spent a day in Smyrna, whither I shall return to go on to Constantinople and Greece. Smyrna is the largest city in Asia Minor, and has about the same position in the modern world that Ephesus once had. The chief port of this part of the Levant, it does a big business in shipping wool, wine, grapes, olives, and figs. It has a foreign trade of about fifty million dollars a year, and steamers from all parts of the Mediterranean come to its docks.

The city lies at one end of the Gulf of Smyrna, which is thirty-four miles long and surrounded by lofty silver-gray mountains some of them a mile high. Its harbour is excellent, and the town has many modern buildings. Because of its importance in the trade of Asia Minor, Smyrna is a centre of political and commercial interests and the scene of fierce competition among the various nationalities. Among its people there are more Greeks than Turks.

While travelling in Syria I saw many openings for American goods. The farming there is after the methods of centuries ago, and our ploughs, reapers, and other agricultural machines might be sold. I understand that the more progressive of the native landlords are ready to buy. One man, who owns more than a thousand acres of rich grainland on the high plateau between the two ranges of the Lebanon Mountains, has offered 75 per cent. of the profits to any American company that will cultivate it for two or three years, and will bring in American machinery. The landlord also agrees, upon the termination of the lease, to pay for the machinery at the regular price.

Some of the Syrian farmers are now using American threshers and reapers, and some are bringing in American ploughs. The first thresher imported was upon the advice of our consul general at Beirut. He is a Dakota man, who understands the farming conditions in the Northwest. He tells me that the possibilities of raising grain in this part of the world are remarkable, and that dry farming might be practised in many localities which now go to waste. He thinks that old Mesopotamia can be reclaimed by irrigation and a new Egypt created there. He says that as political conditions improve there will be many opportunities for commerce and industry, and that American capital should take advantage of the situation.

Syria and Asia Minor are now raising a great deal of silk, which is sent to France and shipped from there to the United States. The American residents tell me that there is no reason why we should not buy this raw silk direct, thus saving the Frenchman's profits and the double transportation charges. I saw mulberry orchards everywhere during my travels in Syria. The plains about Beirut are covered with them, and they are to be found on both sides of the Lebanon Mountains. When the trees have grown to the height of a man's head, they are cut back. Green leaves from the new sprouts furnish food for millions of silkworms. In coming from Damascus I saw women and children picking the leaves to feed to the worms, carrying them to sheds erected for the purpose. Raising the silkworms is largely in the hands of the women, who take care of the trees and sell the cocoons. From the Lebanon mountain regions every year men, specially appointed, go to France to get the silkworm eggs.

The first steel bridge across the River Jordan was named in honour of General Allenby. Under the British régime motor launches ply along this most sacred stream in the world

Jerusalem now has a speed law, and its road signs are printed in the three official languages—English, Hebrew, and Arabic—and French besides

For some reason those laid in the Syrian mountains do not produce well.

"He who plants an olive tree lays up riches for his children's children." This saying expresses a current belief throughout the Levant. Olives are the money crop of a great part of Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor. Many of the trees are hundreds of years old, and some of them were planted before Columbus discovered America. I am told of an orchard near Tripoli, in Syria, which the deeds show was established about five hundred years ago, and the trees of which are still bearing. All the way from Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee I saw olive trees that looked old enough to have been planted by Jacob. Some of gigantic size were hollow and had been filled with stones to aid in their support.

Many of the colonists of the Holy Land have set out new orchards, and the Americans who live at Haifa have trees bearing fruit every year. I am told that the crop is very profitable, and that under reduced taxation many more trees will be planted. The fruit is raised for the oil. A ton of olives yields about seventy gallons of oil. Asia Minor already leads the world in its production of olive oil, producing about two or three hundred thousand more barrels per annum than either Spain or Italy.

Another important crop of the region about Smyrna is the fig, which grows better here than in almost any other part of the globe. More than three hundred thousand camel-loads are raised in some years, and they are shipped all over the world. The trees begin to bear in their sixth year, and are at their best ten years after planting. The figs ripen about the first of August, and

when fully matured fall to the ground. They are dried in the sun, then packed in bags for the market.

A great many of these figs go to America, where you will find them in all the fruit and grocery stores. Our part of the crop is carefully packed, there being several American firms here which do nothing else. The figs are first sorted according to the thickness of the skin and size of the fruit. The poorest are thrown away or used for distilling purposes, and the best are put up for export in boxes and jars. The price here varies from two to eight cents a pound, the very finest of the figs bringing the latter figure.

A great deal of the packing is done in the city of Smyrna to which the fruit is brought in from all parts of the country. Some of it comes on the railways, on cars especially built for the traffic, and some is carried on camels. As it is important that the fruit be not bruised, that carried in the cars is laid upon shelves built one above the other, so that there is no danger of the figs being crushed or bruised.

CHAPTER XXXII

ARMENIA, THE SUFFERING

ARMENIA is the Job among peoples. Her frightful sufferings seem to have no end. A little Christian island in a vast sea of Mohammedanism, she has been swept by one great tidal wave of persecution after another. Before the eyes of the modern world, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, even, a whole people has been robbed, exiled, and murdered, while the great nations have looked on apparently helpless to bring to a permanent end the horrible atrocities committed by the "unspeakable Turk."

Millions of dollars have been spent in the past for the aid of Armenia, millions more will be required before she is freed from famine and persecution. Vast sums have been donated by Americans through their churches and missionary societies, the Red Cross, and other national and international organizations to help these people in their misery. But lasting relief cannot come until Armenia is enabled to set up a nation of her own once more, or is brought under the protection of a strong Christian power.

What the Armenians have done under oppression shows that they have great possibilities as a race. They are sometimes called the Yankees of the Orient. They are the brightest, brainiest, and shrewdest of all the people of Asia Minor. In business they are sharper than the

Jews or even the Greeks. The Turks say, "Twist a Yankee and you make a Jew, twist a Jew and you make an Armenian." The Greeks say that "one Greek is equal to two Jews, but one Armenian is equal to two Greeks." Another current Turkish proverb is, "From the Greeks of Athens, from the Jews of Saloniki, and from the Armenians everywhere, good Lord deliver us!"

The Armenians are by no means confined to one part of the Orient. I have met them everywhere in the East and I have found them acting as heads of all kinds of businesses. There are many rich Armenians in India. Coming from Singapore to Calcutta I travelled with a wealthy Armenian jeweller who told me he was on his way back from Hong Kong where he had gone to sell pearls to the Chinese. I found Armenian conductors on the Egyptian railways, and when I went over the transcontinental railroad to Paris the guards on the train and the men who took up my tickets were Armenians who spoke English and French. There are hundreds of thousands of Armenians in Europe. There are a large number in Persia, and in different parts of Turkey there are said to be about one million. There are a great many in Constantinople where they manage most of the banking business and own large mercantile establishments. When I got money on my letter of credit in Constantinople it was an Armenian clerk who figured up the exchange and an Armenian cashier who handed out the money. Whenever there are riots in that city nearly all the stores are closed because their Armenian owners fear they may be looted by the mob. When I visited the Turkish government departments I found that, though

the chief officers were Turks, the clerks were in most cases Armenians, and the cleverest man I met in Turkey was one of the Sultan's secretaries, a man of Armenian birth. There are also Armenian engineers, architects, and doctors in Constantinople. The Armenians of Armenia proper, however, are almost all farmers, most of whom have become poverty-stricken through the exhorbitant taxes of the Sultan.

At Jerusalem I saw a large number of Armenian pilgrims who had come from all parts of Asia Minor to pray at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They have a Patriarch at Jerusalem who leads them in these celebrations. He is a tall, thin man with a long gray beard and a face not unlike that of the typical Georgia cracker. He usually wears a long gown and has a little skull cap on the crown of his head. During the Easter celebration he wears a tiara blazing with diamonds and his gown is a gorgeous silk robe decorated with diamonds. The Armenian Christians have doctrines much like those of the Greek Church. They have monasteries and churches scattered throughout Asia Minor.

Armenia was the first country in the world to adopt Christianity as a state religion. This she did at the beginning of the fourth century and twelve years before the conversion of the Roman emperor, Constantine. Ever since she has been persecuted by a succession of enemies and conquerors of other faiths. Almost as soon as Christianity had been adopted, the Armenians were commanded by the Persians, their overlords at that time, to give up their faith and adopt the Persian religion of fire-worship. They replied: "No one can move us from our belief, neither angels nor men, fire nor sword. Here

below we will choose no other God, and in heaven no other Lord but Jesus Christ." And they have stuck to their declaration through all the horrors and persecutions brought upon them by Persians, Saracens, Tartars, Mamelukes, and Turks.

At her height Armenia was a flourishing country with a population of some thirty millions. But from the time of the great dispersal that resulted from the invasion of the Moslem hordes in the seventh century, the Armenians, like the Jews, have been decimated, their country has been ravaged, and the people have been scattered all over Europe and Asia.

The Armenians assert that their country is the holiest land upon earth. It lies in Asia Minor, southeast of the Black Sea and between it and Persia. Mount Ararat is situated in Armenia, and some of the monasteries claim to have pieces of the identical ark in which Noah landed upon this mountain. A ravine near by is pointed out as the site of Noah's vineyard. The vineyard has a monastery connected with it, and the monks show a withered old vine which they assert is the very one from which Noah brewed the wine that made him drunk. He cursed it so effectually after he got over his spree that it has borne no grapes unto this day. Noah's wife is said to be buried on Mount Ararat. The Armenians trace their ancestry back to Japheth in one great genealogical tree. They also have a tradition that the Garden of Eden was located in Armenia, almost in the centre of the region where the worst massacres have occurred, but it is now one of the barren parts of the country. The Armenians believe that the Wise Men of the East, who followed the Star of Bethlehem to find the young Christ, came from

their country and that the Star first appeared in the heavens not far from Mount Ararat.

According to another curious Armenian tradition, when Adam was in the Garden of Eden his body was covered with nails, like those we have on our fingers and toes. These nails overlapped each other like the scales of a fish, thus giving him an invulnerable armour. After the fall they all dropped off except those from the ends of his fingers and toes. They remain to this day to remind man of his lost immortality. The Armenians say that when God made Adam of clay, he had a little piece left over. He threw this upon the ground, and as it fell it became gold and formed all the gold of the world. These people are devoted to the Bible, and take their religion very seriously. They could have made their peace with the Turks long, long ago if they had been willing to accept Mohammedanism.

The condition of the women of Armenia is said to be terrible. They have no refuge from the Turks, who perpetrate all sorts of outrages upon them. In some of the Armenian cities during one of the massacres the girls were collected into the churches and kept there for days at the pleasure of the soldiers before they were murdered. One statement described how sixty young brides were so treated and how the blood ran out under the church doors at the time of their massacre.

These Armenian women are among the most attractive of the Near East. I have seen a number of them during my trip through Asia Minor. They have large, dark, luminous eyes with long eyelashes, and rich, creamy complexions. Many of them have rosy cheeks and luscious red lips. They are tall and straight, but become

fat soon after marriage. Not a few of them are married to Turks. These women have a dress of their own. They wear red fez caps with long tassels much like some of the country girls of Greece. The richer ladies wear loose jackets lined with fur, and long plain skirts of silk or fine wool. In the province of Van, where many atrocities have been committed, the girls wear under their skirts trousers which are tied at the ankles. Some have long, sleeveless jackets, or cloaks, reaching almost to the feet and open at the sides up to the waists, and others wear gorgeous headdresses, covering the front of their caps with gold coins, which hang down over their foreheads. Like the Jewesses, these girls often wear their whole dowries on their persons, and in massacres like those which have so often occurred rings are torn from the ears, arms are cut off for bracelets, and many a woman is killed for her jewellery. The poorer women are hard workers. Nearly every household has some kind of home industry whereby it adds to its income. Some of the finest embroideries we get from Turkey are made by these clever Armenian women, the best of the work being done by hand in hovels.

The houses in which the Armenians live are different in different countries. In many of the cities of Turkey there is an Armenian quarter, and the older Armenian houses of Smyrna are built like forts. They have no windows facing the street, and only of late years, when the people have considered themselves safe from religious riots, have they built houses more like the Turks. In Armenia itself the poorer classes have homes which would be considered hardly fit for cows in America. The cow, in fact, lives with the family. The houses

are all of one story, and it is not uncommon to build a house against the side of a hill in order to save the making of a back wall. The roofs are flat, and are often covered with earth upon which grass and flowers grow, and upon which the sheep are sometimes pastured. The floors are usually sunken below the level of the roadway, and the ordinary window is about the size of a porthole. You go down steps to enter the house, where you find a cow stable on one side and the kitchen and living quarters of the family on the other.

All the living arrangements are of the simplest and cheapest description. Each room has a stone fireplace where the cooking is done with cow dung mixed with straw. There are no tables and very few chairs. The animal heat of the cattle aids the fire in keeping the family warm. The houses of the better class are more comfortable, and in the big Turkish cities some of the rich Armenians have beautiful homes. The Armenian women are good housekeepers and much more cleanly than the Turks. Even their hovels are kept clean.

They have a better home life than the Turks. A man can have but one wife, but the families of several generations often live in one house. If the daughter-in-law lives with them, she is, to a large extent, the servant of her husband's family. She has to obey her father-in-law, and during the first days of her married life is not allowed to speak to her husband's parents or any of the family who are older than herself until her father-in-law gives her permission. Up to this time she wears a red veil, as a badge of her subjection, which is often kept on until her first baby is born.

Armenian girls are married very young. Eleven or

twelve is considered quite old enough, and women still young often have sons twenty years old. Marriages are arranged by parents or by go-betweens. The usual wedding day is Monday, and on the Friday before the marriage the bride is taken to the bath with great ceremony. On Saturday she gives a big feast to her girl friends. On Sunday there is a feast for the boys, and on Monday the wedding takes place. It usually occurs at the church, where the priest blesses the ring and makes prayers over the wedding garments. The numerous other ceremonies make the wedding last from three to eight days. Shortly after her return from the church the children present rush to pull off the bride's stockings, in which have been hidden some coins for the occasion. Another curious custom is to place a baby boy on the knee of the bride, as she sits beside the groom on a divan, with the wish that she may become a happy mother.

While one reason for the hatred of the Armenians is envy of their shrewdness and their wealth, the chief cause of the Turkish outrages is religious fanaticism. The better classes of the Turks and the more intelligent of the Mohammedans would probably stop them if they could. Many of the high officials are afraid of the religious zeal of the people. They realize that if the common people get the idea that they are false to their religion, they are almost sure of assassination. The Imams and the Sheiks, or, in other words, the Moslem priests, are, to a large extent, the rulers of Turkey. They are in most cases ignorant and intolerant.

Among the Mohammedan fanatics there are a large number known as dervishes, who roam about from place to place stirring up trouble. They are walking delegates,

as it were, for the killing of Christians. They stimulate the religious zeal of the people and make violent speeches against unbelievers. They fast much and they have strange forms of worship. One class, known as the whirling dervishes, may be seen in Constantinople any Friday going through their devotions. They dress in long white robes fastened at the waists with black belts, and wear high sugar-loaf hats. They sing the Koran as they whirl about in the mosques. As they go on the chief priest makes prayers and they whirl faster and faster, until at last their long skirts stand out like those of a ballet dancer. Their faces become crimson, and some finally fall to the ground in fits.

Another class of these fanatics are the howlers, who have a great organization in Turkey, and have probably been largely concerned in inciting feeling against the Armenians. I have visited their mosques, but I despair of adequately describing their religious gymnastics. They work themselves into a frenzy, jumping and bending, and gasping and howling out the name of God. The dervishes of the interior parts of Turkey often take knives and cut themselves and each other in religious ecstasy. They go into fits and foam at the mouth, and most of them think that the killing of a Christian is a sure passport to heaven. I would say, however, that these people are the cranks of Mohammedanism, and that they are not a fair sample of the Moslem world. Nevertheless, they have had no small part in bringing about the miseries of Armenia.

CHAPTER XXXIII

PALESTINE AND SYRIA UNDER NEW RULERS

SWITCH on your radiophone and let us listen together this evening to a talk from Jerusalem where John Bull sits in the seats of the mighty and the voice of the terrible Turk is no more heard in the land. The Holy City is quiet. The women are sitting, as of old, on the housetops under the stars, while across the valley on the Mount of Olives sparks from the wireless tower flash out to the corners of our modern world.

If we listen carefully we may hear the familiar chug-chug of an American automobile whose driver to-morrow will take a party of pilgrims over the road to Bethlehem. Or perhaps he will start on the longer trip to the ruins of old Jericho and the River Jordan, or even a tour of all the Holy Land, most of which can now be reached in a motor car.

As we listen we learn that the High Commissioner, who rules in the name of His Britannic Majesty, met to-day with his advisory council, representing the people of Palestine. From the report of their proceedings we learn what is going on in the reborn Promised Land. This council has ten members appointed by the Commissioner. Four of them are Moslems, who make up four fifths of the population of Palestine, three are Jews, identified with the Zionist movement, and three are

Christians. Just as the membership of the advisory council is divided among the three groups for whom Jerusalem is a holy place and a religious centre, so, too, are the positions in the government to-day held by Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. There are three official languages—Arabic, English, and Hebrew.

The government, we are told, is in good condition, and the country is self-supporting, paying its way out of its revenues. Nevertheless, the taxes with which the Turks used to squeeze and harness the people have been reduced and some of them have been abolished. At the same time, where the Turk and his tax-gatherers, as the Arabs say, "never gave us so much as a drink of cold water," the new rulers are providing much-needed improvements with the public funds.

Before the British came the Arabs had a saying that the Turk would rule the Holy Land until the Nile flowed into Palestine. This ancient prophecy has been almost literally fulfilled, for when the British built the military railroad from Egypt into Palestine they laid all the way beside it a pipe-line carrying water pumped from the Nile. A great tank in the hills on the Hebron road, built by Pontius Pilate, has been restored, and now holds five million gallons of water, which is piped into Jerusalem. The streets have been cleaned, the beginnings of a sewerage system put in, and the natives have started to learn the use of a covered garbage can. Even the mosquitoes, descendants of those who bit the Crusaders, have been driven out and have gone to the other side of Jordan to smite the Bedouins. Plans for the further extension of the city beyond the walls have been prepared, and its growth will be directed accordingly.

A native police force has been recruited to keep order in the place of the troops which have been gradually reduced in number. All the holy places are still carefully protected. The British were able to keep the Mosque of Omar under Moslem guard by using soldiers from their own Indian troops made up of followers of the Prophet.

The men of a New Zealand regiment who were Masons held a meeting in the secret cavern under the Holy Rock in the Mosque said to be the place where King Solomon founded their order. There were thirty-two Masons from twenty-seven different lodges, who took part in this meeting, while an old sheik acted as doorkeeper.

The differences in religion keep bobbing up in Jerusalem, giving the British and the advisory council some ticklish questions to deal with. For example, when the military bands started to give concerts in a public square in the outer city, they played three afternoons a week — Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. The Grand Mufti, head of the Jerusalem Moslems, solemnly protested, saying the band played Saturday for the Jewish Sabbath and on Sunday for the Christians, but was slighting the Mohammedans, who observed Friday. So now the bands play four days a week.

Another thing the British did gratified the Christians. Under Turkish rule the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem was disfigured by a wall separating the Greek choir and chancel from the nave and basilica, which is common to Orthodox and Catholic alike. This wall they tore down, so that now the whole church is open to view.

As a result of the war, and the cruelties of the Turks, the population of Jerusalem shrank from eighty thousand to sixty thousand, while Jaffa was almost depopulated.

With British control, however, the people flocked back again, and a rapid increase is expected all through the Holy Land. The country itself suffered almost as much as the people from the outrages of both the Turks and the Germans. Crops were seized to feed the soldiers, while hundreds of thousands of olive and other trees were cut down to make fuel for locomotives. The Germans blasted out the trees with dynamite, destroying the roots so that no sprouts could spring up. Whole sections of Palestine were stripped bare, and at the same time cattle and sheep were taken away and killed. In some places the people burned nearly everything they had to keep the Turks from getting their possessions.

The British are working on a vast scheme of reforestation in connection with their irrigation plans. They are encouraging a project for building a dam in the River Jordan, above Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee, which will furnish power for irrigation pumps and light and energy for all Palestine. Great nurseries have been established at Gaza, where Samson threw down the temple of the Philistines. In one operation, more than one hundred thousand timber trees and ninety thousand fruit trees were set out.

The new rulers of the Holy Land hope to restore agriculture, which fell into decay under the Turks, chiefly on account of the excessive taxes on the farmers. Local meetings of natives have been held throughout the country, to find out what the farmers needed most, and to put them in touch with sources of supply. There was found to be a great shortage of farm implements and machines, such as mowers, horse rakes, and other equipment. To encourage the natives, the sum of two million

five hundred thousand dollars was set aside to be loaned by the Anglo-Egyptian Bank of Palestine for improvements on their lands. Within three years after the war Palestine agriculture produced more than two million bushels of wheat, one million bushels of barley, one and one quarter million bushels of millet, six thousand tons of grapes, and one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of olive oil. The number of sheep and goats was estimated at more than a quarter of a million of each. Figs are grown in upper Galilee, but not so many as will be the case when shipping facilities are provided. For the second year under British control, the import trade of Palestine amounted to not quite twenty million dollars, most of which was with Great Britain and Egypt. The people import foodstuffs such as rice and sugar, and buy a great quantity of cotton goods.

Some think that Palestine may become a second Switzerland and grow rich on the visitors to the country. For many years both pilgrims and tourists have been going to the Holy Land by the thousands, but little has ever been done for either their comfort or their convenience. With the country under good management by the British, and modern conditions provided, more people will want to make the trip. Many thousands of Palestinians could undoubtedly be employed at a profit in serving the visitors and selling them goods.

Communications in Palestine have been greatly improved and extended. Besides the military railway from Egypt, General Allenby and the British built more than two hundred miles of highways, and these are being added to all the time. There are now four hundred and eighty miles of railroad track and five hundred and twenty-three

miles of public highways. The cars on the line from Egypt to the Holy Land are comfortable, and sleeping and eating accommodations are provided. One may ride from Cairo to Ludd, and there connect with the Jaffa–Jerusalem line, or continue on to Haifa, whence the journey may be continued for twelve hours over the French railroad to Damascus. Every two weeks aeroplanes carry mail from Egypt and Palestine across the desert into Mesopotamia, where the British are developing the large interests they gained there as a result of the war. The Zionists have revived an old plan for a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile ship canal through Palestine as a supplement to the Suez Canal, but it does not seem likely that this scheme will be worked out with the British controlling Palestine and the Suez Canal.

The British plan to extend into Mesopotamia the railroad system already connecting Palestine and Egypt, so as to link up the countries of three rivers, the Nile, the Jordan, and the Euphrates. This will supplement the Berlin-to-Bagdad line which the Germans thought would give them control over a new eastern empire. Another project that is now much talked of is to dig a tunnel thirty-seven miles long under the hills to carry water from the streams along the coast of the Mediterranean into the Jordan. The fact that the Jordan is far below sea level makes this physically possible, even if not economically practicable. Extensive improvements are planned for Haifa, which as a port and the terminus of the railroads to Damascus and Jerusalem will be an important place in the future. The British also expect to empty into ships at Haifa the oil they plan to pipe across the desert from Mesopotamia. Haifa used to be

great in ancient days, when it was the chief landing place of the Crusaders and the transfer point in the early trade between Venice and the Far East. It is now predicted that its population of twenty thousand will increase to one hundred thousand within ten years.

The French have a mandate for Syria, as the British have for Palestine, and the boundaries of both regions have been redrawn. Damascus is included in the territory under French control. Syria is nominally independent, and the natives have not been altogether satisfied with the way the French have governed their country since the Sultan's power was overthrown.

Very little has been left of the Turkish possessions, as Armenia has been declared independent, and the Greeks given a footing in Smyrna and the surrounding district. Once these regions become adjusted to the new conditions following the war, it is believed they will enter upon a new era of prosperity and rapid development of their many rich resources.

THE END

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INDEX

INDEX

Abraham, sacrificial rock of, 64.
Agriculture, in the Land of Goshen, 6; in Palestine, 159.
Allenby, General, the successful Crusader, 1.
Alouf, Dr. Michel, archæologist at Baalbek, 239.
American cemetery at Jerusalem purchased by trickery by Germans who remove bodies, 44, 250.
American colonies in the Holy Land, 172.
American education in the Near East, 252.
American Medical Unit in Palestine, 202.
American store in Jerusalem, 174.
American trade, opportunities for, in Syria, 267.
Ananias, house of, at Damascus, 212.
Andromeda, the rocks of, 18.
Anglo-Israelite Colonization Society, work of, 170, 176.
Ararat, Mount, in Armenia, 274.
Armenia, the sufferings of, 271.
Armenian Patriarch at Jerusalem, 273.
Armenian women, costumes of, 276; marriage customs, 277.
Armenians, as sharp traders, 271.
Ascension, Chapel of the, 127.
Asyut, American college at, 252.
Ayasoluk, railway station for Ephesus, 263, 266.

Baal, worship of, 235.
Baalbek, ruins of the ancient city, 232.
Babel, Tower of, at Baalbek, 234.
Bacchus, temple of, at Baalbek, 236.
Banias, at source of the Jordan, 130.
Baptisms in the Jordan, 55.
Bashan, compared with Bible times, 32.
Bazaars of Jerusalem, 111.
Beeroth, 155.
Bees and honey of Palestine, 164.
Beirut, American college at, 256; college has largest publishing house in the Orient, 259.
Beitin, the ancient Bethel, 155.
Berlin-to-Bagdad scheme, Germany's, 249.
Bethany, of to-day, 123.
Bethel, now called Beitin, 155.
Bethlehem, visits to, 138.
Birthplace of Christ, the, 144.
Bliss, Dr. Howard S., difficulties with the literary censorship, 255; handles a strike of Moslem students, 257.
Boaz, Field of, 140, 141.
Bomb for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, 107.
Bread bakers of Jerusalem, 115.
Brickmaking at Bubastis, 9.
Bridge of Jacob's Daughters, 131.
British government of Palestine and Syria, 280.
British mandate over Palestine, 197.
Bubastis, city of cat worship, 9.

Caiaphas, the house of, 44.
Cain and Abel, Moslem tradition of, 246.
Calvary, the site as located by General Gordon, 46.
Camels and their use, 164.
Cana, village of, 195.
Candies of Damascus, 218.
Capernaum, excavations at, 192.
Carmelite nunnery on Mount of Olives, 126.
Cat worship, at Bubastis, 9.
Catacombs of Jerusalem, 60.
Cave dwellers in Jerusalem, 39.
Cedars of Lebanon, 240.
Cemeteries, weddings in, 83.
Censorship of reading matter by Turkish officials, 255.
Chapel of the Ascension, 127.
Chapel of the Manger, 146.
Children of the Holy Land, 182
Christ, Tomb of, 90.

INDEX

Christians barred from railroads to Mohammedan holy cities, 242.
Church of the Holy Sepulchre, 48, 88.
Church of the Lord's Prayer, the, 126.
Church of the Nativity, 144.
Costumes of Damascus women, 224.
Crucifixion, relics of the, 91.

Damascus, the world's oldest city, 204; the heart of the Mohammedan world, 209; massacres of Christians at, in modern times, 209, 217; bazaars of, 214; foreign trade, 220; manufacture of jewellery, 221.
Damascus–Beirut railway, travels on, 246.
David, Tower of, 36.
David-Goliath battlefield, 25.
Day of Judgment, the Mohammedan belief, 46.
Dead Sea, the, 129, 131, 135.
Dervishes, fanaticism of the, 278.
Diana, temple of, at Ephesus, 263.
Divorce, in Damascus, 225.
Donkeys, their use in the Holy Land, 164.
Dorcas, the tomb of, 21.

Easter Week in Jerusalem, 48, 55, 84.
Ebal, Mount, 157.
Eddy, Dr. Mary, work of, as medical missionary, 260.
Education, American, in the Near East, 252.
Elijah, the cave of, 122.
Elisha, the fountain of, 122.
Ephesus, excavations at, 262.
Eucalyptus, introduction of the, 170.
Evil Eye, belief in the, 78.
Excavations, at Baalbek, German, 234; at Ephesus, 262; at Jericho, 119.

Farming in Palestine, 159.
Fat-tailed sheep, 141.
Fatima, tomb of, at Damascus, 210.
Field of Boaz, 140, 141.
Field of Peas, the, 142.
Field of the Shepherds, the, 142.
Figs, production of, in Syria, 269.
Fishermen of the Sea of Galilee, 189.
Flight into Egypt, the, 10.
Flowers of Palestine, the, 165.
Foot washing, the ceremony of, 95.
Franz Josef, costly gifts of, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, 50.
French-Jewish Society, work of, 171.
Fuel, scarcity of, 33.

Gabriel's Spring, Nazareth, 180.
Gadarenes, land of the, 188.
Galilee, Sea of, 131, 187.
Garden of Gethsemane, the, 127.
German church at Jerusalem, 43, 249, 250.
German colonies in Palestine, 248.
German excavations at Baalbek, 234.
German hospice at Jerusalem, 249.
Germany's methods in the Near East, 249.
Gerizim, Mount, Samaritan Passover sacrifice on, 150.
Gethsemane, Garden of, 46, 127.
Gezer, excavations at, 27.
Gifts to the churches, 108.
Gihon, Pool of, 139.
Gilead, compared with Bible times, 32.
Gomorrah and Sodom, sites of, 137.
Good Samaritan Inn, the, 125.
Gordon, General, site of Calvary located by, 46; believed Place of the Skull the scene of the Crucifixion, 154.
Goshen, in Joseph's time and now, 4; a land of gardens, 6.
Graveyard marriages, superstition regarding, 82.
Great Mosque, the, at Damascus, 207.
Greek Church, a great factor in the the religious life of the Holy Land, 53; strength of, 101, 109.

Hadassah Medical Organization, work of, in Palestine, 202.
Hamlin, Rev. Cyrus, organizer of Robert College, Constantinople, 254.
Hardegg, American hotel keeper at Jaffa, 19.
Hebrew art, revival of, 201.
Herzl, Dr. Theodore, founder of Zionist movement, 198.
Hezekiah, Pool of, 35, 36.
Holy Family, route of, into Egypt, 10.
Holy fire, "miracle" of the, 98.
Holy Land, returned to Christian and Jew, 1.

INDEX

Holy Sepulchre, Church of the, 48, 88.
Holy Week, in Jerusalem, 48, 55, 84.
Huleh, Lake, 131.

Irrigation, in Mesopotamia, British plans for, 248; in the Land of Goshen, 6.

Jacob's Daughters, Bridge of, 131.
Jacob's Well, 152.
Jaffa, the city of Jonah, 14; one of the world's worst harbours, 16; lumber for Solomon's Temple landed at, 17, 66, 241.
Jaffa–Jerusalem railroad, the, 26.
Jaffa to Jerusalem, the journey from, 32.
Jehoshaphat, Valley of, 44.
Jeremiah, Lamentations of, where written, 46; chanting of, 76.
Jericho, excavations at, 119; arriving at, 123.
Jerusalem, growth of the city, 37; materials used in house construction in, 38; the mecca of millions, 40; the building of the walls, 45; pilgrimage city of the world, 48; Jews barred from, 68; mean temperature of, 130; increase in population under the British, 282.
Jesus's Spring, in Nazareth, 180.
Jewellery, manufacture of, in Damascus, 221.
Jewels bestowed by pilgrims to Jerusalem, 50.
Jewish Colonies, development of, 169.
Jews, coming into their own, 68; classes of, in Palestine, 69; dress and customs of, 71; superstitions of, 78.
Jonah, story of, 16.
Jonah's city, Jaffa, 14.
Jordan River, long and crooked, 30; the blessing of the water, 55; baptisms in, 56; travels along the, 129; source of, 130.
Jordan Valley, the, 129; mean temperature of, 130.
Judas's betrayal of Christ, spot of, 128.
Judea, via the railway, 23.
Juneau, tuberculosis hospital at, 260.

Kaiserin Augusta, hospice on Mount of Olives in honour of, 249.
Kedron, gardens of, 44.
Kedron, Valley of, 154.
Kersting, Father, excavations in Nazareth, 180.

Lake Huleh, 131.
Lamentations of Jeremiah, where written, 46; chanting of the, 76.
Lazarus, tomb of, 123.
Law of Moses, Samaritan parchment of the, 150.
Lebanon, cedars of, 240.
Lebanon Mountains, scantily forested, 240.
Livestock in the Land of Goshen, 6.
Lord's Prayer, the Church of the, 125.
Lot's wife, the pillar of salt, 137.
Louse Market, Damascus, 217.

Machinery, American, needed in Syria, 267.
Magi, Well of the, 141.
Mandeville, Sir John, first report of the cotton plant, 5.
Manger, Chapel of the, 146.
Markets of Jerusalem, the, 117.
Marriage and divorce customs of the Holy Land, 226.
Marriage at early age in Palestine, 184.
Marriage customs in Armenia, 277.
Mary and Martha, house of, at Bethany, 124.
Mary's Well, Nazareth, 180.
Masons, meeting of, in the Mosque of Omar, 282.
Massacres of Christians in Damascus in modern times, 209, 217.
Mecca, railroad to, 242; Moslem pilgrimages to, 209; pilgrimages to, a means of distribution of civilized ideas, 258.
Medical missionaries in the Orient, 259.
Mesopotamia, British plans for irrigation in, 248; agricultural possibilities of, 268.
"Miracle" of the holy fire, the, 98.
Mizpah, where Saul was anointed king, 25, 154.
Moab, compared with Bible times, 32.
Modern innovations in the Holy Land, 1.
Money changers, customs of the, 87, 111.
Montefiore colonies at Jerusalem, 171.

INDEX

Moriah, Mount, 57.
Moses, where found, in the Nile bulrushes, 11.
Moses' Tabernacle, site of, 65.
Mosque of Omar, water supply for, 34; on site of Solomon's Temple, 36, 48; history of, 62; kept under Moslem guard by the British, 282.
Mosques and praying carriages on Mecca railway, 243.
Mount Ebal, 157.
Mount Moriah, 57.
Mount Nebo, 129, 134.
Mount of Olives, 30, 125.
Mount Scopus, 154.

Naam, the Syrian, house of, at Damascus, 212.
Nablus, one of the oldest towns of history, 157.
Nativity, Church of the, 144.
Nazareth, early home of the Saviour, 177.
Nebo, Mount, 129, 134.
Noah, tomb of, 247.

Obelisks, American tourists at the, 12.
Olive oil, made in primitive manner, 116.
Olives, production of, in Syria, 269.
Omar, Mosque of, water supply for, 34; on site of Solomon's Temple, 36, 48; its history, 62; kept under Moslem guard by the British, 282.
Ornan, the Jebusite, threshing-floor of, 59, 64.

Palestine, returned to Christian and Jew, 1; first view of its shores, 15; comparative size, 30; character of the country, 31; farming in, 159; under the British, 280.
Palestine Exploration Fund excavations at Gezer, 27.
Palm Sunday in Jerusalem, 92.
Patriarch of Jerusalem, a talk with the, 101.
Peas, the Field of, 142.
Pilgrimages to the Holy City, 14, 40, 48, 49, 53.
Pithom, treasure city of Pharaoh, 8.
Place of the Skull, the, 46, 154.
Pontius Pilate, house of, 93.
Pool of Gihon, 139.
Pool of Hezekiah, 35, 36.
Pool of Siloam, 35, 54.
Pools of Solomon, now a poor water supply, 34.

Quarrels between the sects, 106.

Rachel, Tomb of, 142.
Railroads in the Holy Land, 242.
Rainfall, scanty proportion of, 34.
Rameses, treasure city of Pharaoh, 8.
Religions, strength of the different, 110.
Robert College, Constantinople, influence of, 253.
Roses, Valley of, 140.
Rothschild, Baron Edward, founds Jewish colonies in Palestine, 171, 174, 176.
Ruins, the world's mighty, 233.
Russian hospice, the, 53.
Russians, chief pilgrims to the Holy Land, 53.

Saladin, tomb of, at Damascus, 211.
Samaritans, among the, 149.
Samson's fight with the Philistines, place of, 26.
Samuel, Tomb of, 154.
St. Helena, locates place of the Crucifixion, 51.
St. Stephen, place of the stoning of, 45.
St. Paul, tracing footsteps of, 211; place of his escape over wall of Damascus, 213.
St. Peter and his dream, 20.
Schools of Nazareth, the, 184.
Scopus, Mount, 154.
Sea of Galilee, 131, 187.
Seilum, the ancient Shiloh, 155.
Sepulchre of Christ, the, 91.
Seth, tomb of, 247.
Shechem, one of the oldest towns of history, 157.
Sheep, the fat-tailed variety, 141, 160.
Shepherds, Field of the, 142.
Shiloh, now called Seilum, 155.
Shops of Jerusalem, smallness of the, 113.
Silk production in Syria, 268.
Siloam, Pool of, 35, 44.
Simon the Tanner, house of, 20.
Skull, Place of the, 154.
Smyrna, largest city in Asia Minor, 267.

Sodom and Gomorrah, sites of, 137.
Solomon, Pools of, now a poor water supply, 34.
Solomon's Temple, lumber for, landed at Jaffa, 17, 66, 241; Mosque of Omar on site of, 36, 48; site of, 45; holiest spot on the globe, 57; dimensions of, 67.
Souvenirs, the purchase of, 222.
Spaffordites, colony of the, in Palestine, 173.
Sphinx, legend of the Holy Family at the, 11.
Stone of Unction, the, 49, 89.
Storekeepers of Jerusalem, 111.
Street called Straight, the, at Damascus, 212; shopping in, 214.
Suk Wadi Baroda, on Damascus-Beirut railway, 246.
Superstitions of the Jews, 78.
Syria under the British, 280.

Tabernacle of Moses, site of, 65.
Taxes and their collection in Palestine, 167.
Temples of Baalbek, 233.
Tiberias on Sea of Galilee, 193.
Tomb of Christ, the, 90; of Dorcas, 21; Fatima, 210; of Lazarus, 123; of Noah, 247; of Rachel, 142; of Saladin, 211; of Samuel, 154, of Seth, 247.
Tower of Babel, at Baalbek, 234.
Tower of David, the, 36.
Tuberculosis among the Bedouin tribes, 260.

Unction, Stone of, 49, 89.
United Presbyterian Church, educational institutions of, in Nile Valley, 252.

Valley of Roses, 140.
Veiled women of Damascus, the, 223.
Virgin Mary, jewel-covered image of, at Jerusalem, 50.

Washing the feet, ceremony of, 95.
Watch towers of Jerusalem, the, 43.
Water supply, by scanty wells and cisterns, 34.
Weddings, in cemeteries, 82.
Well of the Magi, 141.
Wilhelm II, breach in wall of Jerusalem in honour of, 139; places golden wreath on tomb of Saladin, 211; his trip through the Holy Land, 233, 250.
Women, veiled, of Damascus, 223.
Women's rights in the Holy Land, 230.

Zagazig, a famous cotton port, 4.
Zammarin, Jewish colony at, 174.
Zangwill, Israel, talk with on Zionist movement, 198.
Zion, Mount, view from, 37; on the slope of, 43.
Zionist colonies in Palestine, 170.
Zionist movement, the, 196.
Zimpel, originator of Jaffa–Jerusalem railroad idea, 26.
Zorah, birthplace of Samson, 27.